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THE

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XL.

JULY, 1852.

No. 1.

The Knickerbockers:

WHO AND WHAT ARE THEY?

PROBABLY no other portion of the population of our country is less generally understood, as to its real character, than the denizens of our own Empire City. If one enunciates the patronymic, 'KNICKERBOCKER,' the Dutchman of our colonial times rises before the mind. If the individual New-Yorker of the present age is spoken of, no definite idea is suggested, while the aggregate mass of our population is considered as rather a congeries of heterogeneous materials than as a homogeneous and well-defined whole. Without stopping to point out the cause of this prevalent error, we do not hesitate to pronounce all this a ~~misapprehension~~ of the truth of the whole subject, and to claim for the population of New-York a proper and well-defined individuality of character, and a real elevation of social position, that need not ~~dread~~ a comparison with any other portion or class of the population of the country.

Some modern nations pride themselves upon their ability to trace their descent from some ancient tribe or people whose names and deeds are found among the records of former times. Even some of the older states and cities of this republic are not altogether destitute of this ancestral vanity. New-England boasts of her Puritan fathers; Virginia, of her gallant cavaliers; Maryland, of her liberal-minded Roman Catholic founders; and Pennsylvania, of her peaceable but liberty-loving Quaker ancestry. New-York might fearlessly enter the lists with them and urge the claims of her Belgic ancestors to equal honors with any of them; but another method of vindication is deemed at once more truthful, and better adapted to the intended purpose. The character of New-York is not an imported or inherited one; it is a home production, developed from the assimilated elements out of which the present population has been derived. The distinct identity and the real excellence of this native character constitute the true glory of the people of our city.

The original settlers of New-Netherlandt, it is well known, w

natives of Holland; and of course the settlement was originally a Dutch colony, having the manners and customs, the language and religion, and generally all the social institutions of the Fatherland. But from the beginning the Belgic basis of the people of New-Amsterdam was diluted and mixed with many foreign ingredients. From the earliest times the colony was an asylum from religious persecution, so that large numbers of refugees of almost every name and creed, both from Europe and the neighboring colonies, were attracted to that place. There were Jews and Anabaptists, Quakers and Sabbatarians, and, to employ the language of Governor Dongan, 'some of almost every belief, and most of none at all,' all dwelling together in perfect equality, and consequently in peace and good neighborhood. The zeal of the patroons to induce immigrants to settle within their several grants led them to offer liberal terms to settlers, and to disregard national distinctions and theological differences. It thus happened that these infantile settlements were often composed of the most diverse materials; the only point of coincidence being that all should be householders, and loyal denizens of the colony. As, in the golden age of the commonwealth of Rome, to be a Roman citizen was a sufficient title to all the immunities of the republic, so in these primitive times every householder in New-Netherlandt enjoyed all the privileges of citizenship. This primary social element has given its impress to the whole body, so that our whole social system is only a community of families.

At several times during the early period of the colonial existence of New-Netherlandt, there were very considerable accessions of aggregate bodies of immigrants from other portions of Europe than Holland. Among the earliest of these were a body of Walloons, a fragment of an ancient race residing on the frontiers between France and Flanders, speaking the old Gallic language, and professing the Reformed religion. During the famous 'Thirty Years' War,' they were distinguished for valor and indomitable prowess; but the events of war, in which destiny rather than skill and might seems to prevail, were against them. Determining therefore, to preserve their liberties, though at the expense of their country, they turned their eyes toward America. They sought to be admitted, with their social and civil institutions, to the colony of Virginia; request that was promptly denied. Turned aside from that purpose, they came, about the year 1624, to seek an asylum among their kindred in New-Netherlandt, and were permitted to locate themselves in a body in the Wallabout, (*Wahle bocht*), or 'Bay of the Strangers,' so called from themselves, on Long-Island, and within the present corporate limits of the city of Brooklyn. Another portion of them passed up the Hudson and established themselves at the colony of Esopus. Thus a new, though not altogether a foreign element was introduced into the colonial population.

About the year 1642, a colony of the English race came from England, and planted themselves beside and among their Belgic predecessors on the northern shore of Long-Island Sound, and within acknowledged limits of the Dutch possessions. These were a bare religionists who had followed the Pilgrim train to America, but now compelled, on account of the intolerance of the ruling power

New-England and their own pertinacious non-conformity, to remove beyond the rigorous dominion of the Puritans, and seek a refuge under a less exacting government. They accordingly requested the privilege to settle within the limits of New-Netherlandt, and were permitted to do so, having lands assigned them for their habitation, and the privileges of a free manor, and the unmolested exercise of their religion guaranteed to them. Soon after, the little colony was strengthened by the arrival of Throggmorton and his associates, who had been expelled from Massachusetts with Roger Williams, and who now came with thirty-five families, and were located at the place ever since called, from the name of the leader of this exiled band, Throgg's Neck.

In the same year, the Lady Moody, with her minor son, Sir Henry, and many followers, fleeing from New-England for the same cause, came to New-Netherlandt and planted the town of Gravezande (Gravesend) on Long-Island. They were soon followed by a large number of New-England families, to whom lands were granted upon their enrolling themselves liegemen of the province. So completely did these Anglo-Saxon immigrants become assimilated to the common character, that many of them are now recognized as the progenitors of the principal *Dutch* families found in that neighborhood. But this assimilation was not effected at once, nor was the Anglo-Saxon element thus introduced ever entirely lost. The influx of English settlers led, at this early period, to a public recognition of the English language, and to other appropriate modifications of the public administration. In pursuance of this liberal policy, and with the avowed design 'to prevent the disturbance of harmony and social intercourse by the incoming of so many strangers to reside here,' the Director-General appointed one of these immigrants English Secretary to the Council of New-Netherlandt.

The conquest of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, in 1665, by Governor Stuyvesant, led to the transfer of a large portion of the inhabitants of that colony to the banks of the Hudson. As after the conquest some of the Swedes refused to swear allegiance to their conquerors, the valorous Stuyvesant 'picked out the flower of the Swedish troops, and sent them with some of the principal inhabitants to Manhattan.' A part of these were permitted to remain in the city, and the rest sent to the Walloons' colony at Esopus. These Scandinavians brought with them the Lutheran faith and worship, which had been hitherto unknown in the colony; and although their language was soon lost, and even their family names accommodated to the more favored dialects, these Swedish families can still be traced among us, and they plainly demonstrate that the contribution thus made to the population of the colony was far from being an unimportant one.

The conquest of the entire colony of New-Netherlandt by the English, in 1668, necessarily made great changes in the condition, and ultimately in the character, of the people. It is supposed that at that time nearly one half of the whole population was of British extraction; and though Dutch manners generally prevailed, yet were these greatly modified by so large an admixture of strangers. With the new government, English manners as well as English laws came into favor. The language of the dominant nation, already spoken by one half of the people, was made

the medium of communication in all public affairs, and was therefore cultivated by all who aspired to either its advantages or its respectability. A very considerable influx of English people followed immediately after the setting up of the new order of things, some of them as actual settlers, and others as public functionaries, or as their retainers and servants. Many of these likewise remained permanently in the province, and were by degrees incorporated among the mass of the population.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century a large number of French Protestants, driven from their own country by the murderous persecution that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, sought a refuge in the province of New-York. These wretched victims of treachery and intolerance were cordially welcomed to this asylum of the persecuted, where they settled and became established as denizens. Thus a new and very considerable element was brought into the social body. It should not be forgotten that, though these refugees from persecution were Frenchmen, they were a very different class of people from those whom we now recognize as just specimens of that frivolous and volatile nation. They were eminently a sober and religious people; and more than this, they were martyrs for religious liberty; and of course they brought with them their characteristic earnestness in matters of faith and duty. As to secular affairs, they were skilful artisans, industrious and temperate in their habits of life, and devotedly attached to their homes and families. Such persons could not be otherwise than highly valuable accessions to any social and civil community, and especially to such as was New-York at that period. Some of these settled in New-York, and others in different places in the province, where they soon became quite amalgamated with the common mass, and by their own habits and examples contributed much to the social character of the people.

A few years later, (in 1710,) some three thousand Germans, who had been driven by the storm of war out of the Palatinate and had taken refuge in England, were sent out by the British government to New-York. These were both political and religious exiles, and of course they brought with them the peculiarities of opinion that had caused their sufferings; and as men usually cherish their sentiments most when they are maintained at greatest expense, these exiles were zealous advocates of political and religious liberty. These people were settled along the Hudson and in the fertile valley of the Mohawk; and afterward many of them came to dwell in the city, and thus cast another element into the motley mass.

About this time the effects of the English revolution, and especially the defeat of the Pretender in Ireland, caused a large emigration of the partisans of the vanquished Stuarts to America. These were from of the three kingdoms, English, Scotch and Irish, and generally of somewhat elevated social grade. These, despairing of the cause of the legitimate prince, came now to spend their days in quiet in this universal city of refuge, where their dislike of the ruling dynasty of Great Britain transformed them into violent friends of individual freedom.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the population of New-York city amounted to about five thousand, made up, as has been shown, of the most heterogeneous materials. Of these, the original Dutch

still the largest body, although much inferior to the aggregate of all the others. The American Dutchman too had become, through a variety of causes, a very different kind of person from his European prototype. The next largest class was the motley group of natives of the British Islands, and their descendants born in the province; a class united only by a community of language, and of relations to the government. Next to these in numbers, and resembling them in many particulars, although distinguished by clearly-marked traits of character, were the immigrants from the neighboring colonies. Among these were Puritans and separatists from theocratic New-England, those laying aside their exacting intolerance, and these their obtrusive non-conformity; reduced cavaliers and emancipated apprentices from Virginia, forgetting here the artificial barriers that had formerly separated them; with Quakers from Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, and refugee servants from the West Indies. All these, with the Walloons, Huguenots, and Palatinates, made up the grotesque mass of our ancestral population one hundred and fifty years ago. Thus huddled together, they were rather the elements out of which society was to be made, than a properly-consolidated social body.

But of the five thousand persons found in the city of New-York at that time, not less than a full sixth part were of a race not yet spoken of. More than eight hundred of them were negroes, originally introduced as slaves, and most of them still held in that degraded condition. The great disparity of physical character between them and the whites, as well as their social and personal degradation as a class, fixed an impassable gulf between them and the other classes of the community. They accordingly constituted a distinct *caste* in society, and have consequently remained a foreign mass in the social body, quite incapable of assimilating with it. Within the last half century the relative proportion of this class of the population has declined more than one half; and although they have long since ceased to be slaves, and many of them have received the rudiments of a plain education, they are still a wholly distinct and an outcast class in the community.

Among such an aggregation of the crude elements of a population, the local manners and national prejudices of each class would necessarily be kept somewhat under restraint. No one class had so great a preponderance as to be able to assimilate all the rest to its own character; nor were the various elements of character found among the several classes such as could be harmonized into a consistent unity. The necessity of some common medium of communication, aided by the unrestrained intercourse of all classes and nationalities, led, by slow degrees, to the exclusive use of the language of the rulers and the ruling race. These circumstances have given to New-York a purer English dialect than can be found in most places where the English language is spoken, while the few provincialisms that are mingled with it, by their peculiarities, clearly indicate the independent origin of the prevailing forms of speech. In like manner the prevailing customs and usages of the people were such as sprung up among themselves.

The colonists of New-Netherlandt and the immigrants to provincial New-York came to the banks of the Hudson, not to propagate a theory of government, nor to realize a scheme of ecclesiastical optimism. Most

of them came as individuals and heads of families, seeking for a quiet retreat from political oppression and religious persecution; and of course they were much more intent on enjoying the sweets of domestic tranquillity than on establishing a hierarchy, or founding a commonwealth. We accordingly find the early inhabitants of the province dwelling together as groups of families rather than as a closely-compacted community. Driven by oppression from the lands of their nativities, they had learned to love the home of their exile more than the places that gave them birth, and to cherish a fraternal interest in their companions in sorrow and consolation, and so unconsciously to assume their habits and manners. Still, there were differences enough to forbid a very close intimacy, so that each one was compelled to seek his chief enjoyments in his own household. Here lay the strength, and from this source originated that symmetry of character that is the honest boast of the genuine New-Yorker. At the same time, a community of wants and interests united these individuals in common feelings and efforts, and thus elicited an enlarged public spirit, and at length an exalted patriotism.

The practice of freely tolerating all Protestant sects of Christians was coëval with the history of the city and province of New-York. The planting of the colony was not originally a religious, but a commercial enterprise. The first settlers brought with them the prevailing religious notions of the Low Countries, not wholly excluding the intolerance that disgraces the ecclesiastical annals of Holland. But the merchants of Amsterdam were more careful as to their profits than for the maintenance of a forced orthodoxy; and as in their own city free toleration prevailed, so they determined it should be in New-Amsterdam, in America. Accordingly, here the persecuted non-conformists of almost every country of Europe sought and found an asylum, and 'freedom to worship God.' Here the Calvinist and the Lutheran sat down together and enjoyed equal privileges. Here the arrogant Episcopalian and the stubborn Presbyterian were compelled to refrain from annoying each other. Here Anabaptists and Quakers, left to enjoy their own fancies, ceased to be fanatical, and became rationally devout, and truly valuable members of society. Here too even the forlorn Israelite, despised and persecuted in all nations, was permitted to set up his synagogue, and to worship God according to the ancient faith and ritual of his people. While yet the population of the city amounted to less than ten thousand, there were ten different places of public worship, belonging to and occupied by an equal number of distinct sects, each having its own creed and formulary. By thus living together on terms of equality, the members of these discordant sects learned lessons of mutual forbearance, and by degrees substituted a genial charity for the violence of religious partisanship.

It is not to be concealed that during the entire colonial period of the history of New-York, the Romish faith was proscribed, and its worship disallowed.* Without attempting to defend this policy, let us hear their own apology. It was a matter of political rather than of religious policy

* How so? The DUKE OF YORK, sole proprietor and arbiter of the province for some quarter of a century, was a zealous Papist, 'for which cause' he finally sacrificed the crown of England. Is it likely he would permit that faith to be proscribed in the colony which it was his 'heart's desire' to see established in the mother-country?

The Church of Rome was a great and formidable political power, endeavoring, by all the machinations of its complicated but powerful agencies, to subvert every state and kingdom that would not yield to its demands. It was therefore in self-defence that the Protestant states of Europe arrayed themselves against the Papacy, and disallowed its emissaries, the priests, to dwell within their bounds. It was not, therefore, religious intolerance, but political vigilance, that shut the Papists out of New-York, until, under the influence of Protestant institutions, the political body became so thoroughly consolidated that it no longer had cause to fear the presence and power of those natural enemies of civil and religious liberty. Of the sufficiency of this apology the reader must judge.

During the greater part of that portion of the eighteenth century which preceded the war of the Revolution, New-York remained, for the most part, in a very quiet and secluded condition. No considerable accessions of immigrants occurred later than those already enumerated. The people dwelt quietly together in their habitations, and the population was augmented rather by the natural increase of families than by accessions from abroad. During the second quarter of that century, the increase of numbers was less than a hundred a year, or about one per cent. annually; a ratio less than the ordinary natural increase of families. For the ensuing twenty-five years the growth of population was much greater; but the accessions were chiefly from other portions of the province, and so brought no new elements into the social body. By the operation of these causes, the population of New-York, at the beginning of the revolutionary struggle, was almost exclusively made up of natives of the province, whose ancestors also, for several generations, had been residents of the country. Thus, though descended from a variety of the families of Europe, the people of New-York had become consolidated and assimilated, till the social body presented a very good degree of individuality of character and homogeneousness of structure.

The people of New-York, while bearing the common features of the American character, have also certain specific traits of mind, that sufficiently distinguish them as a well-defined variety of the common genus. Though these characteristics are less prominent and obtrusive than those of the New-Englander, or the Virginian, or the Kentuckian, they are not less real or worthy of attention. The influences among which the crude elements of the social mass were fused into a consistent body, at the same time determined the future character. Those determining influences originated, for the most part, at the fire-side and in domestic life. Men who had come hither to escape the grasp of tyranny were satisfied to guard their own hearth-stones, to store their own garners, and to worship God 'under their own vine and fig-tree.' A community educated amidst such influences, and trained to such habits, must be at once the most loyal subjects of good government, and the most indomitable enemies to tyranny. This has ever been the case with the people of New-York. The most unlimited equality of social and religious privileges is cheerfully conceded to all, while any encroachments upon individual liberty are jealously detected and fearlessly withstood.

The tendency of such a condition of society is especially to develope

the individual. Each citizen is a peer of the realm ; each household an inviolable stronghold of freedom. The opinions and sentiments, the pleasures and devotions of each individual are all his own, with which the government has no right nor power to interfere ; and he fashions them according to his own convictions, tastes, or caprices. This individuality is thus made the predominating condition, to which public opinion and the dicta of church or state are made wholly secondary. The body politic and social is thus made to rest on the divine institution of the family, and the hearth-stone becomes the key-stone of the commonwealth ; by which means the love of individual freedom is cherished, and every motive to invade the rights of others taken away.

It is granted that the same tendencies which so effectually develop the individual character, if carried too far, will render the man rough and discourteous. It would perhaps be claiming too much for the people of New-York to say that this result has not in any degree been realized among them. But from the beginning this influence has been checked and modified by another of a contrary tendency. New-York has always been a seat of commerce, and its population a mercantile people. Commercial relations are those of mutual dependence, which necessarily induce conciliatoriness, and tend even to cringing. Such a tendency is of course directly opposed to that sturdy independence which is the fundamental element of character among our people ; a virtue whose excess may seem a fault. In itself that tendency is confessed to be an evil one, since it induces a sycophantic manner, and substitutes mercantile for moral considerations in the estimate of things. The influences of commerce are not friendly to a spirit of personal independence, and that true self-respect by which a man esteems himself none the worse because he wants the accidents of wealth. Gain is the primary object of the *mere* merchant's aspirations, to which every other consideration must be sacrificed. With such a person even liberty has its price, and the demands of morality and religion are less imperative than those of trade. These influences have no doubt somewhat affected the character of our people, in some instances, and even among large classes, tending to reduce men to mere money-changers, and devotees of Mammon ; but, in their more general operations, counter-working the excessive tendency of society to a stern and uncourtly independence of character and manners. Probably neither individual liberty nor good morals could be maintained in a *purely* mercantile community ; but the tendencies which, operating alone, would be thus ruinous, may become available for good in modifying opposite tendencies. These antagonistic influences have been called into efficient exercise among us, and by their conflict they have elicited a genuine independence of character, softened and subdued by social influences.

In scarcely any other of the American colonies were the interests of education so long and so generally neglected as in New-York. Founded and maintained for commercial purposes, New-Amsterdam, or New-York, was, during its whole colonial existence, very inadequately supplied with the facilities for public instruction. Of necessity the native-born children grew up without learning ; and as, in the progress of things, almost the entire population became a native one, a wide-spread popular igno-

rance prevailed. This state of things, as might be presumed, did not fail to produce a degeneracy of the public morals and a degradation of the popular character. There was indeed always an educated class in the community, the salutary influence of whose presence may be easily recognized; but they were too far removed from the masses, as to both their associations and their sympathies, to exert any great influence over them. The state of learning, of manners, and of morals, were not what they should have been, during the whole colonial history of New-York. But these evils were not without their incidental benefits. For nearly three quarters of a century the little communities on the Hudson were left to consolidate their heterogeneous materials of thoughts and ideas, as well as of persons, in a state of almost complete isolation. Very few and scanty contributions to their intellectual stores were derived from foreign sources. A third generation since the last general immigration was born and reared among the homely scenes and home-born influences of these isolated settlements, and of course the whole community became consolidated into a proper unity of ideas and sentiments, action and character. While thus separated from both the social and intellectual influences of other people, the crude elements of our native population, by its internal fermentations, gave being to the New-York character. That character, enlightened and educated, is the same that is now the honest pride of the genuine KNICKERBOCKER.

Writers on America and the Americans have especially distinguished two great classes of our population, the Puritanic and the Cavalier, or the New-Englanders and the Virginians; and some have vainly attempted to reduce the whole American people to these two classes. Nor is it wonderful that superficial observers should recognize these and overlook all others. The real individuality of these characters is manifest; they are also numerous bodies and have a traditional celebrity, and the features that distinguish them are prominent and well defined. Their very deformities render them more easy to be recognized, and their want of symmetry gives a distinctiveness to their individuality. It is not strange, therefore, that the Puritan and the Cavalier are recognized by some who fail to perceive or to identify the Knickerbocker. But a more careful and discriminating observation would not fail to discover that the inhabitants of the Empire City are not a mere mongrel race, without individuality of character and proper distinctive social traits. Though less sharply defined than some others, and too symmetrically formed to be distinguished by some prominent feature of character, as well as without the prestige of ancestral fame, the New-York character is not only a specific reality, but also, as such, it is marked by characteristics of which none need be ashamed.

Between the New-Englander and the New-Yorker—the Yankee and the Knickerbocker—there are clearly-marked differences of character, arising, doubtless, from facts and circumstances connected with the colonial history of each people. New-England was settled by organized bodies; New-York by individuals. Community of religious opinions and observances was the bond of union among the Puritan colonists; so that opinion was legalized, and dissent or non-conformity became an offence. Thus individual opinion was merged into associated opinion,

and the man appeared as a member of the associated body rather than as a complete and responsible individuality. How entirely different was the state of things in colonial New-York has been already shown, in connection with the natural results of those influences. The effects of these original differences are now rendered imperishable by being incorporated into the provincialist traits of character. In New-England the consolidation of society has to a great degree destroyed proper individuality and independence of character, while in New-York the social mass is but an aggregation of persons, each complete in his own individual integrity.

The same causes have given form to the intellectual character of the two sub-nationalities. New-England enjoyed great intellectual advantages over her western neighbors from the beginning of her existence; nor has the rapid progress of the latter, during the present century, sufficed to overcome their relative disadvantages. The inhabitants of New-England are still a more learned people than those of New-York. But there is a plain difference between *learning* and *education*; and while we concede a superiority as to the former to our eastern neighbors, we question their title to even equality as to the latter. An accumulation of facts and ideas may be made under the restraints of an artificial discipline, and with a stunted mental developement; but that education which justly forms the character, requires that the mind shall be free in its exercises, and unconstrained in its processes and determinations. The tyranny of conventionalism has unquestionably operated unfavorably upon the New-England character, as compared with the breadth and freedom that distinguish that of the New-Yorker.

The character of the Virginian differs still more widely from that of the New-Yorker. The name by which that character is designated — Cavalier — sufficiently describes him. He is brave, haughty, and reckless. Such a character can be maintained only in an artificial and constrained state of society; and where it is found, it must belong, not to the whole community, but only to a privileged class. Persons thus circumstantially elevated may be compelled to a kind of self-respect by their condition; but self-respect thus caused is not genuine. It is not in view of his own manhood that such an one is led to abhor whatever is low or base, but only in respect to his circumstances. Strip him of these accidents, of family and kindred, of wealth and position, and the Cavalier is fallen. This habitual reliance on accidents is greatly unfriendly to individual developement and personal elevation. These statements, as to both the facts and the theory of the case, are abundantly attested by the desolation that broods over the once fertile fields of the Old Dominion, as compared with the ever-increasing fertility of the Empire State; and especially by the diminutiveness and dilapidation of the chief sea-port town of the former, compared with the thrift and progress of that of the latter.

The Virginian attains his social position and maintains his character by means of his circumstances: the New-Yorker accomplishes the same end by his own inherent energies, and, if necessary, *in spite* of his circumstances. Though favored by none of the accidents of life, he asserts his own manhood, and asks no other title to respectability, nor will he

permit any man to become his patron. Respecting himself as a man, he cannot be mean, though he may be poor; and recognizing the same manhood in others, he cannot be arrogant, however far above them in merely external things.

Such are the people of New-York, the denizens of the Empire City and of the Empire State. They compose an illustrious sub-species of the great American family, instinct with energy, and gifted with an almost unlimited spirit of enterprise, and endowed with the most exalted attributes of humanity. A native race, derived from no ancestral prototype, and copying servilely no exemplar, they must attain to a more glorious destiny than has yet been achieved among mankind. The name assumed and conceded by common consent shall be abundantly justified alike in the *matériel* and the *personnel* of the Empire City. This native energy of the New-York character also displays itself in its power to assimilate other forms to itself. From whatever point the denizen of that city may have come, a residence in New-York surely and speedily makes him a NEW-YORKER. The eastern, the southern, the western man soon loses his peculiarities, and becomes like his neighbors. The plastic Hibernian forgets that he is an exile; and even the implastic Teutons insensibly yield to the impalpable but irresistible influences that surround them. Thus are our immigrant denizens transformed, in character as well as in political rights, into genuine Americans, and New-York energy acts as a solvent to fuse the motley masses that Europe is pouring upon our shores into a consistent body of valuable and happy freemen.

T H E E A R L Y L O S T .

BY J. CLEMENT.

MANY are the friends we cherished
 Long ago, that sweetly grew
 By our side, but early perished,
 Fading like the flowers from view;
 Friends who by the wayside perished,
 Frail as flowers, as lovely too.

As the morning star, that sprinkles
 Argents in the face of dawn,
 In the twilight fainter twinkles,
 And is hastily withdrawn,
 Oft some loved one, rising, twinkles,
 And with morn's full blush is gone!

Thus have fled the pure and gifted,
 Doting parents' hope and boast;
 Off their mortal robes they shifted,
 When was prized their music most;
 Off their robes in haste they shifted,
 Beckoned by the choiring host.

Buffalo, April, 1852.

T H E S O N G O F S O N G S .

BY M. W.

I SAT lonely, in the twilight,
Dreaming o'er the mystic page,
Where the Song of Songs is written
By King SOLOMON the sage.

SOLOMON, of whom Tradition
Tells the East her marvels still:
How he was the great magician,
And the demons did his will.

Even now the Arab's tent-fire
Sinks and wavers, gently fanned,
For the trail of royal garments
Sweeps, at midnight, o'er the sand.

It befell, while I was reading,
That the page, before mine eyes,
Vanished, like a mist receding,
And I saw a landscape rise.

Through the haze of language olden,
Where the dust of ages floats,
Flashed the Poet's spirit, golden
As a sun-beam through its motes.

I beheld the lost Jerusalem
In its glory, as of old,
And the Temple in the moon-light,
With its pinnacles of gold.

While the sleepless monarch, turning
On his bed, a soul possessed,
Battled with a quenchless yearning
And the demons of unrest:

With the weariness of station,
Piling up its gorgeous weight;
With his kingly isolation,
Lonely on the heights of state.

Then he slept; and to his slumbers
Passed the angels good and ill,
Stole the dream that woke those numbers
Which, for ages, breathe and thrill.

'Twas a dream: whence come I knew not,
From below or from above;
But it whispered to Ben DAVID
Visions marvellous — of Love.

For it told of pure affection,
Maiden freshness, manly truth,
Till the sleeper's recollection
Wandered backward to his youth.

Thus it is, that thoughts so tender
Through his numbers faintly gleam,
Lost amid barbaric splendor,
Incoherent as a dream.

HOURS IN A NEW-ENGLAND LIBRARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES'

CHARLES LAMB, in one of his fascinating essays, says : ' I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading ; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.'

I am, just at this moment, much inclined to dream away an hour or two in others' speculations also. It is a dark, stormy evening without ; the driving, dashing rain patters against the windows, and the wind makes mournful music among the elm-boughs without. But within, all is light and peace. The ruddy blaze leaps up, and golden vistas, and glittering caverns, and fiery dragons gleam in the glowing coals. On the table stands one of those green-shaded lamps which studious men love, and all around us are books.

Books from the floor to the ceiling ; books on shelves over doors ; books in niches ; books on the Oxford reading-table ; books on the bureau-cover ; books on the sofa ; books on the floor, and heaped up confusedly in corners ; books on the mantel-piece ; books, indeed, wherever one can be conveniently or inconveniently put. Next the floor are stately old folios, some in ancient veritable boards, with huge ridges on their broad backs, brazen hasps on their covers, and some rare ones, to which are attached links of the broken chain which once confined them to the shelves of some suspicious old library. Over these are the quartos ; then comes a row of octavos ; and the higher we go the less bulky are the tomes. But whether they be big or little, thick or thin, ancient or modern, we, like Southey, hail them as ' never-failing friends,' and claim boon companionship with each and all.

How luxurious ! A quiet evening, a heart at peace with all the world, and for our companions the embodied thoughts of the great and wise of all times. As I sit in my easy chair, I can, by my ' so potent power,' summon around me a glorious company of immortals, and become in a certain sense a necromancer, since, in their works, I hold converse with and take counsel of the dead. Pleasantest of superstitions this ! Surrounded by books, I ask for no other associates ; even the presence of the

dearest friend just now would be an intrusion on my voiceful yet speechless solitude.

The library in which I now sit is just such an one as I am sure Elia would have rejoiced to be imprisoned in. It belongs to one whose eyes twinkle at the sight of black-letter, and who regards with reverence a 'scarce copy.' An Elzivir to him is a more excellent thing than the gaudiest gilded thing that ever issued from fashionable publisher's shelf. Yet hath he a love, too, for choice modern literature; and dainty poetry delighteth him. I mean not so much Tennysonian jingle as the solid stuff of such as Dryden, and Ben Jonson, and Marlowe, and such like true poets, men whose sterling literary coin had the ring as well as the shine. Well, such a library as such a book-lover could collect with infinite pains is, during a life-time, a *pro tempore* mine, and it is just such an one to enjoy; for, although national collections of books are invaluable, one cannot be said to luxuriate in them as we do in a snug, well-assorted chamber of learning. For my part, I never could read to advantage in big halls lined with learning. A Brobdignagian Bodleian is well enough to sit and quote in; but for enjoyability commend me to a silent snuggerly like this.

So wrapped up am I in 'measureless content,' that I fancy, if the cricket chirping on the hearth were to become a visible fairy, and offer me a crown, I do not think I would accept the offer. I do not sigh for greatness of that kind, but kings *have* sighed for learned repose. Stay: here in this splendid fourth edition of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which I handle lovingly, we read that 'King James, in 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and, amongst other *Ædifices*, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a King, I could be an University man; and if it were so that I was a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors.' Had his Majesty been blessed with such company, he would have fared far better than among the courtiers who surrounded him.

The library I am now pleasantly prisoned in belongs to one of our New-England clergymen, and therefore, as may be expected, it is peculiarly rich in works on theology. But these do not crowd out history, or biography, or science, or learning indeed of any sort. As I sit, I see, or seem to see, looking out from the backs of the books, the spirits of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, De Foe, and hosts of other bookmen. As the fire flashes now and then, the books seem endued with vitality, and, with eyes half closed and dreaming, I regard them as actual living things, as brains Pythagorized into books.

And how strange it is to observe the company in which some of these books find themselves! Just opposite is Hannah More cheek-by-jowl with Albert Smith's 'Ballet Girl;' and Mrs. Opie is as close as close can be to the same sprightly author's 'Gent.' Lord Byron is leaning familiarly on Southey, apparently enjoying his 'Table-Talk;' and Jeremy Taylor, in a falling position, is supported by an original Joe

Miller. The author of 'Paradise Lost' has got close to Robert Montgomery's 'Satan;' and Henry Smith, the silver-tongued preacher of Elizabeth's time, is nearly crushed by 'Five Hundred Skeletons of Sermons' and twenty-three bulky 'Pulpits.' The fiercest polemics and the meekest Christians, lamb-and-lion-like, stand harmoniously on one shelf; reviewers and victims placidly survey each other from opposite corners; High Churchmen and Low Churchmen join in goodly rows; Bonner and Cranmer dwell together in unity; William Penn and Napoleon Bonaparte are almost arm-in-arm; Cromwell and Charles are at peace; and Lord Chief Justice Jefferies seems greatly to enjoy the society of his many victims. Here kings meet their subjects without etiquette, and Alfred the Great and Bamfylde Moore Carew tell each other their widely different stories; Nelson and Fighting Fitzgerald fight their battles o'er again; and GEORGE WASHINGTON, in close contiguity to George the Third, appears to be on the best of terms with that stubborn old gentleman.

I have, almost at random, selected a book which lies within my arm's reach; and lo! here are some thoughts about books, which, had I read them before, would have saved me from the above speculations. And by whom is this following written? Why, by none other than the owner of this very library. Hear what he says, and if you do not admire its book-loving spirit, I pray you proceed no farther in my company. 'I never,' writes my friend, 'enter a library without a feeling of reverence for the company in which I am placed. I regard a volume as the very spirit of its author, the actual being of the man who thought it, wrote it, left it, and sent it forth for all its purposes of might and mercy.' And again: 'What strange reflections rush upon the mind of a thinking man when he gazes upon the shelves of a richly-stored library! For instance, what queer juxtaposition will authors find upon tables and shelves! Men who in life were sadly hostile and divided in judgment and affection, here sit down side by side. The lion and the lamb, the vulture and the dove, keep quiet company. I am now gazing upon Featley's 'Dippers Dipt' and Paget's 'Heresiography' on a table, while directly over them I see Keach and Kiffin, Tombs and the venerable Jesse. These men wrote and controverted for all coming ages; and yet, no doubt, they are all happy and united in fraternal love in that heaven where the spirits of just men made perfect are delivered from error, prejudice, and rancor. There, on that shelf, is that glorious folio, 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,' and a few niches off, the 'Bloody Assizes' and the life of that arrant scoundrel, George, Lord Jefferies, the supple tool of all the cruelties of James the Second. Lloyd's 'Worthies of Charles the First's Reign' are cheek-by-jowl with Lord Nugent's capital 'Life of John Hampden' and Foster's 'Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth.' Then some books seem to get together by the principle of elective affinity. Dr. Chalmers' works will keep close by Andrew Fuller, and Jay's Sermons will be found very near to old Jeremiah Burroughs.'

Mark, gentle reader, how delicate, yet how sharp, is the satire in this presumed companionship of Chalmers and Fuller, and Jay and Burroughs; for students well enough know that the Scotch divine was not a

little indebted for some of his best things to the sturdy Baptist, and that Burroughs' works form, in many instances, the staple of William Jay's discourses.

Go into public or private libraries, reader, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find a large proportion of learned rubbish. Such is not the case here. Of such literary lumber *this* library is swept and garnished. Let me, Jack-Horner-like, select a few 'plums.'

Here is a treasure-house of sweets, a mine all sparkling with precious stones; and yet homely-enough-looking is the casket which enshrines the gems, like the rough jerkin which frequently covers a noble heart. It is the bulky tome of Adams, who was at once the philosopher, poet, and orator of the Church. Take William Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor, and Robert Hall, string their separate beauties, pearl-like, on a golden thread, and then you will have something like a conception of the glowing style of Thomas Adams.

Another ancient volume attracts our itching fingers. Not long had the printing-press been at work in the old times when these black-letter pages first came into the world, bearing their treasures with them. A noble specimen of ancient typography this: broad margins, solid-looking columns, and red initial letters. Hundreds of years have passed since the rude press stamped these almost immortal characters, yet they are sharp and black as though they had been 'pulled' but yesterday. On the margins are other characters, brown and rusty, but legible enough. Here and there certain portions of the text are under-scored, and brief annotations are placed opposite. In whose writing are these marginal references? No other hand than that of Philip Melancthon rested on these pages, and no other face than his bent over them. I almost fancy that 'meek and mild' Reformer's spirit is near me as I touch the very paper which once he touched. Verily, there is a charm, a species of papyro-magnetism, in sheets which the hand of genius and piety has consecrated by physical contact!

I know well enough that I am coveting my neighbor's goods; but I feel strongly inclined to lay my appropriative 'claws' on certain thin volumes which occupy a certain corner of this library. Were I to filch Mrs. Hutchinson's trial because of its scarcity, I fear me that the literary larceny would end in a trial in which I should take a leading part. The abstraction of any of these exceedingly rare volumes of Early Histories of the New-England States might consign me to the State's prison, and the fact of their having been a churchman's property might possibly deprive me of the benefit of clergy. No; I will be content to look and long, and thank my stars that I have profited by these famous lines, whose author is, I regret to say, unknown. Would that all others beside myself were influenced by his 'utterances:'

'STEAL not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows should be your end,
And when yonder the LORD will say:
'Where's the book you stole away?'

Less attractive in externals are the russet volumes before which I now stand, than many of their modern neighbors who flaunt in all the glories

of scarlet, and green, and gold ; but oh ! what mines of untold wealth lie between the covers of these curious little quartos and duodecimos ! How quaintly seductive are the old-fashioned title-pages ; how enticing the type ; how beautiful to a schoolman's eye the rude wood-cuts which seem to have been hacked, not cut, out of the wood ; how astonishingly delightful the copper 'effigies.' As I gaze on each and all, I am no longer a dweller in this book-multiplication age ; but by a miracle time has rolled back, and, wrapped in a sad-colored cloak, topped with a steeple-crowned hat, and adorned with ruffles, I am standing at the window of old John Dunton, whose shop in the 'Poultry' bears the sign of the Black Raven, gazing at his 'Bloody Assizes' just out, and eyeing critically the portraits of martyrs prefixed to that singular production, who, we are told by an inscription beneath, 'all dyed in faith.' I ramble, too, about 'Sainte Powle's' church-yard, and drop into the 'Sun and Bible,' or 'The Gunne,' in Fleet-street, or 'The Angel ;' for in those times signs were not peculiar to hostelryes. But this day-dream would seduce me too far from my more immediate subject ; so I would fain return to this nook of the study where, as elder brethren of literature, Puritan Fathers, Non-conformists, old travellers, theologians, and history-writers, stand gravely side by side.

Talk of modern illustrated works ! Why, looking on some superb elephant folios which quietly repose on this Oxford table, I imagine that we have not made so great a progress in book-decoration as some would have us believe. Here is 'Bath,' a series of views of the city of Bladud and Beau Nash, by Nattes ; and of other parts of England, by Smirke and Louthembourg, which are perfect of their kind. They are colored with the greatest care, and are equal to the original water-color drawings. And here, too, is that costly work, a work which could only have been produced under governmental patronage as this was : 'An Illustrated Record of the Important Events of the Annals of Europe.' I question if such another copy as the one before me can be found in all America. Only by a rare chance came it into the possession of its present owner : a duplicate of it will be vainly sought for, save in noble and great public libraries ; and even when found in such, it forms a feature.

I now open a splendid imperial quarto edition of the Life of Nelson, profusely illustrated by some enthusiastic collector, with all relating to the great English Admiral. A thousand sources must have been ransacked, a thousand books mutilated, in order to contribute plates of persons and places to this precious collection. It must have been the labor of a life as well as a labor of love, the illustrating of this volume, which is absolutely *unique*.

Magnificent is this copy of Barrington's Memoirs, a presentation-copy from Sir Jonah ; and almost perfect the Cromwellian collection. This latter assemblage of all relating to the great Protector is the most perfect, perhaps, extant ; a pretty sure indication that the collector is a bit of a hero-worshipper, a thick-and-thin admirer of England's greatest man. Well, so too am I ; and therefore I am not unfrequently in this peculiar portion of the library.

But if I go on, I shall write a catalogue, and pen a panegyric, instead

of gossiping in a desultory way about books in general, with which intention I set out. Yet must I not omit to glance at the works of Bishop Brownrigg, Frank, Donne, Hooker, Jackson, Bull, Reynolds, Clerk, Taylor, and of Perkins, Robert Harris, Ball, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, Owen, Caryl, and cropped-eared Prynne. Nor can I refrain from peeping into certain cases containing precious autographs, and glancing with candle over-head, connoisseur fashion, at the choice paintings which adorn the bits of space on the walls.

Of these, there is one by Franke, a 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' a bit of exquisite coloring; a cabinet head of Shakspeare, an undoubted copy of Vandyke. This precious gem of art lay for one hundred and sixty years in the family of one of the early New-England settlers, and was presented by a descendant to the owner. Many a tempting offer has been made him for this effigy of the great bard by the great painter; but he is a collector of such matters for love, not lucre, so he quietly listens to all proposals, and negatives them with an appreciative smile.

Here is a veritable Teniers, a Sister of Charity, and near it a dead CHRIST and the two Marys, after Vandyke. It is a picture of great beauty; and in all probability, the picture is only second in age to the original.

There are other copies, and good ones, too, of some of Rubens's finest pictures at Antwerp. I never saw the originals, but these are so fine that I am considerably less anxious to stand before the identical canvas of the renowned artist than I was before the fac-similes met my eye. Modern art, too, is represented here, for some capital paintings by Wall adorn the apartment.

Twelve o'clock, as I live! The fire has sunk in the grate, and my 'midnight oil' is nearly expended. Fainter grow the forms of the folios: as for the duodecimos, they are lost in the gloom near the ceiling. The pictures are shadowy, and the mournful cadence of the not far distant sea falls like lulling music on my ear. 'To bed, to bed!' as Lady Macbeth (I believe) says; but not before one more loving look at my book-friends: and friends indeed have they been to me during the last three months, for on that table have I written two works of a totally opposite character, and have found at my elbow every work of reference for the purposes of both that I required. I had not occasion to quit the room once for information on any topic; and that, I take it, is the very best compliment that can be paid to a well-selected and admirably-arranged library:

'And where,' perhaps the reader may ask, 'is this learned snuggerly of which you have been so long discoursing?' Gentle reader, in a certain town of a certain state, there is an old mysterious ruin, celebrated by Cooper and Longfellow. Stand by that 'mill' of controversy and cast a stone in a south-westerly direction; if vigorously slung, you may perchance break one of the windows of that library. More I say not.

A rap at the study-door — not a spiritual one, though, for a face and a pair of spectacles are visible: 'What, not yet in bed?' asks a well-known voice.

'I'm going, Doctor ———.' And so good night, reader.

J. R. D

T H E P E A S A N T ' S S O N G O F S U M M E R .

Now tripping along through morning dew,
Blithe SUMMER comes with a rosy hue;
To greet her, the hills their voices raise,
And the woodland songsters hymn her praise.

Like her sister SPRING when lastly seen,
She's drest in a vernal robe of green;
And her flowing skirt that Nature weaves
Is broidered o'er with flowers and leaves.

On her head a fragrant wreath she wears,
And her hand a horn of plenty bears;
Nature's peerless queen! with regal pride
She scatters her blessings far and wide.

She passes on with an air of grace,
And roses blush on her bonnie face;
She smiles on fields, and they greener grow;
She breathes on flowers, and they brighter glow.

Her reign is sweet, yet anon so wild,
That she's wanton as a playful child;
She unbinds the winds that howling sweep,
And lash the waves of the surging deep.

Oh! she tears the misty veil away
From the mountain's brow where lambkins play;
And the tainted air she purifies
With her flashing lightning from the skies.

She gives her scents to the passing breeze,
And ripens the fruit on bending trees;
She points to the fields of golden grain,
Which tell that labor is not in vain.

Where the humming bees in blooming dells
Sweet honey sip for their waxen cells,
The sun may scorch, but she nightly showers
Her gentle dews on the drooping flowers.

Where the peasants mow on yonder lea,
There are mingled sounds of social glee;
They laugh and sing, and they toil away,
And of withered grass make russet hay:

While sets the sun in an opal sky,
Away to their cottage homes they hie,
And the smiles of Peace aye meet them there,
And the day is closed with grateful prayer.

I love the fields, and to Nature's shrine
My heart still elings like a clasping vine;
With bliss so pure, and with joys so rife,
Oh! give me the peasant's happy life!

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY 'TIA T. S. S.

THE RAIL-ROAD.

THE rail-road from Baltimore dropped us at Harper's Ferry, that place so long noted in school-geographies as 'presenting, in the passage of the Potomac and Shenandoah through the Blue Ridge, one of the most sublime spectacles to be seen any where, and thought by Mr. Jefferson to be worthy a trip across the ocean to behold.' Once upon a time I happened to be travelling with a friend in a buggy-wagon, in the neighborhood of Shepardstown, in Maryland, and we rode ten miles out of our way to look at this celebrated place. For four hours we patiently jolted over the passage through the woods dignified by the name of a road, although encumbered with logs, stumps, boulders, and mud-holes, to an extent I have never seen equalled. After we had seen all that was to be seen, and succeeded in getting back with no wheels or bones broken, we turned to Jefferson's Notes, and, having compared notes, came to the conclusion that his description and theory were correct, but his ideas of the sublime were rather over-drawn; that it was worth a ride on horseback, but not in a buggy over such a road, certainly not worth a trip across the ocean, even in a steamer.

And now thousands of passengers come and go every day, and think more of the tough beef and insipid ice-cream in the noisy eating-saloon, than all the geological wonders! Even the natives do not seem disposed to set much value on this attraction of the place. Great was our chagrin, on the occasion alluded to, when, on asking the landlord which was the best way to see the objects of interest, he pointed to the road leading to the arsenal. We told him we wished to look upon the works of nature, not upon those of art.

'Oh!' said he; 'wal, thar's a right smart view from the top of that rock!'

Since Mr. Jefferson wrote, other points in his native state have been discovered, the scenery of which is quite as interesting to the geologist and the lover of the picturesque.

We thought, at that time, that Uncle Sam would soon have muskets enough on hand to suspend operations for a while; but the increase of buildings, the dense cloud of smoke, and the clink of hammers show that, whether in peace or war, they are constantly at work in forging those instruments of death.

But, to return to our party. Within one hour after our arrival at the ferry we were seated in the Winchester cars, which were full of people bound to the springs: an old lady, full of life and bustle, and her lack-ladaisical-looking daughter, very pale and delicate, who was seated by the side of a very pretty colored maid, evidently a pet slave; a judge

of a Maryland court, with a pleasant smile and a ruddiness of aspect strikingly in contrast with that of the rheumatic son who accompanied him ; a stout, quiet, well-to-do-looking gentleman of about fifty, with a young wife, two daughters, (one a young lady, the other not yet in her teens,) and a son : they looked like Northerners, and seemed to think we did, by the way they stole glances at us. I saw the trunks, and found they were the Rivermans of Philadelphia. At Charleston, which is a station within five miles of Shannondale Springs, a gentleman about fifty years of age entered the cars, with short sandy whiskers, brushed with great care, speckled white neck-kerchief tied with scrupulous exactness, white hat, yellow teeth and yellow gloves : made up our minds that he was an old bachelor, with dyspepsia. At Jourdon's White Sulphur, two young gentlemen got in, arrayed in summer suits of the most fashionable cut : the elder was addressed as Williams, the younger one as Sydney. They rattled away at a great rate with some acquaintances who got out here. Williams said it was devilish dull at Jourdon's, they were going to try Capon ; whereupon the old lady with the delicate daughter inquired whether he had heard about the prospect of being accommodated at Capon's, an inquiry which was answered with great volubility by Mr. Williams, who, all the time, kept casting sheep's eyes toward the daughter or the maid — could n't tell which. His answer was not very encouraging, he having heard there was a slim chance for single gentlemen, to say nothing of ladies. The man in the white hat came to the relief of Mrs. Cushing, as we heard her called, by stating that a large party had left Capon's the night before, whose rooms they could probably procure ; and, before we reached Winchester, quite a sociable party they made : Mrs. Cushing, Miss C., the Judge, Messrs. Williams and Sydney, and the man in the white hat whom no body called by name.

Jourdon's is said to be something like the Greenbrier, or 'far White Sulphur,' as the Virginians call it. A man who was apparently used up by gout or rheumatism got out here, with the assistance of a stout black servant, who, having in some way incurred his displeasure, was berated with some oaths and an assault, but not a battery ; for the rheumatic raised his long cane with great vehemence, but Sambo dodged, the cane came down to the ground, and the holder, not being very strong on his pins, came down with it. As the cars rolled away, we could see that the black had come to his master's aid, and was lifting him to the stage ; whereupon Mr. Williams remarked that men who are void of understanding should n't assail the understanding of others, which Miss Cushing seemed to think very funny.

When at three o'clock we had traversed the thirty miles, and arrived at Taylor's Hotel in Winchester, (which is a capital house, the best we met with,) Mrs. Cushing was put into a fidget by the announcement that, if they went on to Capon's, they would probably have to sleep on the parlor-floor for one or two nights. What should she do ? She first asked the Judge, then the landlord, and then the by-standers in the ladies' parlor ; but, on suggesting to the daughter, who was listlessly lounging on the sofa, that she thought they could camp down one night and have the first chance in the morning, that young lady drawled out, 'Why, ma-a !' in such a deprecatory tone as at once to hush up all farther talk

on the matter; Mrs. Cushing remarking aside to us that she hated to worry the poor thing. her dyspepsia made her so nervous, but she hoped a careful diet and the spring-waters would soon restore her; and the colored maid was forthwith dispatched to see that a dish of boiled rice was prepared for a sick lady. All went in to dinner. The boiled rice was placed before the invalid, and aided in its digestion by hot corn-cakes full of melted butter, followed by two ears of boiled corn, which Mrs. C. was sure could n't do her any harm. A slice of juicy ham, some breast of chicken, 'just a little taste of that venison,' some apple-pie, and a tumbler of milk, a slice of sponge-cake, and a custard, went down to help the rice and the corn. The lady's nerves being thus fortified, Mr. Williams ventured to renew the discarded topic: told of the pleasant stage-ride they should have to Capon's, the dust being all laid; and how he had no doubt he could induce some bachelor-friend to surrender his room for a time to the ladies; and how there was to be a ball there on the next evening, which the ladies would enjoy; and how dull it would be here. Miss C. said she did n't care for the ball, but to oblige ma-a she would go. So, at five o'clock, a stage-coach was crammed, and drove off: the old lady, the Judge and his sick son on the back seat, Mr. Williams, Miss Cushing and Sydney on the middle; and the old bachelor in the white hat, with three or four others, stowed away on the front seat and the box. A number of other stages on the night-line to Staunton successively departed, with enormous piles of baggage, and carrying with them a majority of the passengers by the rail-road, leaving the Philadelphians and ourselves comparatively alone. We soon scraped an acquaintance, and, finding that they were also bound for the 'far springs,' we agreed to take an extra, and make a two days' journey of what is ordinarily accomplished in one, but a very fatiguing one, by the regular stages, 'to Staunton ninety-six miles,' as the guide-board hath it.

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THE STAGE TO STAUNTON.

At eight o'clock we were off, a party of seven, beside Mr. Riverman's eight-year-old daughter, and our three-year-old boy, with his nurse; - just a good load for a stage in such a country. The sky was overcast enough to prevent our suffering from the heat, and the dust well laid on the excellent road, albeit the long hills gave us sensibly to understand that we were in a mountain district. There is nothing in Irving's or Dickens's sketches that has made a more vivid impression on my mind than stage-coach experience, and I was glad I visited England when there were yet some stage-routes left on the great lines of travel. I can never forget the smooth roads, lined with hedges, the talk of outside passengers, and the explanations, so willingly given by the coachman, of all objects of interest on the road-side, and the regret with which we always received the announcement, 'I leave here,' as he gathered the ribbons in one hand, and cracking his whip with the other, drove rapidly up to the inn, and, throwing the reins to the groom, turned around to receive the shilling with which you are expected to part when you part with him; a custom, by the by, which has its good effects in insuring

civility, but wears prodigiously on the vest-pockets, and keeps one in a constant fever to get small change. The tired horses are unhitched, and saunter along with downcast heads to the stable, whence a groom in corduroy-shorts leads forth the fresh team, all brisk of step and glossy of skin, with curry-combing and rubbing down. Meantime sundry bundles and other luggage are taken down by the guard, and some of the outsiders regale themselves with ale, for which the little girl demands 'Tuppence, please, Sir.' Then ascends the new driver, who, standing in his place, elevates the reins with both hands and gives a low whistle, whereat we are off at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. It is very pleasant.

Then there is the French diligence: a clumsy-looking machine, described by Cooper as a coach with a half coach in front and another half coach behind; five and sometimes seven horses, of the most shaggy and forlorn aspect, three of them abreast, all fastened to the vehicle with ropes, and one of them ridden by a postilion with huge jack-boots coming up to his hips, incessantly cracking his whip, hallooing to the animals, who travel for five miles in a constant canter, except when they come to a long hill, where they are assisted up by a yoke of oxen. One travels fast, very fast, and finds the diligence very comfortable, especially the front part, or *coupée*. You arrive at a village: a flock of men in blue frocks and women with dirty caps crowd around, and there is an incessant chatter between them, the postilion and the guard; the women often acting as ostlers. I would not advise you to try the sour wine, unless for the sake of hearing the sweet tone of voice in which all the ugliest and coarsest French women say, '*Mercie, Monsieur.*'

But I have been wandering from my subject. We are in an American stage, and change horses about every ten miles; sometimes, however, driving them fifteen, and then taking others left by the down stage, an hour or two before; for, at this season, when the travel is so great, 'we have to be rather hard upon the stock,' says the driver. He is not, generally speaking, the neat, well-to-do-looking personage that you see personified in the senior Mr. Weller, but is, in the summer, half the time a picked-up idler, who has been driven to driving for the want of something else to do, and is only employed during the few weeks of the busy season. The regulars, who drive all the year round on the route to Guyandotte, are some of them old hands at the business, and make a ride on the box the more agreeable for the information they give you about the country, which the temporaries do not possess; but most of the drivers are very taciturn and unprepossessing, with rather a fondness for whiskey. They lead a hard life: driving night and day over these desolate mountain roads, and frequently with empty stages, (return extras,) no society but their horses and their tobacco, of which they chew enormous quantities, and which one of them told us supplied him with conversation and thought. They have more or less the care of their horses when off the box as well as when on, so that they have plenty to do.

There are only two outside seats; the steepness of the hills making an upper deck too top-heavy to be safe. It is a very slow coach. What with long hills, and tired teams, and over-loading, they seldom make more than four miles an hour.

When it is considered that we were eight hours, on the first day, in

travelling thirty-six miles to Pittman's, a farm-house on the north fork of the Shenandoah, and that we passed through no places of any consequence, you may imagine that there cannot be much pleasure in such progression. But you are mistaken. It is very dull work unless you have good company, or large internal resources; and we had the first. Indeed, if you put six or seven people together in a coach, and give them thorough jolting, you are pretty sure to find out of what stuff they are made. If there is any wit in them, it is sure to come out. Of course the weather formed the first topic, and the prevalence of long periods of drought and rain, such as those which had prevailed of late, in mountainous regions. Next, the road: a state work, said to be better than any other in the Old Dominion. This led us to notice the backwardness of the state, heretofore, about internal improvements; but the new constitution promises better things. A rail-road is being built from Staunton, to connect with the one at Charlottesville; and in another year it will be completed, except the tunnel through the Blue Ridge. So, reader, when next you go to the springs, proceed by way of Washington and Acqua Creek. Mr. Riverman soon made it evident that he was a thorough business man, and knew all about canals and rail-roads, especially those which carry coal. We agreed that the James River Canal ought to pay, but somehow it didn't; that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, though a grand work, would never earn a cent of interest for its stock-holders, but might cheapen coal: yet could never give benefits proportionate to its actual cost, and the embarrassment into which it had plunged the State of Maryland, and the District cities; that coal-stock was a very unsafe article to hold, especially when the companies had high-sounding names and large nominal capitals, with plausible gentlemen acting as presidents, and urging off the stock. He said that the anthracite of Pennsylvania was the best to make iron with; that the Cumberland did very well for blacksmiths; but the cannel coal, which would one of these days be brought to market from some out-of-the-way place in Virginia, would supersede all others for family use. We concluded that this state would hereafter produce something else beside Presidents and politicians; her men of talent having all devoted themselves to public affairs, to the neglect of private interests, whereas, at the North, the energies and talents of able men had, of necessity, been more displayed in other channels. Then we discoursed upon the factitious reputation an ordinary man will often acquire, from one or two good hits as a member of a legislative body; while thousands of men, every way superior in eloquence, learning, and statesmanship, are unknown out of their own district, or out of the law-reports, where indeed they erect for themselves monuments more enduring. We examined the guide-books. 'Burke's New Guide' is very good for details; but a little compilation, published at Staunton, gives all essential information. Then the ladies began to speculate on the kind of dresses proper for the springs; and Mrs. Riverman made up her mind that she had made a mistake in not bringing more shawls, when she observed how many Mrs. Viator, who had been this way before, had provided herself with, for the cool nights. The styles of mantillas and flounces, and the comparative merits of Philadelphia and New-York milliners, followed; in the

midst of which Mr. Riverman and I subsided into a gentle sleep, occasionally bringing our knowledge-boxes into side-contact, then forward with a sudden jerk, until the stage, having reached the top of the hill, descended with so rapid a trot as to shake us all together, and toss Mrs. V. into his lap and Miss Clara into mine. We began to wake up and rub our eyes, while Mr. W. looked at his watch, and wanted to know how far we had come. It began to rain a little — just a drizzle; in the midst of which we passed through a considerable village, and drew up before a public house, which looked very neat and pleasant inside. Two or three negroes led out the fresh horses, and, as they hitched-to, told the driver that they reckoned he was ‘gwine to have rain enough now to make up for all dat dust. De corn needed it ’nuff, LORD knows, and ’taint no bad t’ing for de stöck, nuther.’ We went out of town at a brisk pace, but soon resumed our solemn rate of progression, and began to tell stories and sing songs: Miss Clara taking the lead in the latter, and all ‘j’ining in the chorus,’ except Mr. Riverman, who, not being gifted in that way, lay back and good-humoredly listened. He is one of your quiet, unassuming men of forty, who says little, but thinks a great deal; listens to every thing, and sees all that’s going on. He has earned all he has by his own exertions, and feels now as if he could afford to take it easy, and give his family and himself the enjoyment of life to the fullest extent. He is evidently proud of his wife; who is a fine-looking woman some years younger, rather more fond of show than he, but, with him, ready to yield in every thing to the daughter: a sprightly and intelligent young lady, who has just come out, and will not be easily caught.

‘There, that will do!’ says the reader. ‘You’ve talked long enough about your stage-company.’ Don’t be impatient. I will get you on to the ‘Ginny ’prings,’ as little Jim calls them, as fast as is consistent with a truthful narration of your trials in getting there. I had even thought of telling over some of the stories which were told to beguile the way, in order that you might appreciate the length of the ride; but I will spare you this time.

On the second day, in going from Pittman’s to Staunton, we passed one field of four hundred acres planted in Indian corn. How graceful the long, waving, green leaves of the tall plants appear! ‘Yes, and the hot cakes are not slow;’ as the young woman at Vauxhall Garden remarked about the ice-cream, after a dissertation by her lover on the ‘beauty of the starry firmament above.’

We had occasion to appreciate this, on dining and supping at Pittman’s, the previous night. The Virginian cannot live without hot cakes at every meal, either of flour, corn, rye, or all three — sometimes both. Cold bread and butter he cannot abide, except with fish and game; and the northern invalids who call for stale bread are looked at with wonder by the servants who bring it.

The second day we dined at a rickety old town called Newmarket; but we had no reason to complain of the fare, though not equal to that at most other places on the road. Generally speaking, the chicken-meat, hominy, beef-steak, and butter are good, to say nothing of apple-pie and milk, and the loaf of fresh sponge-cake which invariably ornaments the centre of the table.

III.

S T A U N T O N .

THIS is about the most central town in Virginia, and, like Winchester, has a considerable air of antiquity : many of the houses being built of brick that look as if they were made in the year one ; the shingled roofs being black with age ; and numbers of rickety old shanties being scattered about. There are some very pretty residences of modern date, especially in the out-skirts of the town ; and its female academy, and above all, the state asylums for the insane, deaf and dumb, and blind institutions, (the last two in the same building,) give it some interest to the traveller. On our return, two months later, we chanced to have as a fellow-traveller a clergyman who had been acting as chaplain to another lunatic asylum at Williamsburgh, and who introduced us to the chaplain of that at Staunton, and rector of the Episcopal church, who most kindly gave up the whole morning to us ; and the evidence given by the inmates of both institutions that his presence was most welcome, convinced us that he was really useful in his vocation. After tea we went to his beautiful residence on the brow of the hill, where, on the piazza, by a moon-light night, we passed away the evening most agreeably, in discoursing with his family and an old college friend upon Virginia habits, lunatics, and queer people who are not lunatics we had seen in our rambles ; and came away with most agreeable remembrances of Staunton.

Reader, if you ever read serious things, and meet with a modest-looking volume entitled 'Castleman's Sermons for Servants,' read it. There is pith and terseness in its style, and the subject-matter, much of it, applies to masters as well as servants. It is said that the goitre, which is so troublesome in Switzerland, prevails here ; and we saw one lady who was evidently suffering from it. There are no cretins, however, I believe. The goitres recover on moving away from the mountains.

A likely-looking negro here wanted to drive us to the warm springs, in a hack which was, as well as himself, the property of a man whose house we passed in walking to the stable. 'How many servants does your master own ?' I inquired.

'Well, may be twenty.'

'Does he keep you all hard at work ?'

'Tolerable busy ; but he don't make much out of us, cos he 'lows us all part of de wages, and den dere's good many young ones is n't able to earn nothing, and eats a powerful sight.'

'Are you married ?'

'Oh, no, masta ; dat time has got to come yet. Plenty time for *dat* business ; and plenty gals, Gracious knows !'

'Has your master ever sold any of the children ?'

'Oh no, never, of his own will. He was rather poorly off at or time, and there was a writ agin him, and I thought his heart would broken cos he thought he'd hab to sell some of his servants. But t man what he owed came down to see him about de debt, and broug along with him a body-servant, who took a liking to one of de gal'

de kitchen, and, sure enough, he asked his master to buy her, and she asked old master to sell her, and she went for the debt; and glad enough was old master to hab her go, for she wa'n't no great things.' Then, after a moment's pause, he added with an effort: 'I'm sure I did n't keer!'

This told the story of love's labors lost as forcibly as any two-volumed novel. He was evidently disposed to bear it like a philosopher, although he had been jilted.

We did not take his conveyance, however, preferring the stage, with plenty of company, and a little more speed; and accordingly started the next morning 'to the Warm Springs, fifty-three miles.'

T H E L A D Y T O H E R G L O V E .

BY MRS. M E H E W I T T .

Oh, dearest glove! that yester morn
 His hand, in greeting, kindly pressed;
 That I, since that blest hour, have worn
 Within the foldings of my vest;
 Come to my lips! again—again!
 What said to mine his beating heart?
 For thou didst feel, through every vein
 Along my palm, its language dart.

Thou, since he clasped thee, to my sense
 Bearest odors of the violet;
 Sweet flower, that to the heart's suspense
 Breathes love's fond pleading, 'Ne'er forget!
 Forget! Ah me! when every where,
 Throughout the day, till evening dim,
 He is my thought, he is my prayer—
 And all night long I dream of him!

Oh, precious glove! and couldst thou feel
 His warm pulse, throbbing back to mine,
 Through all thy form insensate steal,
 Nor kindle then with life divine?
 Couldst feel how his soft voice and eyes
 Held me spell-bound in their control,
 Twin light and music from the skies!
 Nor wake within thee, then, a soul!

He clasped thee—He!—O priceless glove!
 His hand these fingers gently pressed!
 What if he knew I dared to love?
 What if his thought my secret guessed?
 O shame! yet by my woman's art,
 And by my faithful oracle,
 The sweet revealings of my heart,
 I know he loves me—loves me well!

T H E M E E T I N G O F T H E F A Y S .

THE moon gleams down on the gray old wood,
And silvers the pine-tops far and wide ;
Starts from their caverns the owlet's brood,
And glimmers upon the brook's clear tide.
Hushed is the babbling rivulet,
For its joyous murmur no longer sings
To the all-wondering violet,
That, downcast and modest, beside it springs,
Of its gleesome birth in the mountain glen,
And the gorgeous flowers that shadowed it then ;
And its ripples roll on so soft and slow
To the weird and solemn lake below,
As if they fain would tarry a time,
And dally away the rosy hours,
Winding among the fragrant thyme,
And chasing the sweets to their own fair bowers.

Not a breath is heard 'mongst the tall old trees,
And the sentinel-pines stand proudly on high,
Waiting to catch the first amorous breeze,
And to give back, responsively, sigh for its sigh.
But the winds are still, and naught is heard
Save the fluttering wing of some frightened bird,
Or the howl of the distant wolf in his lair,
As he snuffs up blood on the tainted air.

But hush ! on the startled silence rings
The plaintive tones of a village bell,
And — twelve ! — its quaint old melody sings,
Faintly, daintily, through the dell :
And ere the tender, solemn chime
Has ceased to knell the parting time,
A *fairy* bell takes up the strain,
And warbles the midnight hour again.

What magic was there in the melting tone
That tinkled so gently along the dale,
That it echoed so far in the forest lone,
And roused the drowsy owlet's wail ?
What magic was there, that a chime as low
And soft as the tremulous cascade's flow
Should echo more distant than ever a sound
Of mortal — that rang those woods around ?
Miles, miles away on a barren heath,
A startled rustic heard the peal ;
And, with many a quiver, he held his breath
And muttered a prayer between his teeth,
For he thought he heard the voice of the de'il
Resound from the realms beneath.
What art was there in that tiny note
To work a more than magic spell,
To throw a veil of witchery o'er
The simple grace of that lovely dell ?
The brook still runs, but its gentle tide,
That would fain before so lover-like glide
To the moon-lit lake below,

And which purred along through its banks so green
Like a silver bow in the moon's fair sheen,
With its murmurs soft and low,
Now ripples and roars in its wanton pride,
Its banks of emerald bright beside,
And tears through a brilliant bed of pearls,
In a thousand wild, fantastic whirls.
The oak is there, and there the grassy mound,
Round which the squirrels gambolled but an hour ago ;
And there the trembling vine that clammers round
The noble body of the forest son :
They are all there ; but that sweet fairy bell
That set the brooklet from its torpor free
Has thrown on them its sweet, seductive spell,
Has laid on them its wizard glamourie.

The scene is changed ; but ah ! a change so fair
That e'en an angel of the upper air,
To whom to look on mortal scenes 't was given,
Might gaze, and fancy that he was — in heaven.
It was so fair, that e'en a poet's pen,
Dipped though it were in all the hues of even,
Would fail to picture to the eyes of men
The fair ideal for which its art had striven.

There *was* a magic in that elfin chime,
More potent than the spells of any seer,
That in the far, heroic, olden time,
Chanted his incantations drear.
For, ere the note had ceased to ring,
With many a bound, and many a spring,
A troop of sprites rushed forth,
From hill, and from forest, and flowery dell,
From haunted spring and from fairy well ;
Some from the south, and some from the north,
Some where old Sol with brilliant dyes
Just now the glowing west had shent ;
Some dropped down from the star-lit skies,
And some from the blushing orient.

A tiny Ouphe leaped up from where
A wondering violet lay,
And he breathed her a whisper sweet as the air
Where the roses bloom all day ;
Then the gentle Ouphe he donned his cloak
Of the fairest and faintest blue,
And a sprig of the delicate violet broke
To bear to the rendezvous.

A wanton fay looked boldly up
From a tiger-lily's folded cup,
And ogled the elves, as they tripped along,
With a smile of love and a wicked song,
Till a shameless Ouphe came up unseen,
And bore her away to the fairy green.

Away ! away ! to the fairy green,
Without a thought and without a sigh,
The merry band of elvins fly ;
For the stars are bright, and the moon serene
Propitiously looks on the wanton scene,
And the rivulet murmurs its banks between,
To hie to the bower of the fairy queen.

ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

S A R A H B R O W N .

SARAH BROWN was the child of 'pious parents,' and had been trained after a strict formalistic fashion. Her father was as narrow in his views as he was gross in his person and feelings. He was necessarily tyrannical, because he had a good share of will, felt it his duty to govern, and was not a sufficient judge of character to govern well. He was necessarily bigoted, because, having a conscientious and devotional tendency, and a positive disposition, he needed a creed to rest upon, and his mind was too narrow to embrace more than one phase of a subject, and even that only to a limited extent.

He did not intend to be harsh with his children; and it was fortunate for them that, being neither inquiring nor stubborn, they were without much difficulty moulded to suit his views: had they not been so constituted, they would have been subjected to a series of petty annoyances and unjust aspersions. A bigot seeks to break down opposition, rather than to win conviction; he will worry systematically, and regard even his children as his enemies while their views do not accord with his own: the extent of their divergence is the measure of their depravity.

Mrs. Brown was a fit help-meet for, and much respected by, her spouse. She was precise and attentive to her household duties. Her opinions ran in the same channel with those of her husband. Her house was neatly kept, and her children carried, after the approved method, through their measles, hooping-cough, and catechism. She was far from intelligent, but not foolish; far from sympathetic, yet not positively cold; and being impressed with the idea that virtue and truth were mostly confined to the circle of believers in which she moved, she consequently only felt at home with 'her sort of folks.' She had once tried the experiment of inviting an outsider, but its unsatisfactory issue confirmed her in her prejudices.

It happened in this wise: A neighbor of the Browns, a lady-like and well-educated woman, by the name of Asbury, had been very kind and attentive to them in sickness. Now, a certain Rev. Mr. Stilton, a young Boanerges, fast rising in his profession, had been invited to a 'Brownsonian' tea-party, got up expressly for his benefit. Mrs. Brown at this time seldom entertained company, and being charmed into unwonted good-nature by the unusual prospect of receiving a 'roaring lion,' resolved to invite her neighbor to join the highly-favored circle. Mrs. Asbury accepted, and was introduced to the select party. Although invariably polite, it soon became evident that she was not '*en rapport*' with her associates for the evening. The Rev. Mr. Stilton was kind enough to favor her with his views of the accursed doctrines, practices, and objects of the Catholics, and, affirming his perfect conviction that their church was a certain lady of easy virtue, addicted to a bright dress,

mentioned in the Revelations, rounded off a sentence with a bitter denunciation of all its adherents, and triumphantly inquired, 'Do n't you agree with me, Mrs. Asbury?'

The lady quietly replied that she must confess she could not entirely sympathize with him, and that she feared she was not enough of a Christian to hate any sect!

After this catastrophe, Mrs. Brown never opened her doors again to such poor deluded sinners.

As Mr. Brown's wealth increased, he began to entertain some ambition to become distinguished in the world. He accordingly subscribed largely to various religious societies; was one of the founders of an association for the conversion of Europe; was unanimously elected its president, and signed the engraved certificates of life-membership. Having gained so lofty a place in public life, he sought a more elevated social position, both for his own pleasure and the advantage of his daughter Sarah, the eldest of the family, and a marriageable young lady. In pursuance of this object, he invited to his house travelling evangelists, the 'stars' of the ecclesiastical profession, 'engaged at great expense,' and 'for a few nights only;' renowned missionaries, college professors, and other distinguished persons were made welcome; and thus Mr. Brown's hospitable mansion became a gratuitous tavern for the entertainment of the aristocracy of the elect.

Sarah took it for granted that she was to be married to some body, and that before a long time should pass. She had good reason to think so; for her father was rich, and she was young. Sarah was not without some pretension to the favorable consideration of the other sex. She was bold, not with an aggressive boldness, but through an absence of instinctive modesty. She was awkward, not with a stiff, ungainly awkwardness, as if the limbs had been thrown together at right-angles, but through an absence of any feeling of grace. Notwithstanding these negative disadvantages, she had a fine, strong set of teeth, a clear complexion, somewhat broadly tinged with red, and a straight and well-knit frame. She was destitute of fascinations, but would readily be acknowledged as a good-looking girl. She was such a woman as many men would be willing to marry.

Sarah, as I have said, felt confident that she was to be married to some body: she so felt because she was of an age to entertain such notions; because she had a proclivity in that direction; and because she had good looks and good behavior, and her father had a good property. But she never dreamed of making any other than a respectable alliance, and her imagination never pictured to her a union with any other than a 'good young man.'

A new-fledged missionary, bound for Iceland, was introduced to her one evening, and the next day informed her that, in his opinion, PROVIDENCE had selected her for his wife; but she found little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the LORD did not call her in any Icelandic direction, and that she was not one of those susceptible needles of humanity subject to 'polar attraction.'

An elderly gentleman, without beauty in his countenance, hair on his head, or money in his purse, a sort of an *attaché* to a religious corpora-

tion, having rather forced himself on her acquaintance, tried hard to persuade her that her path of duty led clearly to his arms ; but her firm conviction, and that of her parents, was, that it lay in entirely a different direction.

Among her regular visitors was a young man by the name of Phipps, head-clerk in a large dry-goods establishment. Phipps was a good salesman and methodical man of business. Phipps was a man of fixed principles, correct in his deportment, and regular in the performance of his duties. Phipps dressed with great neatness, and had a good-looking, but unmeaning face. Phipps could sing psalm-tunes with much acceptance, and belonged to the choir. Phipps was familiar with the news of the day, and was recording secretary of several useful societies. Phipps was a desirable visitant. Phipps was noted by several excellent girls 'a sweet young man.' Phipps had fallen into the habit of calling at the Browns'. He found Sarah always glad to see him, and passed an hour once a week with the family quite agreeably. He had, however, no idea of making love to the young lady. He liked her very well, but, as she was not a young woman to attract the tendrils of the heart, and as the tendrils of Phipps' heart were not easily affected, he was well satisfied to be considered as a mere visitor and friend of the family.

Sarah looked at matters in a different light. She imagined that Phipps was disposed to 'pay attentions' to her. The poor fellow had certainly never been guilty of giving utterance to any of those sweet nothings that charm expectant Sarahs ; but a good share of self-approbation led her to the strong suspicion that Phipps would eventually offer himself.

The parties continued in the same relation to each other for some months, when an accident brought affairs to a conclusion, as accidents often do.

Phipps had seen a friend of his seated in a fashionable vehicle, driving a very handsome livery-horse ; and the sight was so gratifying to his eyes, that, after satisfying himself by a close cross-examination of his friend that the horse was perfectly manageable, and having driven him twice to be assured that the affair would come off creditably, he determined to ask Sarah to accompany him on a rural ride.

If Phipps had not felt convinced that the invitation was a perfectly proper one, he would not have thought of tendering it ; but being a diffident youth, he imagined that Sarah's respected parents might not approve it, or that she might consider it in an unfavorable light. But the idea of driving this beautiful horse, and having a well-dressed and comely lady by his side, had taken possession of his mind ; and knowing no one who would fill her part in the exhibition better than Sarah, he resolved to invite her.

On his next visit after forming this conclusion, he found Sarah alone ; her father had gone to attend some directors' meeting, and her mother to see a pious friend. Phipps was unusually embarrassed. To invite a young lady to ride was something out of his line, and his mind was occupied with the manner in which the subject should be introduced. After confusing himself with a variety of expedients, he finally, as if moved by desperation to do something, took Sarah's hand, and remarked in his blindest voice : 'Miss Sarah, I have a favor to ask of you.'

Sarah squeezed his hand, turned her face from him, lifted her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, and pathetically exclaimed : ‘ You have my consent if you have my pa’s.’

If Phipps had been informed that the wealthy Dry-Goods House in which he was employed had failed, or that all Europe had been submerged by a new deluge, or that any other equally wonderful event had occurred, he could not have been more astounded. There he sat, his hand imprisoned by the close grasp of Sarah, and her head still turned, as if she never could summon enough resolution to look him in the face. The firm step of Mr. Brown in the entry broke in upon the silence, and when he entered the room Phipps jumped up, shook his hand tremulously, shook Sarah’s, rushed to the entry, put on his hat awry, walked with unusual speed to his boarding-house, took off his clothes, hurried into bed, and lay on his back all night with his eyes wide open, as if fascinated by the gaze of Hymen, sitting like an incubus on his breast, and leisurely gloating upon his victim.

As his nerves became more composed the following day, and he could examine his position thoughtfully, he found that there was nothing in it repulsive to his feelings. Sarah had misunderstood his intentions ; but he must have given her reason so to do, or so correct a young lady would not have been misled. He liked her full as well, indeed somewhat better than any other woman of his acquaintance. Were not her morals, her appearance and position in society good ? Was she not a proper woman for a wife ? These and similar questions he asked himself, and became more satisfied with Sarah the more he thought of her. She loved him also : Phipps was loved ! And did he not love her ? To be sure he did : he had not thought of it before, but was now convinced.

So Phipps concluded that the whole affair was ordered by PROVIDENCE.

The next day a note from Mr. Brown summoned Phipps to an interview.

The pompous father received the involuntary suitor in his library. He had made up his mind, without hesitation, to approve the match ; but with him every thing must be done in a grand and patronizing manner. The curtains of the room obscured the light ; and as Phipps, treading the luxurious carpet, approached the awful presence of the master of the house, his heart sank within him. The little apartment was visible in that sort of twilight gloom which is cultivated in fashionable drawing-rooms. Brown, with firmly-closed lips and heavy brows and stolid face, looked like a judge about to pronounce sentence of death ; the portrait of a distinguished divine, with a cast-iron countenance, lowered from the walls ; volumes of gloomy theology, consigning the world of dissent to inevitable damnation, frowned from the shelves ; and a monochromatic drawing, converting a beautiful scene of nature to a ghastly landscape of despair, encouraged the idea that the world was damned already.

Brown, amid these surroundings, suggestive of Plutonian thoughts, told Phipps that his daughter had informed him of the proposal that had been made to her ; that he had deliberated upon it with all the prayerful circumspection that became a father ; and that he had decided,

after solemn consideration of his momentous position, to permit his daughter to receive Mr. Phipps' addresses.

The young man stammered out his thanks, and left the room with his mind vibrating between the two ideas of securing a great boon, and incurring an awful responsibility.

Sarah now entered on a course of new and great enjoyment. To be engaged; to walk arm-in-arm with her betrothed, and lean confidently on him; to send him little notes, beginning, 'Dear Charles,' and ending, 'Thine—Sarah;' to be asked when the marriage was to take place; to have a good young man's arm around her stout waist, and a parting kiss imprinted on her full, red lips every evening; and all this to be proper, and approved, and orthodox, was highly satisfactory to Miss Sarah Brown.

She began to entertain some indefinite notion of being romantic; attended with her 'dear Charles' a course of transcendental lectures, which she justly considered 'profound,' as they were entirely beyond her depth; and purchased an elegantly-bound copy of 'Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.' This literary treasure she pronounced 'a sweet book,' a fact she could only have acquired by intuition, as, like many owners of the writings of the Solomon of the nineteenth century, she had never read them.

Her state of exaltation increased as the marriage drew near; the selection of house-keeping articles, and the various other preliminary arrangements, including the great responsibility of the bridal dress, made her feel as if she was a heroine; and when the great affair came off, and in the presence of a goodly collection of excellent and formal people, including many of Zion's notables, Miss Brown was converted into Mrs. Phipps, the two parties to the solemn contract entertained the elevating idea that 'a special PROVIDENCE' had arranged the programme from eternity, and brought the loving pair together, for their own benefit and the good of mankind.

These things occurred but a few years since, yet Sarah has already a family of three children, and her form, always full, has lost its maidenly proportions. I cannot say that her character improves. Time develops the flower of truth, and multiplies its attractions, and refines its fragrance, because it blooms in the light of heaven; but a continuous contact with the world, whatever the creed or profession, nourishes the ranker growth that thrives beneath a coarser sun.

I do not mean to say that there is a marked decadence in her character: she has thrown off none of the restraints that she has been taught to consider proper; but she becomes more fixed and settled in habits and thoughts that neither elevate nor improve. She desires to do no wrong, but does not yearn for the right; she wishes to avoid error, but does not worship truth; she would not willingly encourage malice or uncharitableness, but her soul is not attuned to love.

In the garrison of her heart, her thoughts and feelings are not soldiers who use their weapons from love of the cause, but drilled mercenaries who perform their part lest harm should come to them. In her intercourse with the followers of her creed, she is not wanting in cant phrases, but, stripped of their original vitality, they are only used as pass-words; they are current coins circulated from hand to hand, by those who nev-

think of the royal mint from whence they came, or the impress of sovereignty that connects them with a supreme authority.

Sarah leads a sensuous life, and looks for hearty enjoyment only to sensuous sources. She has her law of religious obligation, but it consists of penances and tributes, and is fully satisfied when they are paid without a murmur.

She is a specimen of the morality that is the result of calculations of profit and loss, and of the religion that methodizes the conduct, while it fails to lift the soul from the sphere of animal existence.

P O R T A G E F A L L S .

NATURE has lavished wondrous care on thee,
Wild-foaming cataract!—and year by year
The changing touches of her hand we see
Still adding grace to beauty; as if here,
In playful mood, she tasked her utmost power
To render thee more wild and lovely every hour.

The mingled tones of dashing waters come
Like an unceasing hymn upon the ear,
Repeating mid their notes the primal tone,
Whose melody pealed forth, so soft and clear,
Upon creation's morn; and with the strain
Awoke a thousand worlds to echo back again.

Thy beauty charms us with its magic power:
Here Heaven has lent its brilliant bow to lie
In the bright sun-light on the dazzling shower,
Formed from the jetting drops that upward fly
From the dashed waters; flowers of delicate hue
Cover the rugged rocks with their bright cups of blue.

How oft, when panting from the eager chase,
Has the awed red-man checked his steps with fear,
And marked upon thy brow the visible trace
Of the GREAT SPIRIT's finger! Ofttimes here
Have dusky maidens stolen to see the play
Of thy bright waters in the moon's pale ray.

Hunters and maidens all have passed away:
The pale-face builds his hearth where once the blaze
Of council-fires rose mid the wild array
Of painted warriors; and the tasselled maize
Waves in the breezes where of old the trees
Shut out the sun-light with thick-clustering leaves.

Yet still untamed art thou! The busy hand
Of man has left thy loveliness alone;
The silent forests still around thee stand,
And echo to no voice, save to thine own
And the wild tempest's, or the milder strain
Of the cool woodland-breeze, or pattering summer rain.

Nunda, New-York, May, 1852.

C H A N G E S O F H O M E .

BY ROBERT JOHNSTONE.

'THESE lines, from the pen of a young Irish gentleman, written on visiting the hall of his ancestors, possess, I think, more than common merit. Will *MAGA* give them a place?' — NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I.

I stood in the old, ancestral hall :
 The comrades of youth had fled ;
 Green mould was on the tarnished wall,
 And my thoughts were of the dead :
 I looked around for some friendly face
 I had known in other days,
 But none descried in that lonely place
 To glad my longing gaze.

II.

The towers with ivy were over-grown,
 And weeds round the portal grew ;
 Moss lay deep on the threshold-stone,
 And the chambers were wet with dew.
 I lean on my staff, of friends bereft,
 With trembling head and hands,
 Though long ago those towers I left
 To journey in distant lands.

III.

My elder brother in war was slain,
 Transfixed by a foeman's spear ;
 His bones bleach now on the sandy plain,
 The warrior's dismal bier.
 The youngest slumbers beneath the wave
 Far off, amid Indian isles ;
 On the deep sea-green of his watery grave
 The Sun of the Tropic smiles.

IV.

My parents long were left alone,
 Then fled to a shadowy land ;
 And I remain, the only one
 Of a happy household-band.
 My kindred — all — are swept away,
 Like a vision they have passed
 And I, like a lonely column, stay
 In the midst of a desert vast !

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, AFTER BEING RUDELY AROUSED FROM HIS HAPPY DREAM OF PLEASING
OTHER PEOPLE BY HIS GOSSIP, BURSTS INTO AN IMPERIAL PASSION, AND VOWS
TO WRITE TO SUIT HIMSELF.

HINCULUS, dinculus, trinculus,
Holy boly bum;
The Latin for chain is VINCULUS:
Inspiratus sum.'

REV. MR. IRVING'S EXPOSITION OF HIS DOCTRINES.

Most admirable auditors, most reasonable readers, and paragonically pansophical patrons!

In the spring of the year, when business is looking up; when hyacinths and other bulbs sprout in the gardens; when the voice of the pigeon is heard trolling on the stable-roof, and that of the ice-cream darkey along the sunny street; when ladies, resuming their long-abandoned sun-shades, slide serenely along the side-walks, in the imminent risk of being splashed by the guttural torrents which, shaking off the icy shackles of winter, bound merrily along; when woollen is at a discount, and panamas and fine linen at a premium, and men lay aside the tristifications, meditations, and melancholies, which the fogs, frosts, and frigidities of winter have engendered; then, I say, it becomes the duty of every free spirit to second and assist the progress of the natural spring, by exciting in the minds of others a mental *primavera* of merriment and jollity. Which may be effected by means of *paragrams*, which are puns; by *gaudrioles*, which are gayeties; by *facetiae*, which are funniæ; by *jocosities*, which are jokes; and finally, and most excellently, by *stories*, which, as you all know, are yarns; not to mention gossip, chat, fiddle-faddle, and small talk generally. I, therefore, in virtue of my office of Fun-Finder and Flibbertigibbet-General, after having thrown my spirit into a mirific ecstasy of quintessential inspiration by beating all manner of bizarre burlesquerie on the drum of deviltry, and firing at least fifty high-faluting fantasies on the mirliton of imagination, have finally, as you all know, excogitated, matagrabolized, and perfected, *id est*, translated, or overset this series of chapters with which you are now occupied, from the language of my own brain, into this our English of the nineteenth century.

And I was diddling and dancing along (innocent child that I was) in a good humor with every body, and supposing every body to be in a good humor with me. And as no fraction of the production has been elaborated, conglutinated, or perfected without incurring a great expense in tobacco, soda-water, and other articles essential to the production of a good work, I thought by such magnanimous liberality to conciliate the minds of all who know me.

But woe is me! I have been run off the track and thrown into a rage.

A lordly rage, a glorious rage, a cardinal rage; a crimson-plush rage,

deeply colored and dyed in the wool; an exquisite rage; a rage in which all wrathful and diabolical sentiments were concentrated and consonated into a trebly-distilled elixir of spite. A rage, in short, too good for a common person, and highly becoming an irreclaimable pirate, or an old and irritable vampire. I envied *Vert Vert's* rich profanity, which was such that

—— 'No ancient devil,
Plunged to the chin when burning hot
Into a holy water-pot,
Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
Of oaths so dire and melancholy.'

This rage, O dearly beloved! was provoked by the wretched, the abominable insinuations of certain persons, who strove to withhold me from proceeding farther with this undertaking: I, who was endeavoring to do all in my power to aid mankind; I, who was, like the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, toiling incessantly at the midnight lamp, that I might give to posterity a chart and compass which should aid them in unrolling the trackless waste of history! And yet these creatures, rising as it were like crocodiles from the marshes of antiquity, armed with a weapon which should lay waste with fire and sword the soul of the author, said to me: 'The thing won't do; the public won't stand such a work, Walker. Fiddle-sticks! give it up; better not; 'tisn't the thing; no go; pshaw! now *let* me persuade you. Ah bah! Vain child, thy fond pursuits forbear. Pooh!!!'

So that at last, in sheer despair, and out of pure masculine rage, at hearing the taste of his public thus calumniated, the Courier rose, and, foaming, bade them all incontinently forth to the devil, which they (in Indian file) did accordingly.

And when they return, you shall be furnished, my children, with a New Vision of Hell, *à la* Quevedo. And return they will, for it would be rank *cannagerie* and *scandalum magnatum* to suppose that Satan, father of lies though he be, and consequently of all *blague* and gas, would ever endure such abominably execrable and execrably abominable stultiloquence.

Oh that I could get an audience, or a class of readers, after my own heart!

Oh that all the fair women who, in this season of sun-light and flowers, promenade in parasolled perfection along Broadway, the Avenue, Chestnut or Walnut-street, were here assembled together! Oh that I knew a way to bring thousands and tens of thousands around me! Or, oh (since at present heels are more interesting than heads) that the Divinity of Dancing would teach me a tremendous, astonishing, confounding, overpowering novelty in her line; something which should drive the waltz to the wall, palsy the polka into pallid imperfection, and mash the Mazourka to *nichts*! Then might I hope to assemble *legions* of delicate, creamy, rosy, proud-eyed American beauties.

Nor should the *beaux* be absent. Every gentleman who wears a correct coat and passable manners; in short, who dates from the kingdom of gloves, should have the fullest, fairest leave to enter. (I cry for no man's love.) Every *chacun* should sit by his *chacune*, id est, every Paul Theodore should possess in peace his Louisa Maria.

Nothing short of such a revelation, dear friends, would ever bring the beauty and chivalry of our cities together, (I mean *en masse*.) But the great coming dance, which is to crown with glory the Korponay or Cellarius yet unborn, is still being hopped or capered in all its normal, unpolished imperfection, by Illyrian or Tartar savages.

'Then, Mr. Courier, you would become Professor of the Terpsichorean Art?'

'Not exactly, my dove! I would expound its principles (as two French *abbés* have already done) in a *lecture*.'

'And your ultimate object in assembling this throng of nobility and beauty?'

'To obtain a class of readers of *one* caste, with a *single* and *similar* class of tastes. For it is so much less trouble when you know what your readers really want, and it is an easy matter to post up on a single item. In the instance alluded to, a refined *volupté*, a trebly-distilled elegance, extracted from velvet and gas-light, maraschino and white kids, perfumed boudoirs, opera-tickets, love, kisses and romance, should characterize my efforts, and enchant my patronesses.'

'That, Signore Corriero,' quoth the dove, 'were a singular way to explain your views.'

'Extraordinary subjects, my friend, are to be illustrated in an extraordinary manner; as the Professor remarked when he drew the angles and curves of the soul upon a green board with yellow chalk.'

But, ah miserable! Instead of pleasing one class, the Courier must please all. Not only the ladies and cavaliers, but the high and low, the great and small, the fierce democracy, the unterrified multitude; the superb and lordly *corps redactoral*, or editorial, whose smiles are sweetness and whose frown is death; the plumbers and glaziers, the chemists and *medici* (quorum pars fui, of whom I was,) the jurists and philosophers, (of whom I am,) the clergy, (of whom I was to have been, ought to have been, and will yet be: '*on revient toujours à son premier amour* ;') fiddlers, gentlemen-students, bankers, opera-girls, Jakeys, authoresses, milliners, dandies, and thieves.

Auctioneers and governesses, sculptors, bar-keepers, tinkers, fishermen, artists, authors, actors, hair-dressers, dog-fanciers, and poets. Now let him please the many-headed who can! I'll none of it. These Tramps, Trudges, and Travels of the Courier shall accordingly be written to suit the taste of no other than that self-same modest and deserving individual, the Courier himself; subject only from time to time to the censorship and revision of his reserved little friend, already twice addressed as '*Dove*.'

Therefore, console and comfort yourselves, my readers who are to be, with the reflection that, though my treasury be not particularly devoted to *your* views, tastes, or interests, it will not be one whit better adapted to the tastes of your friends, enemies, or rivals, as the case may be. Those among you, however, who are naturally gifted with proud, lofty souls, fine feelings, delicate sentiments, looking down in sorrow, not in anger, upon the herd of grovelling outsiders, and who may happen to know, though the world do not, that you are, after all, not exactly of a piece with it, will have some sympathy (won't you?) with an author who

proposes conducting a work according to the *haut volée*, or high-flung, marble-majestic, icy-isolation system of utter independence. You will applaud the efforts of one who, in this too generally degenerate generation, has resolved to 'go in and win,' though the cruel hand of destiny, as the Pentamerone remarks, should spread so much soap on the stairs of his fortune as to make him slip from top to bottom. With these words, gentlemen and ladies, I take my leave, firmly resolved to carry out these principles, and adhere to this system of tactics, until the next rain — and as much longer as convenience may dictate.

Cries from the audience : 'Hurrah ! bravo ! bravo !! Go on ! *da capo*, *bis*, ENCORE !' * *

☞ ('A tattered cloak may cover a good drinker.' — LORD BACON.) ☛

. . . 'My friends, overpowered with conflicting emotions, I would suggest a simultaneous and peremptory conclusion. The sheet is nearly out, my gold-pen unmanageable, and the devil clamorous for copy. '*Breviter loquitur qui bene loquitur*,' saith *Merlinus Coccaius* ; which, interpreted, signifieth that a short horse is soon curried, a little mouth quickly kissed, and the path to paradise laid out without a bend. And having begun with stating my ultimate object, let me conclude by teaching you the A B C of my book, which is simply : A, *all of you* ; B, *buy* ; C, *copies* !'

Here the Courier steps into a shell chariot, accompanied by two beautifully-rouged ballet-girls, effectually disguised as angels, and followed 'by a song singing itself,' (subject of said song, 'Woman, *the ineffable* vignette of sentiment.') Band strikes up 'JENNY LIND POLKA.' Audience, in an ecstasy of delight, give vent to their emotions by countless cheers, whoops, yells, hurrahs, squalls, and cries. Twenty-five dozen wreaths and sixty-four bouquets are thrown upon the stage ; also apples, potatoes, turnips, and other productions of the Philadelphia market. A youth in the third tier casts, with remarkable accuracy, a liver and lights upon the head of an ancient enemy in the *parterre*, which feat is rapturously applauded by several young ladies of said youth's acquaintance. (General row up stairs.) The *élite* of the dress-circle depart, highly gratified with the Courier, and sadly shocked at the behavior of the unilluminated youth in the Paradise above. The lights are extinguished, *on s'ésquive*, and a Chestnut-street darkness ensues.

SCENE : MAHOMET'S PARADISE ; FIDLER'S GREEN and the ABBEY OF THELEME discovered through distant vistas R and L. All of the company and readers generally seen seated *very* comfortably, waited on by angels, houris, peris, and other nice creatures, including Hebes, Nymphs, etc. WOLF in a beatific ecstasy catches one of the latter in his arms, and sings with a tremendous voice and superhuman chorus, to the *music of the spheres* :

'MY LILLA is gentle and fair ;
My LILLA is merry and true !
Half dying with love,
I ate up her glove,
And drank my champagne from her shoe !

'FOR LILLA, for LILLA, my life;
 For LILLA through darkness and rain;
 I would go at her beck,
 Though a cord for my neck
 Should wait me returning again!

'O LILLA! my Lady, my Love!
 And ~~can~~ such another one be?
 Why, an angel might blush,
 Look pleased, and say, *kush!*
 If I kindly compared her to thee!

'O LILLA! my Lily, my Flower!
 O LILLA! my Glory, my Prize!
 What good 'neath the sun
 Can I ever have done,
 To merit the light of thine eyes?'

Company keep up an awful clattering and pounding with their mugs on the table. Ghosts of MAGINN, OLIVER YORKE, and GUALTERUS DE MAPES, wave their cups frantically. As Hebe approaches, they 'ask for more,' *and get it*. Saint Cecilia, in a maudlin fit of delight, embraces first Sappho, then Venus, then Malibran, then Freya. SATAN (poor devil!) is seen looking in wistfully through a hole in the firmament, like a nigger-boy into a cake-shop, with very much the air of an outsider. Is invited in by his old servant, St. Christopher. Walks in like a great lout, looking sheepish and cheapish; takes a mug, bows awkwardly, and exclaiming, '*Gen'lmen, here's my sarvice to yer,*' swills it off. Is again challenged to drink by ISIDORE of SEVILLE, Jerome of Prague, Dr. Maginn, and CORNELIUS A LAPIDE. Half tipsy he shuffles off, intensely pleased, and expressing his humble gratitude for the kindness shown, as he expresses it, '*to a poor loafer,*' and '*the likes of him.*' A tear seen stealing down his dirty face as he exits. Is afterward heard howling dolefully under the window, *in basso profundissimo*:

'OH, ven I thinks of vot I am,
 And vot I used to vas,
 I see I've throwed myself away
 Vithout sufficient cause.'

Convivial tumult recommences. Hercules and Samson, in a good-natured way, begin pelting Machiavelli and Jacob Behman with tumblers and plates. Apollo and Saint Hubert declare that unless the riot ceases they will *draw their bows*. Strauss, Paganini, and Lanner actually do so with much better effect. All the Mythologies, Histories, and Fictions of ancient and modern times dance madly around in a ring, singing the following little *ditto*, of 'DER PABST:'

'*Le Pape qui est à Rome
 Boit du vin comme autre pomme.
 Et de l'hypocras aussi:
 Or donc faisons comme lui.*

—
 'THE POPE he leads a jolly life;
 He hath no care, no pain or strife;
 The best of wine, too, drinketh he:
 The POPE, the POPE I fain would be!'

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

VI.

T H E L O R E L E I . *

I CANNOT tell what it meaneth
That I am so sad to-day,
But an olden legend haunts me,
And will not be driven away.

The air is cool : it is evening,
And peaceful rolls the Rhine ;
The peak of the mountain glimmers
In the last sweet sunset-shine.

The loveliest maiden sitteth
Up yonder, wondrous fair ;
Her golden adornment gleameth,
She combeth her golden hair :

With a golden comb doth she comb it,
And sings a song thereby,
Full of a weird and solemn
Mysterious melody.

It seizeth the listening boatman
As his bark shoots swiftly by ;
He sees not the rocks before him,
He sees but the maiden on high.

Ah God ! he is in the whirl-pool,
And boatman and boat are gone ! —
And that with her wild sweet singing
The LORELEI has done !

HEINRICH E

VII.

D U R A N D .

TOWARD the lofty towers of Balbi
With his cithern rides DURAND,
And his soul grows full of music
As he sees the goal at hand.
There shall one dear gentle maiden,
When she hears his opening song,
Eyes downcast and inly sighing,
Blush for love, and listen long.

'Neath the court-yard's linden shadows
Hath he now his lay begun,

* The LORELEI is the Rhine syren, and sits upon a rock not far from Saint Goar.

Singing what he knew of sweetest,
 In the purest, clearest tone.
 Flower from balcony and casement
 Nod to greet his upward gaze,
 But his dark eye searcheth vainly
 For the lady of his lays.
 And a messenger approacheth
 With a slow and mournful tread,
 Saying, 'Peace to the departed!
 Lady BIANCA lieth dead.'
 Then DURAND, the gentle minstrel,
 Not a single word hath spoken,
 But his full dark eye hath faded,
 And his earnest heart hath broken.

Over in the castle-chapel
 Many a blessed light discloses
 Lady BIANCA on her bier,
 Pale and still and crowned with roses.
 But what shudders seize the mourners,
 Thrills of horror and surprise!
 When they see the Lady BIANCA
 From the solemn bier arise.
 From the awful sleep of Death
 Rose she, blooming as the light;
 In her cerements, as though vested
 For the joyous bridal night.
 As though waking from a dream,
 Comes she forth from shadow-land,
 Looking round and saying softly,
 'Heard I not thy voice, DURAND!'

Yes, he sang, but now for ever
 Hushed is his entrancing strain:
 He hath waked the dead by singing,
Him shall no man wake again!
 In the Land of the Departed
 Wandereth he for evermore,
 Looking for his only darling
 Who he thought had gone before.
 All the starry domes of azure
 With their pomp to him are given,
 But his call rings, 'BIANCA! BIANCA!'
 Through the glorious vaults of heaven.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

VIII.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

MOTHER.

'Look up into heaven, my child; there dwelleth thy dear little brother:
 For that he never displeased me, the angels have ta'en him away.'

CHILD.

'Tell me then how to displease thee! how I may vex thee, sweet mother,
 So that from thee the good angels never may take me away.'

LUDWIG UHLAND.

JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

A MANLY youth, ready and bold in deed,
 JOHN to the wilderness hath fled apace;
 The desert-cave he makes his dwelling-place,
 And skin of camels wears in garments' stead.
 Simple in thought, his sight from darkness freed,
 Earth cannot tempt him with desires base;
 To save from utter doom his fellow-race,
 Him to God's living fount his wishes lead.
 He drinks sweet water springing through the sward;
 Then rises up before his mental eye
 A form that he with rapture doth regard:
 It is the SON OF MAN, exalted high!
 The eager gazer bends his face earthward:
 'Ah! LORD, compared with thee how low am I!' L. C.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN LIFE.

NUMBER TWO.

WE are very fond of high-sounding names in the West; but, unfortunately, the christian and the surname are seldom equally fine. For instance: Washington Pig. Now, the Washington hardly redeems the Pig that follows it, though it may evince a feeling of patriotic love highly praiseworthy in the parents who so called their child. We certainly must have classical scholars among us, if we may judge by the name bestowed on an interesting youth in our neighborhood, Master Agonistes Butcher. Rather a curious name, altogether. Perhaps his godfathers are *not* classical, but his godmothers may have read Milton. Philemon, Lorenzo, Alonzo, Lafayette, Bolivar, Osmar, or Omar, etc., are among the commonest names we have. We have only one Marcus Aurelius, and *he* is but a poor namesake of his great prototype. He has not a vestige of the Roman about him — not even a Roman nose. The Kentuckians are the simplest and best-hearted of the settlers in our precincts. Their names, too, are usually simple, or biblical: their characters are seldom in accordance with names of the latter sort.

Were any of our readers ever at a 'hoe-dig' or a 'shucking-bee'? The entertainments are quite as *royal* as those 'hoe-digs' of majesty we read of, and infinitely less heavy. But though *fun* is plenty, I would advise persons of delicate stomachs not to even attempt to feast. If they saw behind the scenes, they would not be tempted. It may do very well, for those who do not regard 'trifles light as air,' that the chicke

are boiled in the water that they were scalded in ; and of course it can't be helped, as there is but one room and a score of children, that the little dears (who always have colds) should stand over the pie and cake-making, and stick their dirty little fingers into the cookery. Who minds it? Mammy don't, and the company are not aware of the fact. Not, I suppose, that they would care at all. No, thank God! they are not particular. Beside, they have experience at home. The company have generally to pay fifty cents admittance, for a couple, to a 'hoe-dig.' At a 'shucking-bee,' as they have to work, the feasting is gratis, for those who would feast.

The motley assemblage at either of these characteristic western ré-unions would give ample study to an observer of originality. It is amusing to see the extreme deference paid to the tall, red-faced, hard-featured man in a hickory shirt, snuff-colored unmentionables thrust into a huge pair of cow-hide boots, a blue blanket-coat with enormous wooden buttons, and his light curly hair surmounted by a 'rough-and-ready' hat. He is distinguished by the high appellation of 'the scholar,' who can (as his relations say with pride) 'read writin' a'most as fast as print.' The 'scholar's' opinions have great weight with his friends who are not initiated in the mysteries of reading and writing ; and it is a happy circumstance that he does not deserve the reputation of the generality of learned men, who, aside from their books, are regarded as little better than fools. *Our* sage has a great deal of practical common sense, and is a good, honest fellow. I must relate an anecdote of our 'scholar,' though it may not much redound to his credit in knowledge of religious history. He once got possession of, or borrowed, a Bible containing the 'Apocrypha.' In reading the titles of the various books, he was particularly attracted by that of 'Bel and the Dragon.' He read it eagerly, but was disappointed ; for when he returned the volume to the owner, he exclaimed indignantly : 'What's the sense o' callin' a story 'Bell and the Dragoon,' when there ain't a word about a woman or a soger in it?'

A personage of great importance at a 'hoe-dig' is an extremely free-and-easy young woman, who is famous for singing songs that put the ballads of Astrophel to shame. Any of these ditties would be a soirée musicale, inasmuch as it would take an evening of perpetual singing to get through one of them. Songs of fewer verses are more in vogue now ; such as 'William Taylor,' who, in every verse, appears famous simply from the fact of his 'walkin' with his *laydye* on the sand.' There is one, of which I remember only a few lines, remarkable for its Shakspearian simplicity ; though, instead of 'hey nonny nonny,' it runs thus :

"WILL you have the green?" says her haro,
 'Will you have the green, JENNY JINKINS?'
 'No, I won't have the green,
 For it's color that is mean ;
 So, come buy me with your tally willy I, Sirs,
 Tally willy, tally willy, tally willy oh !
 With your grass-green gown,
 And your white brandy beer,
 Come buy me with your tally willy I, Sirs !'

The western minstrelsy, though often jocose, is never indecent, as far

as *I* have had experience. It may not, perhaps, suit the refined taste of simpering exquisites or languishing misses, as the lines never rhyme in 'love' and dove,' or 'sleeping' and 'weeping.'

At these 'hoe-digs' — to return to them — may be seen many who, though not having the profession, bear the titles of Colonel, Major, Doctor, Professor, Squire, etc., etc. I believe our 'scholar' has a military distinction, as well as classical. They are not Americans alone who resort to these entertainments. There is the Dutchman, all pipe, appetite, and stolidity; the Irishman, all dirt, fun, and flattery, with an exceeding penchant for whiskey, women, and picking quarrels with his 'cute Yankee brethren. How they manage to squeeze into one small room is a matter of surprise; but how they dance in it is a perfect mystery. But that they *do* is actually true.

Those superfine animals, yclept belles and beaux, have a place in western society as well as in other parts of the known world. And, indeed, where are they not? Pocahontas was an Indian belle, and Sim-boy was a beau; and there was poor Prince Le Boo, an exquisite of the first water! Western belles are distinguished in possessing an excessive degree of pertness, which passes for wit. The beaux resemble the genus elsewhere, in having a remarkably weak understanding. They have no vicious propensities, however: they take it out in voluminous shirt-ruffles, and ogling the pretty dears at church. They luxuriate in long, flowing locks, pink cheeks, and sparse moustaches. On Sundays and festivals, they assume blue dress-coats, and fawn or pale yellow pantaloons, and a continued succession of inane smiles. I cannot think of any more distinguishing traits of western beauism than these.

There was, some years ago, one of these rustic Brummels who was compelled, by circumstances, to lay aside his finery and hire out. He got a place under an old gentleman who, at the time Sam entered his service, was afflicted by a scorbutic affection on his hands. Sam, one evening, was eyeing them with great disgust, which the old gentleman remarking, he said:

'Samuel, I resemble Lazarus now. Do you remember him?'

'No, Sir,' answered Sam, gravely; 'he must uv left the country afore I come.'

Alas! the 'sweet simplicity' of western minds and manners will soon pass away, from the constant influx of emigrants. Even now they begin to despise log-houses, and have ambition to possess more than is sufficient for their mere animal wants of eating, drinking, and clothing. All trace of the early settlers will be swept away by the new-comers, as the face of the country is changing in their possession.

The West will be rich, but never as rich in beauty as in its pleasant time of shady woods, green prairies, and abundance of game.

Faugh! the spring breezes *now* are not laden with the scent of the wild grape and hawthorn blossoms alone. They are adulterated with smoke, steams from the slaughter-houses, and the thousand-and-one bad odors of incipient towns. We are not simple enough to call a few houses a village when we intend they shall compose a town.

My thoughts will recur to the times gone by, visions of the dear past, the merry time when the West was almost a wilderness, but a

blooming wilderness. While memory is fresh, and it is no effort to recall scenes of former years, I shall try to describe a wolf-hunt in the early days, that one memento, however trifling, may be preserved of those merry winters gone for ever.

It is a still, cold, yet sunny morning; the snow about two feet deep, with a crust hard enough to bear the dogs of every degree, not only hounds, but a couple of terriers, a bull-dog, an enormous, shaggy, black-and-white Newfoundland, and mongrels, which have a sufficient cross of hound-blood to keep them yelping on every trail, much to the annoyance of the hunters. These are all beating through the thick grove close on the river-bank, and skirting the broad, white, shining prairie.

The hunters form a curious group; mounted on every description of horse, large and small, scrub and thorough-bred, spavined and sound. The first hunter is a gigantic, broad-shouldered man, with ruddy face, keen blue eyes, and hair inclining to a reddish tinge. He is mounted on a bright bay horse with a coat of satin, a thin, arching neck, and nervous flanks. There is poor C——!—alas! he has gone to another hunting-ground now—cantering along on a vicious-looking, yet handsome, brown English pony. And I see thee, O A——, a hectic youth fresh from the East, jolted up and down on the ridgy back of a tremendous, lumbering dray-horse; trying to seem at thine ease, as with bit between his teeth he plunges through the snow, utterly regardless of the treble voice calling, '*Way, way, Sam, way!*' A right merry group of a dozen, or thereabouts, floundering through the snow.

Hark! the deep baying of the hounds comes nigher and nigher towards the end of the grove. A quick, sharp, crackling sound of frosty brush-wood, and out spring a couple of wolves, and scour along, as if their feet were winged, over the frozen plain, leaving the dogs an immense distance in the rear. As for the horsemen, 'few, few shall part where many meet.' Some of the horses have balked in the first snow-wreath. The pony has disappeared altogether in one; and poor A——'s Rosinante, vicious and frightened, has, after a short run in an opposite direction, relieved himself of his rider by pitching him over his head into a snow-bank. Some few have been more fortunate, and follow after the hounds, the tall hunter leading the way on his 'bit o' blood,' leaving the 'spilled and wounded' to return home from the disastrous spot of their 'meet.' And now lightly over the snow fly those mounted on animals of mettle; the first hunter still leading, his horse bearing him gallantly, in spite of the unusual weight, its neck stretched, and nostrils arched, and showing a stride that will soon distance the others, and gains fast upon the hounds. The most of the curs are worn out already and have given up the chase. The Newfoundland has long ago been exhausted, and the bull-dogs and terriers pant along far behind the first horse. Away, away over the billowy plains of snow; the hoarse baying of the dogs, as they gain upon the prey, breaking the frozen air, and exciting the wolves to more desperate efforts of escape in flight. There is only one horse in sight, and *he* is blown, and gallops with difficulty through the crusted snow, as it is now an hour or more since the hunt began. They reach the edge of one of those curious, deep basins so common on a western plain, and in its depths the strong weeds stand

thick and sheltering above the surface of the snow. The tired beasts rush down and crouch among the high seeds at the bottom ; the panting dogs follow, their black noses tracking the ground, and their red tongues hanging out from their distended jaws. The short, loud, angry bark excites the wearied horse to new efforts, and the hunter arrives at the brink of the basin in time to see the death-fight of the enemy. They fly around in circles, making a constant succession of snaps, as if their jaws were worked with a spring, taking a piece out every time their teeth close on the flesh of an unwary dog. But numbers overpower them ; and a few minutes after the arrival of the hunter, bull-dogs, and terriers, they fall, fighting to the last, and are soon stretched on the ground, their clenched teeth bare and glistening, and streams of blood pouring from their torn bodies crimsoning the snow around them.

L. M.

G O O D - N I G H T W I S H E S .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
A blessing on their mother ;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler rest ;
The over-worn and weary ;
The desolate and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the glad, to-night ;
A blessing on the hoary ;
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,
Of every clime and nation :
May they partake His saving grace
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,
Still blessings be upon him ;
May I in love to him be strong,
Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God ! I cannot number ;
I wrap me in their ample fold,
And sink in trustful slumber.

Philadelphia, April 8th, 1852.

O U R E A R L Y Y E A R S .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

THOUGH far from the scenes of my childhood I wander—
 The oak grove, with its stillness, its dreamy, soft light;
 The oft-trodden banks of the stream that is yonder
 Past gray granite rocks rushing, full proud of its might;
 The wide-spreading pine, to the cool of whose shadow
 I have fled from the heat of a midsummer's day;
 The hill I've oft climbed, just as morn on the meadow
 Hath peeped, to advance and smile darkness away:
 Though far from the scenes of my childhood I roam,
 My spirit oft fondly turns back to that home!

II.

Ah! youth drinks of pleasure that manhood tastes never,
 Though fortune befriend until avarice be cloyed;
 Though fame be acquired such as glitters for ever—
 All the blessings humanity knows be enjoyed.
 How lightly the heart of yon innocent dances!
 Approacheth not sorrow, pain quick passeth by:
 That this sin-darkened earth is nigh Heaven he fancies;
 His dreams are of things which are hid from *man's* eye!
 Oh! is it not true that to Infancy e'er
 The purest of Heaven's pure spirits are near!

III.

Yes! yes! and in childhood they still hover round us,
 Their influence o'er us strive aye to retain;
 When the shaft of some spirit of evil doth wound us,
 Steal into our bosoms and soften the pain.
 Alas! that man's heart should e'er flintiness borrow,
 And from out it these beings of goodness expel!
 Alas! for man's sin and its consequent sorrow,
 When he might in such freedom with happiness dwell!
 The days of his youth let him ever keep near,
 And vice's assailments he rarely may fear.

IV.

Whenever Remembrance presents to my vision
 The scenes which in childhood delighted mine eye,
 My bosom then glows with a pleasure elysian;
 The beings that watched o'er my childhood are nigh!
 Then, Memory! oft to my view be presented
 The loved things of my youth-time, the grove and the stream,
 The pine-tree, the hill—every spot I frequented
 When yet earth seemed an Eden, and joy not a dream;
 When I fancied that peace was mortality's lot,
 And that guile in this beautiful world there was not!

T H E C H I C K E N - C L U B .

STORIES AFTER DINNER.

ONE word will explain why the club was called the 'Chicken-Club:' The planters visited their crops twice a week on certain days, and not residing on their estates in the summer, they ordered a chicken to be killed and ready for them after looking over the crop; and as many of them planted near enough to meet at dinner, and often to look at each other's crops the same day, some one gave the familiar invitation: 'Well, gentlemen, you'll take your chicken with me to-day;' and this was done alternately through the season. The doctor of the several plantations thought it a very proper and agreeable time to make his report, and never failed to make one of the party. They were all (then as now) men of education, and many 'of travel;' and while agriculture was the leading subject, the conversation often became general, and all matters in dispute were decided by the host of the day, who was president for the occasion. And this was the simple constitution of 'the Chicken-Club.'

Thus it was with their fathers and uncles, (blessed be their memories!) but with the present generation and proprietors, any one would smile, and a hungry man rejoice, to 'take chicken' with them. It is true, the chicken is there, perhaps half-a-dozen of them; but in the drains of our rice-fields, from June to frost, are found in great abundance the 'soft-shell,' which, under the skilful compounding and practised tasting of the doctor, makes a plate of soup that throws the chicken and all his feathered kindred into the shade of shades; that no man, Major-General or not, could be *hasty* in enjoying, but rather would rally, and charge again; that satisfies, but fills not, leaving your digestion quickened only for dishes yet uncovered, and gives them a subdued flavor and a relish, like lemon to a pudding. Now-a-days, also, a lamb is killed, and a quarter is retained for the club, while the other is sent home for the family, the *fore* being distributed to the sick and the old. Green peas, and corn, and vegetables of every description, abound in well-cultivated gardens in the ever-dry squares, and rock-fish and trout at the mouths of the river-trunks are caught without trouble by the winders; hams of their own curing, and juicy as a peach; and in the early harvest the bird of all birds, the rice-bird. This, I think all will admit, is an improvement upon the time-honored chicken. The wine which the old gentlemen boasted in their cellars, is now toasted at the table, though in the moderation of extreme propriety, it being their habitual observance, and prudent withal, having to return to their wives in the evening. A good cigar, and a story from the doctor, who is always ready, adjourns the club for the day.

NUMBER ONE.

'OUR conversation, gentlemen, a few moments since, on *destiny*, brought to mind an incident of my life in which my fate, as predicted by an ol

fortune-teller, was near being fulfilled, which I will tell you, and also the singular manner of my escape :

‘In my infancy, I was called the ‘little cub,’ not from any rudeness of temper, or clumsy extremities, (for I enjoyed the common reputation of being ‘a very fine child,’) but from this circumstance : My father had a fancy for pets of all kinds, and among them was a well-grown bear, as tame and gentle as a kitten ; and during the height of the hurricane of 1804, while the family were retreating from the dwelling to the kitchen for greater safety, it being lower to the ground and a stronger frame, my nurse was blown over with me in her arms, and in the fury of the storm, and the blackness of darkness, she lost her hold of me, and I could not be found. The family had reached the kitchen, and was soon followed by my nurse, screaming higher than the wind ; but her terror and that of my parents was gone in a moment, for the bear stepped in, walking uprightly, and holding me safely and softly in his embrace. Hence, for many years after, I was known in the family and the village as the ‘little cub.’ Now this, with all the perishable record of nurserytales, had passed out of my memory, when I was most disagreeably reminded of it ; and I introduce it because it furnishes the key to my story. While a student at Philadelphia, I accompanied two young ladies from Georgia, then finishing their education at a boarding-school, to a ‘fortune-teller’ in Callowhill-street, who had great notoriety for her wonderful disclosures of the past, and fulfilment of her predictions for the future. I need not say that I went merely for the pleasure of waiting upon the girls, and to gratify them, for they had been looking to the appointment impatiently, and were full of rose-colored anticipations in the coming examination of their fair but treacherous palms. We were admitted separately into her presence ; and when it came to my turn, I stood before the prophetess with the same indifference I would before an owl, which she very much resembled. She noticed this, and was angry, for she expected great awe and deference. She took my right hand and traced its lines minutely, then consulted her chart, and with much form and solemnity pronounced ‘my fortune.’ I paid the accustomed fee, and laughed in her face. She sprang from her seat and caught my left hand ; hers was cold and trembling with rage. She made a hasty survey, and then darting at me a look of black revenge, she muttered between her snake-like teeth : ‘Your life was saved by a bear, and it will be taken by a bear ! Now go !’ said she, and she waved her bony arm toward the door. But I was motionless, pale, and confounded. She saw my discomfiture, and in turn she giggled in my face, and left me to my reflections. I recovered in a few minutes from the amazement in which she left me, and joined the young ladies in the reception-room. I found Mary very happy, and Jane very sad and in tears. Mary controlled her joy in sympathy for her companion, and we left the house in silence, nor was it broken until we reached the seminary. We rested on the steps, and told our fortunes to each other. Poor Jane tried to laugh at my pleasant prospects, and I took my leave.

‘I graduated the following spring, and returned to Georgia. The young ladies also completed their course, and returned to their homes. It is useless to say I was not annoyed at the old woman’s allusion to

my infant adventure, for it happened a thousand miles off, and twenty years before, and I had almost forgotten it myself. More important matters, however, engaged my attention, and, regarding it only as something very singular, I dismissed it from my mind. Ten years after, I was present at an inauguration-ball at Milledgeville, and among the gay, fashionable assemblage of ladies, I was delighted to see my Philadelphia friend, Mary; she was leaning upon the arm of a distinguished member of Congress, whom I knew very well, and with that ease and confidence which at once assured me he was her husband. I took the earliest opportunity to approach her and renew our acquaintance. She seemed sincerely glad to meet me, and, as was natural with friends separated for so long a period, our inquiries were directed to our histories in the intervening time. She told me she had crossed the water, had seen strange people, and heard strange languages, for her father had taken his family with him while minister at a foreign court; that she had lost a near relative, (her mother;) had married young, and the man of her choice, and a statesman whom the people were pleased to call distinguished; 'all of which, you will remember, was predicted for me on our visit to Callowhill-street, to the very letter;' and she added, hurriedly, 'You have heard of poor Jane? She went step by step, as was foretold for her on that same evening. She had many suitors, married injudiciously, was neglected and almost deserted; lived unhappily, and died young. Is it not strange?' she asked; then looking earnestly at me, she said: 'Do you ever think of that dreadful bear?'

'I left Milledgeville a few days afterward, and, having no travelling companion, I thought a great deal of what I had heard from Mary, and determined, if extreme prudence and caution would avail any thing, I would at least falsify the old hag's prediction in regard to myself. And I confess, gentlemen, in your repeated bear-hunts nothing could have tempted me to join you. But with all my management to avoid my threatened destroyer, I was fairly caught at last. One morning, when returning from one of the upper plantations, and passing the western angle of Colonel Dick's river-bank, I heard a piercing scream of distress; and it was repeated again and again. The negro who was paddling the canoe exclaimed: 'Master, what's that?' And again the cry rung in our ears. I directed him to paddle up quickly to the spot; and taking up my rifle, (which I always carry in alligator-season,) I jumped ashore and ran down the bank a hundred yards or more, until opposite the spot from which the screams proceeded. I was excited by curiosity to discover the sufferer and the hope to relieve him; and I leaped into the swamp and forced my way in some distance, when I came to an open space, and in the middle of it were two dogs and a wild-cat in desperate conflict. I recognized at once the scream of the cat, which is more like the human than any other animal. I enjoyed the fight exceedingly, which ended in favor of the dogs. The cat was prostrate between them, and they sat very near each other, panting, and watching any signs of returning life, to seize him again, seeming to know his deceitful and nine-life character; but he was dead. In the next moment the *dogs* were struck dead by a alligator with one sweep of his tail. I had not seen him before, as he lay concealed in the thicket close to the combatants. He whirled around

and facing his victims, he seemed to enjoy the prospect of the meal before him ; but he was not to realize it, for I was but ten yards distant, and, levelling my rifle, I sent a bullet through his heart. There was a log near by me, and I sat down to review the scene of death that had transpired in so short a time around me ; and this version of the children's story of the 'bread and butter' came unbidden to my mind : 'Where's the cat? The dogs killed him. Where's the dogs? The alligator killed them. Where's the alligator? The Doctor killed him. Where's the Doctor? Ah! that's sufficient,' I thought, 'for the present ;' and was rising from the log to return, when I heard a rustling noise behind me, and to my horror I saw a monstrous she-bear with two cubs approaching me, and directly between me and the boat. She stopped, and, growling, seemed to say : 'Now your time's come. Your life was saved by a bear, and it will be taken by a bear.'

'You will understand my feelings, gentlemen. My rifle was empty, there was no time to reload, and I was otherwise unarmed and alone, for the negro, as soon as I left the boat, had turned his face to the sun and gone to sleep. I hallooed for him, but in vain. My 'fortune,' like my Callowhill companions', was evidently about to be fulfilled. I felt too young to die. I had every reason to wish to live, and shuddered at the inglorious and miserable manner of my death.

'You all know the nature of these animals : they will run from a man, (or rather walk away from him,) unless wounded, or in defence of their young ; and in my case, the bear no doubt looked at the field of the slain, and charged me with the whole 'bill of mortality,' and with the intention of adding her cubs. I would have been too happy to have undeceived her. But on she came, backing her short ears and showing her terrible teeth, rearing up, first to the right and then to the left, but never taking her fiery eyes off of mine until almost in reach of me, when she threw open her arms. I had my rifle ready with both hands round the small of the breech, (the barrel-end being the heaviest,) and as she made the next step I let her have it with all my strength directly on her steeple. She recoiled a little, but before I had time to repeat the blow I was pinioned in the dreaded hug. She seemed to know me, and adjusted her hold so as more effectually to secure my hands, fearing, perhaps, I might come the science over her by dividing an artery. I felt the powerful but gradual squeeze, and knew too well that my lungs, once emptied of breath, would never be filled again. I looked for the last time, as I thought, upon the blue sky, and the green woods above and around me ; thought of the pleasant world I was about to leave, and the uncertain one beyond, (with no very comforting assurances, I'm sorry to say,) and had fairly given up, when, crack ! went a rifle within five paces of us. I felt the bear quiver throughout her whole frame ; her blazing eyes flickered for a second, then were fixed, and a film passed over them ; her limbs relaxed ; she settled on her haunches, and rolled over on her back.

'I was saved by an accurate shot from Colonel Dick, who, with a trusty servant, had gone out that morning in chase of the bear, which had been seen by his negroes in the field. His dogs were put upon the

track, but left it for the trail of the cat, whose screams had attracted him as well as myself.

'All was said and done between us as your own minds will suggest as natural and proper upon such an occasion; and I returned with the Colonel and took my chicken with him.'

T H E A R I S T O C R A C Y O F F R A N C E .

BY THE HON. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE

I

OH, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France;
 As when they went for Palestine, with Louis at their head,
 And many a waving banner, and the oriflamme outspread;
 And many a burnished galley with its blaze of armor shone
 In the ports of sunny Cyprus and the Acre of St. John:
 And many a knight who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,
 With a prayer for those whom he had left in green and fairer lands.
 God aid them all, God them assoil; for few shall see again
 Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine.
 God aid him, the first baron, the first of Christendom!*

God aid the MONTMORENCI, far from his northern home!
 And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
 The lords of FOIX and GRAMMONT, and the Count of CARCASSONE;
 For they have left, those southron knights, the clime they love so well,
 The feasts of fair Montpellier, and the Toulouse carousel,
 And the chase in early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
 Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees;
 And they have vowed that they will vie with the Northmen in the plain,
 With DE JOINVILLE, and with ARTOIS, and with THIBAUT of Champagne;
 But of them all might none compare, how great and grand his line,
 With that young knight who bore in fight the blazon of SERGINE:†
 Nor one could boast, of all that host that went against the Moor,
 So fair a feat, or one so meet for praise from troubadour.
 He clove his way where Louis lay, with the Moslemin around—
 He clove his way through all the fray, and bore him from the ground:
 And thus he earned a prouder name than herald ever gave,
 The foremost of the foremost, and the bravest of the brave.

* 'Dieu aide au premier Baron CHRETIEN,' the well-known MONTMORENCI motto. The device of the great Constable of that name is better worth remembering: '*Noblesse Oblige*:' Nobility has its duties.

† 'Of all the King's men-at-arms, there was only one with him, the good knight, Sir GEOFFREY DE SERGINE, and who, I heard say, defended him in like manner as a faithful servant defends the cup of his master from flies; for every time the Saracens approached the King, he guarded him with vigorous strokes of the blade and point of his sword, and it seemed as if his strength was doubled.'—JOINVILLE.

II.

Oh, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France ;
 As when they lay before Tournay, and the Grand Monarque was there,
 With the bravest of his warriors, and the fairest of his fair ;
 And the sun, that was his symbol, and on his army shone,
 Was in lustre and in splendor and in light itself outdone:
 For the lowland and the highland were gleaming as of old,
 When England vied with France in pride, on the famous Field of Gold ;
 And morn, and noon, and evening, and all the livelong night,
 Were the sound of ceaseless music and the echo of delight :
 And but for VAUBAN'S waving arm and the answering cannonade,
 It might have been a festal scene in some Versailles arcade ;
 For she was there, the beautiful, the daughter of MONTEMART,
 And her proud eyes flashed the prouder for the roaring of the war :
 And many a dark-haired rival,* who bound her lover's arm
 With a ribbon, or a ringlet, or a kerchief for a charm ;
 And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light
 As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight.
 Oh! brave they went, and brave they fought, for glory and for France,
 The LA TREMOILLE, and the NOAILLES, and the COURTENAY of Byzance ;
 And haughty was their war-cry as they rushed into the field,
 The DE NARBONNE and DE TALLEYRAND in Castilian on each shield ;
 And well they knew, DE MONTESQUIEU, and ROHAN, and LORAINÉ,
 That a bold deed was ever sure high lady's smiles to gain ;
 For none were loved with such true love, or wept with so true a tear,
 As he who lived a courtier, but who died a cavalier.

III.

Oh, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
 As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France ;
 As now they lie in poverty, and dark is their decline :
 For the sun that shone so long on them, it now hath ceased to shine.
 And the mighty house of BOURBON, that made them what they were,
 Kneels humbly at the Austrian's feet, beneath the Austrian's care.
 And the nineteenth LOUIS knows not France ; and his queen, she never sees
 Her soft St. Cloud, her Rambouillet, her solemn Tuileries ;
 And the revel, and the pageant, and the feast that were of yore,
 And courtly wit and compliment—these things are now no more,
 Save in some old man's memory, who loves to ponder yet
 On LAMBALLE'S playful jesting, and the smile of ANTOINETTE,
 And bids his son remember how the middle classes reign
 In the Basilie of monarchs, and the nobles' old domain !
 For *these* they have lost all things save their honor and their names,
 CHATEAUBRIAND, and DE BREZE, and STUART of Fitzjames,
 And LEVIS, and LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN, and the brave and blameless few,
 Like DE BIRON and DE LUXEMBOURG, the loyal and the true :
 Then, though their state be fallen, all Europe cannot show
 Such glory as was theirs of old, such glory as is now.
 For they themselves have conquered, themselves they have foregone,
 And they their own relinquish, till the King shall have his own.
 Then grant, God grant, that day may come, and long shall it endure,
 For the poor will find good friends in those who have themselves been poor ;
 And the Noble, and the People, and the Church alike shall know
 A Christian King of France, in King HENRY of Bordeaux.

* MADAME DE MONTESPAN was gifted with that rarest of beauties, light hair, with dark black eyes and eye-lashes.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER NINTH.

NEW PERSONAGES APPEAR.

— 'To these savages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odd discoveries.'

BEN JONSON.

It would be pleasant to learn how many plans of worldly fortune had been conceived and matured upon the easy cushions of a church-pew. I have a doubt if the old-fashioned oaken benches which still belong to the noblest of the Anglican churches favor, to the same degree, those imaginative forays into the world of speculation and of gain, which beguile the worshipper in our metropolitan churches.

It would be sad to estimate the hits in Dauphin or Harlem which have been arranged between the collect and the final blessing: and it would be still more frightful to compute the besiegements of guileless hearts which have been plotted under the reading of the Decalogue.

In the world we are engrossed with action. Sunday hours afford those quiet breathing-places, when the harassed soul surveys past triumphs, and contemplates future conquest. This is a harsh reading, I will allow, of Sabbath occupation; but I fear it is only too true. The best remedies that I know of are good sermons; and after these, a good and a modest habit of life.

Mrs. FUDGE has her weaknesses; few women are without them. If I were to say that she had a weakness for elegant young gentlemen, I do not know that I should be very far out of the way. It is a failing of the sex.

The particular object which just now riveted the attention of Mrs. FUDGE, and which called for a partial adjustment of her own and her daughter's hat-strings, was no less a person than the young gentleman who had made his appearance upon the deck of the steamer upon which GEO. WASHINGTON had sailed for Europe; and who, by subsequent advices, had indulged with that young gentleman in a few games of piquet. If Mrs. FUDGE and daughter had admired his person on that occasion, (as there is reason to believe,) it is hardly necessary to add that both were enraptured with him on his appearance in the seat of those very elegant people, the SPINDLES.

The SPINDLES indeed were rare people—subjects of considerable study, and not a little envy, with the FUDGES. The SPINDLES seemed to have a natural aptitude for dress: some people indeed seem born with all the adaptation to stays and stomachers which belongs to the revolving figures of those enterprising hair-dressers opposite Bond-street. The SPINDLES are among these. I doubt if the hair-dresser himself cou'

have improved their figures in any respect for window-models. They are reputed very wealthy; their father being a heavy broker. They have a country-seat, speak French, polk liberally, read the opera librettos from the Italian side, speak with moderation of DANIEL WEBSTER or KOSSUTH, ecstatically of PARODI or ALBONI, and of course are highly fashionable.

It is natural that Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE should admire them, (although she does talk about them outrageously :) and it is, moreover, natural that she should feel a keen interest in the young gentleman, who, beside having been a companion of her darling WASH., was now luxuriating in what she considered as the very meridian of fashionable splendor.

Mrs. FUDGE observes, after a series of reconnoitring glances, (in which she is very careful not to catch the eye of the SPINDLES,) that the young man is of a genteel figure; that his coat is remarkably short-tailed, (excellent taste;) that his cravat has the so-called Parisian tie; that his eye is mild, as if he were of a yielding temperament; and that his forehead, though somewhat low, is balanced by a very happy parting of the hair behind the head.

Miss WILHELMINA observes that he wears a large bunch of charms to his watch-chain; that his mouth is lighted up with a very lively-colored moustache; that he is of good height for a dancing-partner; that he pays little attention to the Miss SPINDLES, (by which she judges him accustomed to elegant society;) and, what pleases her still more, that he seems, by one or two eager glances thrown in her direction, to have a lively recollection of her face.

Miss WILHELMINA concludes from these observations that he must be a delightful person; that he is probably not in love, at least not with the SPINDLES; and that he drives a fast trotter. Mrs. FUDGE, on her part, decides that he is a young man of 'good position,' and possibly of expectations; at any rate, a very desirable acquaintance for herself and daughter. Mr. FUDGE himself, if attention had been called to the young gentleman, would have indulged only in a pleasant comparison between young men generally, and his own dignity as former Mayor; from this he would have recurred to the sermon of his friend the Doctor, giving such earnestness to the hearing as would not interfere with a grateful and pervading sense of his own dignity and distinction.

There are those in the city who remember, some of them to their cost, an old brokerage firm of SPINDLE and QUID. SPINDLE and QUID held very high moneyed rank; their dealings at the board were extensive. Embarrassments, however, after a time, ensued: assignments were made in a quiet, orderly way; Mrs. SPINDLE, of course, retaining her house, carriage, and opera-box; and the creditors generally retaining the paper of SPINDLE and QUID. Arrangements, however, were soon made for a renewal of business under the name of EZEKIEL SPINDLE; QUID retiring. All claims upon the firm were referred to Mr. QUID, who had retired, no one knew where. The credits of the firm were managed by Mr. SPINDLE, as agent for the old house.

It is supposed by many that an understanding still exists between SPINDLE and QUID, although of what precise nature it is impossible to say. Wall-street partnerships are generally somewhat involved. Too

searching a curiosity is found only to increase the fog which belongs to such arrangements, and sometimes even to dissolve the firm altogether. The fact, however, that some connection still existed, seemed to be confirmed by the easy circumstances in which young QUID — no other than the short-coated gentleman already subjected to Mrs. FUDGE's observation — appeared to move.

Outsiders and simple-minded persons, knowing only that Mr. QUID senior, if he still existed, was a broken broker, would have wondered at the pleasant and affluent style in which Mr. QUID junior was observed to amble along upon the high-road of life. There are many young men about town, I observe, who suggest similar wonder. Opera-gloves, hacks, club quarterly acquittals, and dress-circle tickets, are purchasable, for the most part, with ready money only. And yet a vast many, without any apparent means of support, either on their own or their father's score, do certainly indulge in these luxuries in a singularly liberal manner.

It is whispered, indeed, that a large interest in a certain nameless concern was long ago assigned over to Mrs. QUID, upon whose death the property fell to QUID junior; and furthermore, that the indulgent parent is now living on a very humble pittance, eked out by the thriving son. Whether this be true or not, we shall probably have the opportunity of determining before our observations are complete.

Young QUID is clearly a man of the world: he is a member of a metropolitan club, at which his dues are very much cut down by a happy knack he possesses at whist or *écarté*. He has an eye for the arts; reasons well upon the comparative merits of ballet-dancers, and has his room set off with several naked statuettes of agreeable proportions, arranged upon plaster brackets. He has also prettily-engraved portraits of the horse *Bostona*, of Lady Suffolk, and of Celeste. His books are various, numbering a paper-covered *Tom Jones*, apparently much read; a well-bound *Youatt on the Dog*; a copy of *Count d'Orsay*, of *Lalla Rookh*, and a small volume of poetical quotations. He has also a French and Italian phrase-book; he is on familiar terms with some of the better-known barbers of the town, and will sometimes crack a word or two of Italian in their company, not extending, however, usually beyond '*buon giorno*,' or '*faccia la barba*,' or '*una ragazza delcissima*.' All this dignifies very much his presence, and enhances largely his consideration as a man of the world.

He is fond of mentioning incidentally his dinners at the *Trois Frères*, or the *Café de Paris*, and his adventures, of a very superior character, at the *Ranelagh*, or the *Bal masqué*. The countesses he has met with on these occasions are exceedingly numerous; and the tears they must have shed at his desertion are almost frightful to contemplate. He has also a large and glowing record of similar adventures (reserved for the ear of his particular friends) in his own comparatively new country.

He enjoys the acquaintance of sundry English and French gentlemen, but not, as I am aware, of any Hungarians or Poles. His sympathies are wide, but aristocratic. He sometimes dines with a Londoner at the club, an agent, possibly, for some Manchester print-house, who pretends to a familiarity with steeple-chases, who has followed Sir RALPH DINGLEY's hounds down in Kent, and who has sometimes taken a tandem drive to

the races, on a Derby day. Young QUID learns from such pleasant association that the Earl of Derby is 'an exceedingly clever man;' that clerk is pronounced *clark*; and that the Americans are an odd, but enterprising people. The opinion is, I believe, a general one among travelling cockneys.

If our reader could fancy himself for a moment within hearing of some such entertainment as I have hinted at, his ears would be beguiled with very much the style of talk that follows:

Young Quid. 'Juicy beef, Sir.'

Cockney. 'Ay, very good, I de'say, to be sure: but you should taste — er — the mottled beef down in — er — Somersetshyre. A friend of mine — er — Sir GUY SPINKS, very odd gentleman — er — invited me down; I assure you ——'

Mr. QUID takes wine with his cockney friend.

Quid, (wiping his mouth.) 'And SPINKS.'

Cockney. 'Oh! ay; clever fellow is SPINKS — er — gentleman-like. You see he had invited me down to — er — what d'ye call 'em? (lifting his hand) — oh yes — er — battue.'

Quid. 'A what?'

Cockney. 'Oh, ay, you don't know. A battue is — er — company of men shooting; taking it bye and large — er — dangerous sport.'

Quid, (filling the glasses.) 'Ah?'

Cockney. 'Very dangerous, to be sure — er — random shots; carried off a few — er — mustard-seed in my own leg, and nearly did for Sir GUY.'

Quid. 'How so?'

Cockney. 'Oddly enough, to be sure. Sir GUY and myself, do you see, had a — er — bet upon the number of birds killed. A covey was sprung just at my feet. Sir GUY — er — was in the cover. My charge struck him in the — er — left thigh.'

Quid. 'Possible!'

Cockney. 'To be sure. He called me to him in the evening.'

'How do we stand, DOBBS?' said he.

'Five dozen, nine birds each,' said I.

'DOBBS,' said he, 'do you think you could have killed with this cursed charge?' (laying his hand on his thigh.)

'Doubtful,' said I.

'D — me, it's a drawn bet,' said he.

'But he didn't get out for — er — six weeks. Dangerous sport.'

The manifest interest of Mrs. FUDGE in young QUID must excuse these detailed observations upon his habit and associations; and they will prove the more excusable from the fact that Mr. QUID is destined to hold a somewhat conspicuous place in the future observations of that attractive girl, Miss WILHELMINA.

Mrs. FUDGE remembers that her cousin TRUMAN has had commercial dealings with the house of SPINDLE. She sees in this connection a channel opening toward gracious interviews, and congratulates herself in advance upon the attachment of so distinguished a young gentleman as Master QUID to the train of the youthful WILHELMINA.

I know that it is against all ordinary rule to throw out such hints, by

way of anticipating my catastrophe. But I trust that, as these papers form together only the unvarnished observations of divers FUDGES — and as no story is intended — I trust, I say, that whatever of continuity or plot may appear in their progress, will be considered rather as the accident of exuberant narrative, than as the result of any insidious design in the direction of fiction.

CHAPTER TENTH.

KITTY AND HER NEW FRIENDS.

'KING JAMES used to call for his old shoes. They were easiest for his feet. So old friends are often the best.'

SELDEN.

It is pleasant to revert again to the modest and gentle face of our little friend KITTY. My inclination will draw me toward her, away from the soberer subjects of my story, very often. It is so vastly agreeable, after one has wearied himself in studying the puppet-like expressions and changes which the business or the wanton of the city create, to give their eyes the freedom of a sweet girl-face, where blushes chase away the annoyance of every annoying word, and a lily-white pallor tells every shock of a troubled heart.

For three or four days KITTY has been in the great city, wondering, admiring, half sorrowing through it all. It is so new; it is so strange! The noise is so great, the people so many, the houses are so tall!

The FUDGES have received her kindly. At least the widow FUDGE, who is *such* a neat, quiet old lady, in black bombazine, with such white collar and cuffs; and her hair, half gray, is so neatly parted under a very snowy cap; and then, she has such a kind way, kissing little KITTY first upon the forehead and then upon the cheek; and then, as if that were not enough, taking her head between her hands, and kissing her fairly and honestly, just where such a face as KITTY's should be kissed.

Beside all, the widow FUDGE is such a house-keeper, with such capital servants, and every thing seems just in the place it should be in, and as if dirt and disorder could not possibly come near the prim widow FUDGE.

It has frequently struck me that such ladies of the old school of house-keepers are always in the luck of finding good servants; whereas, your slatternly, half-and-half people are always quarrelling about their slut of a BETTY, or a filthy serving-man. It is a curious fact, and one about which I have long intended to consult our club-steward.

The girls, JEMIMA and BRIDGET, (rather old girls, to be sure,) are delighted with KITTY. They frolic around her like playful cats, one seizing her mantilla, and the other her hat; and again, her gloves, and her little fur-trimmed over-shoes, and her muff, until nothing is left of KITTY but her gray travelling-dress and her own sweet face and figure. Thereupon nothing is to be done but to kiss over again, (they were not to be blamed,) and again and again, until KITTY was perfectly exhausted of kisses; utterly rifled, with no strength to receive kisses any longer, much less to kiss back again.

Whether a little of all this was not entered into to pique the worthy TRUMAN BODGERS, Esquire, who stood by with a very lackadaisical expression, sometimes screwing up his mouth, from very sympathy, into

kissing shape, I cannot tell. I know it is not an unusual artifice to tease quiet bachelors, and ladies should be ashamed of it.

Then, KITTY must be shown the room, and the house, and the little garden in the rear, and the new books, and the last year's presents, and the fall style of bonnet, and a new KOSSUTH work-bag, and a bottle of ALBONI salts, beside a rich bit of crewel-work of BRIDGET's, which JEMIMA classically calls her *magnum opus*.

The new masters for KITTY are to be talked over. There is Monsieur PETIT, a Parisian, who is a delightful little man, and always so cheerful. But he is not perhaps so good a teacher (at least JEMIMA, who is a judge of French, thinks so) as *Mademoiselle* ENTRENOUS, who has been unfortunate; was of a noble family; is reduced: and so lady-like, and with such a melancholy expression of countenance, that really JEMIMA quite pitied her, and had at one time conceived a sort of DAMON-and-PYTHIAS friendship for her, and written sonnets to her which *Mademoiselle*, not being able to read, wept over.

As for music, there was Monsieur HANSTIHIZY, a delightful pale Pole, who sang bewitchingly, and all the girls were dying (so said BRIDGET) of love for him. He had been wounded, too, deeply in some action, at some time, for some very patriotic cause. He was so conciliating too; and explained the European pictures so well. Beside, he had been spoken of in the *Home Journal*, and was in the very best society.

Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE and WILHELMINA, perhaps to humor the regard of Mr. BODGERS, and perhaps from a sense of duty, made an early call upon KITTY in the claret carriage, with the white horses. The cousins had not met since they were girls together, years ago. KITTY could not but admire the step and manner of WILHELMINA, as she skipped from the carriage. It was eminently juvenile, and even playful, beside being gracious, springy, and genteel. They, moreover, dropped very elegant, patronizing kisses upon KITTY's forehead as they met her; hoping she was well, and thinking she looked *very* well; and hoping her mamma was well, interrupted by a sigh from Mrs. FUDGE, and a melancholy ejaculation of 'Poor SUSY!' in a tone which might have led a stranger to suppose that her sister SUSY was condemned to the pillory for life.

The aunt and cousin were glad to see KITTY, they said, and hoped she would enjoy herself, in a way that made KITTY very much fear she never should. Never had KITTY seen such a silk as her aunt SOLOMON was wearing: aunt SOLOMON surmised this at least, from the expression of KITTY's eyes, and it pleased her. She felt her heart warming toward KITTY. Never had KITTY seen such a magnificent bonnet as her cousin happened to be wearing; and although she contained her admiration, WILHELMINA saw it, saw it plainly, and felt, in spite of herself, an inclination toward KITTY in consequence.

It was a matter of additional surprise to our country friend that BRIDGET and JEMIMA wore a very subdued and dignified air in the presence of Aunt SOLOMON; and furthermore, that they were by no means so *empressées* in their manner toward WILHELMINA as toward herself; a fact which will puzzle her very much less when she comes to see more of the world. Mrs. and Miss FUDGE would be very happy to see KITTY at their house, and, if convenient, BRIDGET and JEMIMA. At all which,

KIRRY, in her naïve manner, expressed herself very thankful, and 'would surely come.' The Misses FUDGE, on the other hand, 'would be very happy,' but looked uncommonly as if they meant the other way.

Now, with all the love that KIRRY feels she ought to bear toward her aunt SOLOMON and WILHELMINA, she certainly does experience relief at their leave-taking; and she thinks of them, thinking as kindly as she can, 'Elegant ladies:' nothing more can come to KIRRY's thought. And to tell the truth, it is all the impression they have sought to create. Courage! Mrs. FUDGE and daughter; you are driving hard in your claret carriage toward elegant society!

There are neighbors of the Misses BRIDGET and JEMIMA, to whom I have already alluded; specially the retired grocer opposite. Neither of the young ladies speak of this gentleman to KIRRY — a remarkable and significant fact.

Their landlord, however, and next-door neighbor, KIRRY has met. He was said at one time to show attention to JEMIMA: he probably did not continue such attention for a long time, as will be inferred from his usual very characteristic dispatch, herein exhibited.

His name is BLIMMER. Mr. BLIMMER is an enterprising, indefatigable, middle-aged, voluble man. He is the founder and chief proprietor of that elegant new town, called Blimmersville, delightfully situated upon the shores of Long-Island Sound, at an easy distance from the business part of the city, and offering a quiet rural home to those whose avocations or inclinations induce them to leave behind them, for a while, the dust and heat of the city, and to enjoy the salubriousness of a rarefied country air, convenient to accessible salt-water bathing. (I have ventured to quote, in this connection, a few paragraphs from Mr. BLIMMER's own programme:)

—— 'A town, it may be remarked, which is yet honored with but two small and tasteful suburban residences, but which is on the high-way to prosperity, and will soon be adorned with a multitude of desirable houses, from the costly mansions of the opulent to the tasteful humility of the small trader, interspersed with churches whose spires will rise to heaven, and with shops for all such as prefer to buy their groceries in the country.'

Mr. BLIMMER is an active man — a very active man. He is never easy, unless under pressure. He keeps the steam up. If he sits down, he twirls the chair next him, and talks. If he stands, he gesticulates violently, and talks. If he rides, he threshes the reins upon his beast, emphasizes with his elbows, and talks. He has no charity and no fellow-feeling for men who sit still. He has always a pocket full of papers, half of them programmes, and has always a fuller schedule, more satisfactory, at the office. He is always on the way to Blimmersville, or just arrived from Blimmersville. He cuts his beef-steak into town-lots, and dines and digests Blimmersville. He is familiar with many subjects, and talks with great glibness; he makes every subject bear on Blimmersville. His main object in life is to interest people in Blimmersville; not for the sake of profit, but because satisfied that no man in the world can be thoroughly happy without buying a lot and building a suburban mansion (plans furnished gratis) at Blimmersville. His advertisements a

in every ferry-boat, and his longings are in every breeze that wafts toward Blimmersville.

He seeks to interest clergymen in the growth of a new town, where the delights and purity of Eden will be revived. He offers the clergymen lots (very eligible) at half-price; and shows, upon the diagram, the probable site of the church, and of the town-pump of Blimmersville.

Mr. BLIMMER meets KITTY gladly: he always meets strangers gladly. He wishes to know if her mother or father (if living) think of moving into the neighborhood of the city. He should be gratified, some pleasant day, in accompanying her, with her friends BRIDGET and JEMIMA, to Blimmersville. He thinks they would be interested in viewing the site: a lovely spot, embracing wide ocean-views, charming expanse of lawn, interspersed with diversified copses shading the meadows, where may be seen at certain seasons the 'lowing kine.'

KITTY conceives, from the character of Mr. BLIMMER, her first idea of metropolitan enterprise; very superior to good, quiet Uncle BODGERS; very to HARRY FLINT!

And KITTY is lost in admiration, after only three days of city life; in admiration of the shops, the people, the dresses — every thing!

KITTY leans in the twilight upon the back of her chair, with the hum of the noisy world coming in a great roar to her ear. And KITTY thinks: yet very scattered, and wandering, and wayward is KITTY's thinking.

She thinks of BRIDGET: how prettily she works crewel; and if she is not old enough to be married; and if so, why she has never married; and if no body ever loved her; and if no body does love in cities (for shame, KITTY!) as they love in the country.

KITTY thinks of JEMIMA, the prim sister, and of the beautiful verses she writes; and why she has never heard of her verses in the papers; and if Miss BREMER could write better; and why (if men dared) JEMIMA too is not married.

KITTY thinks of WILHELMINA, and of her white hat trimmed with gorgeous jonquils, and of the sensation she would make in Newtown, and of the small sensation she creates here; and she wonders how much feeling (if any) is at the bottom of all her manner, and if she could love a kind old mother like hers, or the neighbors' little children, as she loves them. Then, this thought seems wrong to KITTY, and she tries to blot it out, but she cannot.

KITTY thinks of Mrs. FUDGE in her morning-wrapper of such extraordinary colors, and of her hand buried in lace, and looking smaller for the burial, and wonders if this is accidental; and she thinks of her soft carpets, and of her evening-dress, laced as it was painfully, and wonders if Mrs. FUDGE is, after all, so very, very happy.

KITTY thinks of her dignified Uncle SOLOMON, with his white cravat, and his gold-bowed spectacles, and his even, measured gait, and of his grunted replies to his wife's questionings, and of his champagne at dinner; and she tries hard to fancy how grand it must be to become a great man in the city.

KITTY thinks of her Uncle TRUMAN, and of that kind manner of his: always kind through all his roughness. She recalls pleasantly his good-

bye ; and how he lingered, and pressed her hand very hard, and said, 'Kiss me, KIT.'

And how she did.

And how he said, 'Kiss me again, KIT,' and how she kissed him again ; and after that, he walked away slowly, always in that queer old brown surtout ; but it wrapped, she thought, the warm heart of a good man. And she feels in her pocket for the little purse he had filled so well ; and not for this, save only as a token, her heart warms toward TRUMAN BODGERS.

Then KITTY thinks of her mother, alone, in the old house. Oh, sadly alone ! KITTY's thought dies here into a half-sob. The twilight deepens in the room, and KITTY peoples the coming evening with old friends, wandering with them again through the walks by the old homestead, picking roses, eyeing HARRY FLINT ; twisting roses, talking with HARRY FLINT ; eating roses, listening to HARRY FLINT ; dropping roses, all in the twilight, by the dear old homestead !

And KITTY saddens with the floating thoughts, and bows her head lower and lower upon the back of her chair, until sleep creeps over her weary eyes and brain ; and a tangled vision drifts across her dream, of Mr. BODGERS in a blue coat, with heavy golden buttons ; and of HARRY FLINT, in SOLOMON FUDGE's white cravat ; and of Mrs. FUDGE and daughter, driving, in a claret-colored coach, on the way toward Heaven.

S T A R - G A Z I N G .

I.

Yes, dearest, each night I have gazed on that star,
And fancied thee near me, though distant afar ;
Have hoped that a place in thy thoughts I might claim,
And watched the bright star while I murmured thy name.

II.

But oft, when its radiant beams were most bright,
Auspicious, rejoicing my soul with its light,
A cloud, passing over, concealed from my view
The bright orb of heaven which bound me to you.

III.

And so, O beloved ! when Hope seems most fair,
And my heart in its gladness is light as the air,
Sad doubt doth oppress me, and darkly doth roll
Its cloud of despair round the light of my soul.

IV.

The cloud passes on, and again I can see
The beautiful star that unites me to thee ;
Still gazing, I hope, and still hoping, I pray
That thus may the cloud from my soul pass away.

W. H.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS. By KAZLITT ARVINE, A.M., Author of the 'Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.' In one volume: pp. 698. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

THIS capacious volume, in fine type, with long double-columns, contains a copious selection of anecdotes of the various forms of literature, of the arts, of architecture, engravings, music, poetry, painting and sculpture, and of the most celebrated literary characters, and artists of different countries and ages, etc., and is quite profusely illustrated with small and rather dimly-executed wood-engravings, of which the portraits are the least valuable, if we may judge from those of IRVING and BRYANT, which might just as well have stood for BYRON and THOMAS CARLYLE, or indeed any body else. Our great prose-writer and poet might not have 'been themselves' when these 'portraits' were taken; but whoever *else* they might have been, they would have been gainers by the change. We like best that portion of the work which gives us anecdotes of writers and artists; touching which D'ISRAËLI the elder, laborious in collecting and skilful in arranging them, thus speaks: 'A writer of penetration sees connections in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others: in his hands, anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. 'We yield to fact, when we resist speculation.' For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes; important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labor. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life, is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigor of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim: 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.' This is an undeniable and irrefragable position. It is certain that some of the most entertaining and even instructive works, both of the past and the present, are those colloquial and anecdotal volumes, which are not only read, but are remembered.

REMINISCENCES : PERSONAL AND OTHER INCIDENTS. Early Settlement of Otsego County : Notices and Anecdotes of Public Men : Judicial, Legal, and Legislative Matters : Field Sports, Dissertations and Discussions. By LEVI BEARDSLEY, Esquire, late of the New-York Senate, and President thereof. In one volume : pp. 575. New-York : CHARLES VINTEN, Number 100 Nassau-street.

SUCH is the comprehensive title of a volume which will secure the attention, and richly reward the perusal, of all readers who are interested in the early settlement and the public men of the Empire State. What the pioneers of central New-York were ; how much they had to contend with, from the lack of physical comforts, and the impossibility of obtaining them, are well set forth in Mr. BEARDSLEY's volume ; reminding us, in this regard, very much of Mrs. KIRKLAND's life-like pictures of Michigan 'short-comings,' (or 'short-commons,') in her 'New Home.' The poor woman with her iron 'skillet of all-work' had many a precedent among our early settlers. Our author's style is plain and simple, and well befits his unpretending narrative. We found ourselves marking many passages as we read, for which we rather hoped than expected to be able to find place. The sketches of persons are not less interesting than the narrative of scenes and events ; and some of them are described with a *goût* that will relish as well with the reader as with the author. We make room for a description of some of the early 'preachers' of Otsego county, and would respectfully ask the author of the note signed '*Meetingmen*,' to which allusion was had in our last number, whether *such* 'clergymen' are to be clothed with much dignity by those to whom they minister :

'I OUGHT to say something about our spiritual teachers. We had quacks and empirics in divinity, as well as in physic, during the early days of our new residence. Many straggling itinerants came among us, and would give the neighbors what was called a sermon, which might have been called any thing else just as well. There was one man, who for several years gave us the 'stated preaching of the gospel.' He was a Rhode-Island farmer, very illiterate, and known all over the country as 'old Square PRAY.' He owned a fine farm on the Unadilla river, in the present town of Winfield, and kept a poor tavern, where he sold most villanous New-England rum. Elder PRAY had his farm carried on, but did not work much himself, generally staying in the house to tend bar and see to matters relating to his tavern. On Sunday he would ride away in pursuance of previous appointments, and preach, as he called it. His education was so defective that he could hardly read his Bible intelligibly ; and his preaching, if possible, was more defective still.'

'JEDEDIAH PECK was a preacher as well as a politician. He was illiterate, but a shrewd cunning man. For many years he controlled the politics of the county ; put up and put down whom he pleased. He had no talent as a preacher or speaker ; his language was low, and he spoke with a drawling, nasal, Yankee twang, so that in public speaking he was almost unintelligible. He always had his saddle-bags with him, filled with political papers and scraps, that he distributed whenever he went from home, and then at night and frequently on Sundays would hold meeting and preach. I have always been so uncharitable as to believe his preaching resulted more from a desire to promote political than spiritual objects.'

Here follow a couple of stories touching certain Dutch justices of 'that ilk,' which illustrate the credulity, simplicity, and good nature of their subjects :

'A DUTCH justice once came to me to consult about the defence of a suit with which he had been threatened, for calling the wife of one of his neighbors a witch, and charging her with looking with an evil eye at his cows, and bewitching them. He admitted that he made the charge, and believed it true ; but I told him it was hardly worth while to get into a law-suit about such a matter, and subject himself to the expense of litigation ; that I knew the woman, and whether witch or not witch, I had no doubt that matters could be amicably adjusted when I saw her, which I would and did do soon ; and by talking with her and her husband kindly, neighborly relations were soon restored. It will hardly be believed that so recently such things were so thoroughly believed in, and probably would have produced a law-suit and bitter quarrel had it not been adjusted. Such a law-suit would have been rich in its disclosures ; and I have sometimes almost reproved myself for acting as a peace-maker, and not letting it go to court.'

'AT a very early day, a Dutch magistrate, who was the father of one I have previously alluded to, had issued a warrant against a lawless neighbor, who had been brought by the constable to

answer the plaintiff's action. The justice went to a country tavern to hold his court in the bar-room, which was the only room in the house large enough for the court, jury, and attendants, and was not far from the line of the county. The defendant was a noted fighter, a hard drinker, and very much of an outlaw. He had amused himself, while the jury were being summoned, with drinking, and playing with an old dirty pack of cards on one end of the bar-room table. The jury being in attendance, the justice called the parties, and had the warrant returned, and then directed the plaintiff to state the nature of his demand; which being done, he, with great humility, and in broken English, asked the defendant, whom we will call Mr. C.: 'Well, Mr. C., what do you say to dat?' 'What do I say to that?' says the defendant; 'I say that you are a d——d old fool.' 'Oh! tut, tut,' says the justice, 'dat may very well be, Mr. C., but what has dat to do with this case?' At this stage of the proceedings, the defendant knocked down the constable, threw the cards in the justice's face, kicked over the table, and cleared out for the adjoining county, where for a long time he concealed himself, or eluded those who wanted to take him.'

Another story of a Yankee justice, and we shall have reached the end of our tether, which for our readers' sake we could wish were not so limited. The transaction recorded below took place at the same tavern where the constable was knocked down:

'THE old man had been with several companions on a fox-hunt, who always delighted in playing off their tricks; so coming to the tavern, they called for refreshments. The landlady had a large flock of geese, and while she was getting dinner, one of the party got some corn, and scattering it in a row, called the geese, who soon huddled along to pick up the corn. Two of the party then discharged their pieces from the tavern door, as if shooting at the geese, but intending to shoot over them. The justice prided himself on being a good shot, and having taken two or three drinks while waiting for dinner, was in excellent condition to show off his skill to the best advantage. He believed his companions had fired at the geese, but for want of skill had missed them. Stepping along to the door with his long fox-gun in his hand, he said: 'Stand away and let me try; I'll be bound I'll pepper them;' and so he did, for he knocked down nearly a dozen, which he had to pay for! This old man used to attend our annual fox-hunts. I hunted with him after he was eighty years old; and although very much affected with an almost shaking palsy, he managed to shoot a fox, although he could not for his life hold his gun steady.'

We take our leave of Mr. BEARDSLEY's volume, which, we should add, is illustrated by a very excellent likeness of its venerable author, by recommending it to a wide perusal, as alike entertaining, amusing, and instructive.

FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN. By the Author of 'MUSINGS OF AN INVALID.' In one volume. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

THE author of the above book is evidently a man of excellent taste, talent, and culture, to which he has added the advantage of foreign travel. What he has done rather indicates what he is capable of doing. His two volumes published in quick succession show his facility, and are the *avant couriers* of a better fame. The 'Musings of an Invalid,' of the style of which we have spoken favorably, would have been better as a single paper than as a book, because one does not like to go through a book of grumblings. 'The Fancies of a Whimsical Man' is a series of short, readable, pleasant papers, written in the same nervous style as his previous book; and we cannot do it better justice than by transcribing one of the essays, already appreciated in many quarters, containing the author's impressions of BURTON's inimitable acting in the TOODLES:

'DR. BURTON delivered his celebrated 'Toodle Lecture' again last evening, at his old headquarters, the Chambers-street College. The crowds that it keeps drawing are the best comment on this admirable discourse. This is the three hundred and thirty-fifth time that he has delivered it, and 'the cry is, 'Still they come.' There was a jam, of course. There has been nothing like it since the famous CAUDLE course. It may be objected, perhaps, that this great effort is somewhat deficient in earnestness; that the tale is a little too much adorned, and the moral not quite sharply enough pointed. It may be so. We certainly do laugh at, much more than we weep over, the backsliding TIMOTHY. And yet TOODLE cuts a very shabby, sorry figure. The exhibition he makes of himself is 'pitiful, is wondrous pitiful;' but oh! how funny, how irresistibly, how overwhelmingly funny! Could Father MATHEW himself have kept his countenance had he seen him? Nay, could a malefactor, within sight of the gallows-tree, have withheld a stray grin or two, had he met such a phenomenon on the road? It is impossible to render any justice, by description, to the merits of this elaborate, this artistic performance. Who can ever forget those most extraordinary faces and movements; those gloves with the undiscovered thumbs; that bewildering end

of his cravat, at once a mystery to himself, and a torment to Mrs. TOODLE; that fallen hat, so curiously contemplated, so faithfully toiled after, and, at last, so triumphantly secured; that touching announcement of the coffin-purchase; and, above all, those indescribable mental wanderings, relative to *that man he once knew*? 'Tis, indeed, a consummate piece of art. Is it possible that MUNDEN himself could have surpassed it? I do not believe it. Brother BURTON may certainly lay claim to the very highest honors of his profession. Uniformly good, he is at times very, very great; a little coarse, perhaps, sometimes, but sound as a nut at bottom. Surely such a man is a great benefactor to his fellow-citizens. Who can tell how much he has contributed to their good-humor, and consequent good health? How many fits of the blues has he driven off! How many young dyspepsias has he nipped in the bud! How many mental fog-banks has he dispersed! How many suicides, perhaps, has he prevented! Long may he be spared to Gotham! Long may it continue to keep poking its half-dollars at him! Far distant be the day when that public shall say of him, or to his able coadjutors: 'None of your fun!' Meanwhile, let him 'keep it up,' lively and sparkling as his own ale!

THE HARP AND PLOUGH. By the 'PEASANT-BARD.' In one volume: pp. 204. New-York: SAMUEL HUESTON, Number 139 Nassau-street, and for sale at other Book-stores.

SIMPLICITY, genuine feeling, honest sincerity, and striking fancy, are among the prominent characteristics of this modest little volume, by Mr. JOSIAH D. CANNING. Our readers have had, for many years, occasional opportunities of perusing the effusions of the 'PEASANT-BARD' in the pages of this Magazine; and many of them have been very extensively copied in the journals of the day. The author is a young man, a practical farmer, residing in one of the pleasant towns of Massachusetts, that lie along the beautiful Connecticut river; and his 'utterances' are such as came to him at his labors in the meadow or in the harvest-field, or in foddering his 'sheep and kye' on the sunny side of his barns in a wintry day. They are fresh from an honest heart, and they will therefore reach the simple, honest hearts of others. The writer's similes are often of the most beautifully poetic character. A more perfect similitude was never made than is contained in this stanza from the '*Lament of the Cherokee*,' published many years ago in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'GREAT SPIRIT of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt Thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?'

The bow of promised peace, with the seven prismatic colors, and the wampum, braided of the same hues, and alike an emblem of peace, shows the simile as perfect as it is felicitous. We are compelled to be brief with our notice, but we would by no means have it inadequate to secure the attention of our readers. The volume is replete with good and true verse; in proof of which we charge the reader not to omit the perusal of 'Thanksgiving Eve,' the 'Vision of Poësy,' and the numerous natural rural lyrics with which the book abounds. Of the spirit in which he has written, and how and for whom he has jotted down his thoughts, the following passage from his preface will afford an inkling:

'It is while pursuing the labors of the farm, amidst the melodies of Nature and her varied scenery of mountain, flood, and field; it is amidst the vicissitudes of the seasons; the shooting blades of spring, the leafy honors of summer, the gorgeous dyes of autumn, and the drift-bearing blasts of winter; that the Muse has blessed the author with her whispered inspirations. She saw him a scion of revolutionary patriots who 'sought with the sword placid rest under Liberty,' and bade him cherish their memory, and fan with vestal vigilance the fire of PATRIOTISM which warmed their own noble hearts. She saw him looking with pity upon the zeal of the fanatic, and with scorn upon the insolence of the vain and the hypocritical, and taking him kindly by the hand, led him far from the one, and lifted him high above the other. She bade him bow with adoration only to the great GIVER of gifts, good and perfect; the well-spring of Light, Liberty, and Happiness. She has wedded his Harp to his Plough, and in the stillness of seclusion has mingled for him the 'sweet with the useful.'

We have only to add, that the book is well and handsomely executed, upon good type and fair white paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'CLIFTON, A NOVEL.'—We briefly commended this work in our last number, then just published by Messrs. H. LONG AND BROTHER, Ann-street. But for the lack of available space, we should 'then and there' have accompanied our comments upon the work by the annexed spirited and characteristic extracts. Listen, in the first place, to a description of a 'colored engagement,' with its consummation, which is thus announced:

"If you please, Colonel MILLER," said the overseer, "PILOT wants to marry PHILLIS."
"Is her mother willing?"
"Yea, Sir."
"Send him to me. Mr. CLIFTON, we will now visit the cotton-gin."
"Do you raise cotton, too?"
"Oh yes, a dozen acres."
"They approached a frame building, in which there were immense quantities of cotton, some of it prepared and ready for market, while a large amount had only been removed from the boll."
"The cotton-gin is almost indispensable. How did you ever do without it?"
"The process of extracting the seeds was slow and laborious. We are under great obligations to the inventor of the machine; without it we could not supply the world with cotton."
"Well, PILOT, what do you want?"
"The question was addressed to a powerful negro, who stood awkwardly twirling his hat, as he cast furtive glances at his master."
"Speak out, fellow; you have not been guilty of any misconduct, have you?"
"No, no, massa, ony Ise fallen in lub wid Miss PHILLIS."
"And you want to marry her?"
"If you please, massa, I should like to be united to her in matrimony."
"Will you make her a kind and affectionate husband?"
"Sartin, massa; I will shiel' her from de winds ob heaben."
"Very well, then, marry her. But recollect, if you do not treat her kindly, I will sell you."
"Neber fear, massa!" And the happy fellow walked off with stately dignity for a few steps; and then, unable to restrain his feelings, he exclaimed: "PHILLIS am mine!"—and then followed those feats by which an African indicates his pleasure. He threw himself upon the ground, and rolling over several times, he at last sprang up, and rapidly turned several somersets. He finished his demonstration by throwing his arms around a negro who was leaning upon a post, and squeezed him against the timber with such violence that he fairly writhed with pain.
"Slaves rarely make cruel husbands," observed Colonel MILLER; "but it is well, nevertheless, to keep them under a wholesome restraint."

The southern negroes, we are given to understand in 'Clifton,' are very 'aristocratic' in their feelings and notions. Those who belong to wealthy individuals, lawyers, successful politicians, distinguished officers, and public persons, hold themselves apart from the colored fraternity whom they consider less fortunate. This fact is well illustrated in the following passage:

"THEY have a mortal aversion to any one who is poverty-stricken, whether he is white or black. It is the prominent feature in the negro character. I have often been amused by the conversation of my slaves, when they thought my attention directed to something else. Hark! we will hear it illustrated now:"

"Ise tell what, SAMBO, you 've been wid Miss TUCKER quite long 'nuff; you knows berry well dat her massa am extricably evolved in det, and still you will pay her 'tention."

"You mus' confess, DINAH, dat de gal am brutiful."

"And 'spose she *am*, what den? Does dat make her massa rich, consequently 'spectable? You ought to be old 'nuff to no dat 'spectability am ebery t'ing in dis world, and who can hab dat widout money?"

“But de gal ain’t to blem ‘case her massa am ‘bliged to morgige all his plunder.’
 “It am her misfortin, and misfortunate individuals mus’ ‘sociate togedder. Dey can’t ‘spect de hairistocrisy to elevitate dem.’
 “But I seed you, DINAH, conversing wid TOM WHITE, de lorrier’s man.’
 “And ‘spose you did? do n’t he b’long to *our* set? Do n’t his massa practyze at the bar-room? You ar’n’t acquainted wid noffin’, SAMBO; you are a monstruss ig’rant nigger. Can’t you seed dat siety makes ‘strictions atween peoples who am engaged in different hoccupations? De lorrier, the rich man, the politicener, and sufforth and sufforth, am ‘sidered ‘spectable, *werry* ‘spectable. Fashionable persons mus’ ‘sociate wid each odder. Dey ain’t ‘spectated to stoop down to de level of heveryboddy. Neber pull de onfashionable up to your own persition, nor try to keep up dem who war once your hequals, but who hab fallen. Ollers ‘sociate wid fashionables, who am fashionable *now*.’
 “Well, I do n’t see, ‘cause why a gal happen to b’long to a poor man, dat she should ‘ceive no ‘tention howsomever.’
 “Dat is caze your eddication hab been ob de vulgar hordes. Now you hab been sold into a ‘spectable family, you must conduct yoursel’ as sich.’
 “But how can poor nigger tell fashionable colored women?’
 “Ladies, SAMBO, ladies; you must draw ‘stinction atween women and ladies. Dey ham sep’rated by a himpassable ditch. How can you tell a fashionable lady? Why, by de company she keeps! Dat’s de invariable rule. And if you are ig’rant of gentil siety, cut all but dem who b’long to individuals wid whom master and missus ‘sociates. Do n’t I speak your sentimentality, ladies and gemblem?’
 “You hab dewined de extinction correspondingly, Miss DINAH.’
 “These ladies of the ton then changed the subject of conversation.’

If that brief colloquy isn’t ‘colored’ all over, then we have mistaken its character in the perusal — ‘that’s all.’

A LETTER FROM ‘UP THE COUNTRY.’ — We commend to our readers the following free-and-easy but very graphic letter from an old and esteemed friend and favorite correspondent, who has recently removed to a pleasant little village on the banks of the Hudson, where he has ‘set up his rest,’ with a new wife in a new home.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

‘Up the Country, June 1, 1852.

‘AN ingenious friend of yours, (shall I say also of mine?) the author of ‘THE MORNING WATCH,’ once wrote a charming account of an event which is apt to occur in households. As it was ‘true to Nature,’ the language came home ‘familiar as Household Words’ to the bosoms of those concerned; and as it was in the unwrought vein of epistolary richness, it was as pleasant as the receipt of a bank-note enclosed in a letter through the post-office. It has already been pasted in note-books, or folded up, duly endorsed with the date, and deposited in some pigeon-hole for future reference, as a document worthy of being preserved. For my own part, I only have it in memory, which is tenacious of such matters, and in a bound volume of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, which is still more to be relied on than mere memory.

‘How delightful, and beyond the value of the stamp, is a sincere letter! Newspaper creates excessive anticipation, but what is that compared with a well-known hand-writing, and a red seal broken open with avidity because we know that a message of friendship is underneath! But one gradually gets out of the habit of letter-writing. As cares multiply, and the freshness of life becomes changed to the sere and yellow leaf, the springy feeling vanishes which gave a letter its delight, and it becomes a cold and formal scrawl. For myself, dear KNICK., the notion seizes me to express myself with some degree of heart in this mode, not perennially, (as girls at boarding-school,) but annually; or rather let me say, in a bad coinage, printem-ennially. The other night, or rather morning, (for it was three by the watch which ticked under my head,) as the full, round, dry, brassy moon flooded my chamber with light, and no sleep came, I said to myself, ‘I feel like writing a letter: I have not written one in a year.

It shall be to the dear friend of fifteen long years of unintermitted friendship, and I will give him an account of my first attempt at house-keeping.' An orchestra of whip-poor-wills, sparrows which sing at night; chimney-swallows, who kept up an incessant twittering overhead, and dogs baying the silent moon; raucous frogs in the near creek, crying, '*Breke-ke-kex-koax-koax!*' and one mosquito, the 'first of the season;' did not act like McMUNN's Elixir on nerves indisposed to be at rest. 'Lucifer!' At the word of incantation, a blue Will'o-the-wisp-like star hung in mid-air, and a strangulating smell of sulphur filled my nose. I sat down to write until the gray dawn, then to lie down again and sleep soundly until the smell of coffee and the tinkling bell.

'My dear C——, (*here the letter proper begins,*) if there be any luxury, it is that of being under your own roof, whether leaky or not. This sentiment is never experienced but by EXPERIENCE, and will never be more forcibly expressed than in the words of our own JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, lately deceased American Consul at Tunis, who is the author of that ever-to-be-remembered song, beginning:

'MIDST pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be it ever so homely, there's no place like home.'

My home at present is a small, very small house, not one which I would fain occupy, but one which I must and do, and sooth to say, as good a one as at present I need. 'Wal'—to use an ordinary expression known in these parts—it hath one and a half story. It is said to be haunted, but no ghosts save those of my own thoughts have as yet troubled me, or will do so during my residence in it, as I am not particularly interested in the theory of 'spiritual rappings.' Unfortunately, as I had it well white-washed before going into it, I get rubbed every day, and, as the story above stairs is only a half story, have my hat smashed on going up, if I am such an ill-mannered idiot as to wear a hat in the house. The stairs are so precipitous that I also tumble up and tumble down. Herein the first difficulty was felt in my first attempt at house-keeping. I had an old bureau very dear to me, which I of course expected to have up stairs; but after sundry trials with it, lengthwise, and edgewise, and otherwise, the engineers stated it as their opinion that it could not go up. What were *we* to do, for this bureau was particularly needed? In a fit of ill-humor I had it deposited below, where it represents an old side-board very well. The first day's work consisted in tacking down matting, which will look very decent and respectable while the summer lasts; and in getting up bedsteads whereon to sleep during the approaching night; and in unpacking a box of crockery, so as to obtain cups and saucers, and plates, and a tea-pot, in order that we might drink tea. For a loaf of bread and some butter, and a bunch of radishes, we were indebted to the kindness of a neighbor: and the first meal in our new house, rest assured, was not without relish; nor was the first rest under our roof not sweet. On the next day bright and early, being awakened by the sound of a horn, I went out and purchased two 'shads,' one for breakfast, the other for dinner. Rest assured also, that with a cup of coffee, and bread-and-butter, and the shad, the breakfast passed off well; and in less than half an hour we received a present of a fresh bunch of asparagus and lettuce, while the butcher, passing by and perceiving a new-comer, provided us with a leg of lamb, which came in good time for a new stove just put up; and the garden was redolent with mint. Thanks! thanks! My mind was now much at ease, and I forthwith began to set my house in order, as I was not in danger of starving in the mean time, for our kind neighbors already

had their eye upon our wants. Our wants are many. There is no end to the things essential and desirable in house-keeping; and after you have anticipated all which you could think of, what a lack remains! Cullenders, and sieves, and tubs, and buckets, and pails, and nutmeg-graters, and spice-boxes, and baskets, and ropes, and cords, and rings, and clothes-pins, and nails, and tacks, and hammers, and saws, and brushes, and clothes, and no body can conjecture what else! After you have these, the demand is still the same, and we have as yet been reduced to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing much of our next neighbor, who is very kind and forbearing. Now I begin to see the responsibility of house-keeping; but after all, the main difficulty is at the start.

‘Having got fairly settled, one of my first thoughts was in the direction of the garden, at which I went to work with all the zeal imaginable, and it has already cost more than it will come to. This, however, is only reckoning by dollars and cents. For how hard it is to buy a fresh lettuce, or a cucumber just plucked from the vines; a mess of peas picked a half hour before they are cooked; a bunch of radishes pulled a moment ago from the earth! Your tomatoes, early potatoes, sweet corn, beans, and salsify, bought in a market, are really valueless compared with those just gathered in your garden. Taste and see! They are as far separate from one another in excellence as staleness is from dewy freshness; as the wilted, shrivelled leaf, from the crisp, crackling, sparkling vegetation! What then if I have hired a man to dig my garden, shall I not be recompensed? There is a sentiment about these things. The moment that you begin to cultivate a rood of ground the dignity of a land-holder begins. You may at once discourse with those who own miles of territory, and come to a serious consultation with Professor MAPES as to the best modes of culture, the best seed to be planted, and how to raise most on half an acre. Since I planted my garden, which includes the tenth of an acre, I have walked in it once or twice a day to see what has peeped out of the ground, and whether I am going to have a mess of green peas and sweet corn as early as the fourth of July. My beans are the most ambitious vegetable which I have at present. They have outstripped corn, peas, cucumbers, and potatoes, and exhibit themselves in well-defined rows as you look from a distance. I have some ochre, parsnips, carrots, celery in the ground, with reference to soup whereof a hasty plate, if well made, is not to be despised, and having a good cellar——

‘By the by, you ought to see my cellar; deep, capacious, cool as an ice-house, and already containing good store of milk, pot-cheese, and yellow butter. The butter of Dutchess county is as good as that of Goshen, sweet, golden, and fragrant. A daily collection of crusts, parings, etc., have lately impressed my mind with the feasibility of keeping a pig; not that there is any profit in it, but as I should undoubtedly feed him well, his pork would be more rosy, tender and delicious; the fat and lean more amicably, inextricably blended. The hams, the sausages, the cheeks, the head-cheese, the souse, prepared and cured at home, are more relishable. Beside all this, there is an indefinable pleasure in looking into pig-pens. The porcine grunt which greets the sound of steps indicative of feed, the nose and fore foot thrust into the dry trough, and the spectacle of animal appetite carried to the most magnificent extent of which it is capable. There is satisfaction surely in seeing the refuse which you have to offer accepted with such avidity. How unlike the ungrateful beggars who, when you offer them a ticket for really good soup, almost spit in your face! To keep a pig I am now nearly resolved. I like to see his tail curl, if nothing else; and I

like to see him brought home on a man's shoulders in a bag, squealing tremendously.

'I want to get a Shanghai hen. Do you know any one who can spare a Shanghai hen? I wouldn't be without fowls, especially in the spring when they are so exorbitantly dear in market. Do you recollect that *spring-chicken* whereof we partook not long since? When it came on table it occupied as much space as a spread eagle on a gold coin, no more. 'Speaking of chickens,' permit me to sympathize with you on the loss of your rooster, the distressing intelligence of whose demise reached me in the Editor's Table of the May KNICKERBOCKER. As I read your account of finding him one morning stiff and stark with his heels in the air, the tears almost came into my eyes. What cut off your bird? Was it the pip, or was it the gapes? I think my next-door neighbor does not want me to keep chickens. I asked him 'if they cost as much as they came to.' 'Yes,' he said, 'a great deal more.' He is probably afraid that they will go scratching in his enclosures. I shall keep the chickens and stand the damage. I must have my fresh-laid egg for breakfast. You know nothing about the value of eggs in New-York, except that they are so many for a shilling. An egg not bad or doubtful is good according to your ideas: but let me tell you that a stale egg differs much in quality from a fresh one; and when you come to live in the country, you grow wise in these things.

'This is a beautiful region. The everlasting mountains, inhabited by rattlesnakes, gird me in, and the solitude is only broken by the occasional scream of a steam-whistle on the Hudson River Rail-road. What an eye-sore is that improvement of the age! It has clipped off all the promontories which jutted into the river, and marred the beauty of every choice residence upon its banks, interposing pools of dirty, stagnant water upon its line. Science is an irreligious vandal, and makes a mock at beauty. Farewell. Perhaps I shall take a notion to write another letter when I get my hennery in full action, and my pig-pen built. Come and hear my cocks crow, my pig grunt, my dog bark, and my cat mew!

'P. S.—Something by way of postscript. I have read the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, and have only time to remark upon the first paper, called 'THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.' It is very, very fine. There is a great deal in it, but it is suggestive of infinitely more; nay, the author might have made a whole volume out of that one essay consisting of four pages; for every reasoning, philosophic mind, starting from the original ideas which he there presents, would follow them out to that extent. It is a matter-full, admirable paper, and I sincerely hope that it will be carefully read and digested by those capable of appreciating it, and of acting on its admonitions. The little book called 'Companions of my Solitude' contains many excellent thoughts, yet it appears to me none so pregnant as those contained in this essay called 'Rights of Children.' After reading it a second time, I made up my mind to procure its republication in whatever quarter I could. There are thoughts in it which, if duly pondered, ought to do good, striking at the very root of old, established, bigoted custom.

'P. W. S.'

TOUCHING the procuring of that 'Shanghai hen:' we went up expressly to the late 'blood-stock' sale of LEWIS G. MORRIS, Esquire, at Mount-Fordham, to 'bid off' the biddy; but 'while the glass runs' of our friend MILLER only proclaimed the 'passing away' of sleek 'Durhams,' 'Ayrshires,' soft 'South-Downs' and 'Cotswolds.' Our contemporary of '*The Spirit of the Times*' will please report upon a 'Shanghai' for our friend.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Some of our dry-goods and other 'jobbing' friends will acknowledge, in the subjoined '*Chapter on Drummers*,' a palpable hit; while many among our 'country customers' will recognize 'an ower true tale' in the same sketch. That it may be made 'profitable' to each and all of them, is the 'earnest desire of, gentlemen, your obliged, humble servant,'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'HOWEVER extensive, good reader, your opportunities may have been for the study of human nature in all its phases, yet unless you are the employer or the 'victim' of the highly respectable and numerous class which is the subject of this sketch, you are presumed to be unacquainted with at least *one* species of the 'genus homo.' For your benefit, therefore, I purpose limning one of this class, and the picture must represent the type of the whole fraternity of 'drummers.' I shall occupy but small space in the description of the personal appearance of Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE. In height, he is about five feet seven; complexion pink; eyes of a butter-milk blue, with a brilliant red selvage; a profusion of curling locks, politely called 'auburn,' but by the spiteful, 'red;' whiskers and moustache much of the same hue, but more 'auburn,' if possible; form rather slender than athletic; and this description applies with great force to his legs, which are more slender than the average of this slender-legged generation. The remark was once made — in justice to Mr. DOOLITTLE, howbeit, I must add, that it originated with a person in the same profession, who was by no means friendly to the subject of my sketch — that if his body felt any disposition to 'propel' for any length of time, with safety to itself, it had better effect, at any premium, an insurance on its legs. The same facetious but satirical individual on another occasion advised our hero to secure the services of a tallow-chandler, and have his pedal extremities dipped, for the greater security of their owner. These ill-natured remarks must be taken for what they are worth: I will merely suggest, in extenuation, that the brightest objects present the most conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice.

'Having pictured the *tout-ensemble* of Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, let me now proceed to describe some of the moral and mental qualifications which distinguish him from the common herd, who, while they envy and malign those who are immeasurably above them in their profession, possess few if any of the requisites of good 'drummers.' BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, then, is a gentleman; and if this proposition be disputed, I simply cite as proof that he boards at a fashionable hotel, smokes, chews, eschews the 'common enemy' when he assumes the form of bad liquor, yet was never known to 'cave' when *choice* drinks were before him; is an adept at billiards; *au-fait* to every thing that appertains to the turf, and excels generally in all the fashionable vices and accomplishments peculiar to the 'fast' portion of our young gentility; and finally, his card is *écarté-blanc* to the various 'palaces' which adorn our city. With these requisites, we defy the most envious to deny to Mr. DOOLITTLE his right to be styled a 'gentleman.'

'He is a man of leisure, too; having no other occupation than that which is self-imposed, growing out of his excess of philanthropy, which evinces itself in the most assiduous attentions to country-merchants, who he presumes are not 'posted' in the various sources of amusement which this great city presents. He has been known to introduce himself to a fresh specimen of the country-dealer, proffer his services to 'show him up;' and instead of presuming upon the ignorance or the moderate ideas of his country-friend, by introducing him to the theatre through the two-shilling entrance, and concluding the amusement of the evening with a sixpenny drink or a cigar, *he* secures a private box, and after the performance, regardless of expense, orders a supper with champagne, and the other 'accompaniments.' His disinterestedness has been known to extend to the introduction of his friend to a highly respectable acquaintance of his, residing in a certain locality, who, although connected with the first families, owing to her unconquerable attachment to him, is now somewhat 'under a cloud.' And for these acts of disinterested friendship he asks no other requital than that which is afforded by the proud consciousness of having performed his duty. As a truthful biographer, however, we must add the fact that it is usual for him to 'drop in' upon his friend the next morning, before he has finished his toilet, just to inquire after his health; and after expressing the strong attachment which he has so unaccountably conceived for Mr. SMITH, casually hands him his card, with the request to 'drop in and look through, as he may find some bargains — all of their goods being bought under the hammer.' It is no unusual circumstance for him, when he discovers a 'country-dealer' who is more verdant than 'the average,' to remove for a few days from his own to the quarters of his friend, and by sleeping with him, occupying the next seat at the table, and at all times, and in all conceivable places, by keeping near his person, to prevent the diabolical machinations of *other* members of his profession, less

honest and self-sacrificing than himself, from proving detrimental to the interests of his friend. For this, he is called by his rivals 'pimp,' 'sneak,' 'gas-pipe,' and other the like epithets; but in despite of all opposition, he pursues the 'even tenor of his way,' 'selling' men and goods, receiving therefor a commission of 'two and a half per cent., and all expenses paid.'

'During the 'dull season,' Mr. BRASSFACE DOOLITTLE, uniting business with pleasure, makes a tour through the thickly-settled portions of the neighboring States, where country-merchants most abound, and returns a wiser, and in mercantile parlance, a 'better' man. In these peregrinations he necessarily becomes partially acquainted with a great number of men, to whom he warmly proffers his services as *chaperon*, when they come to town: and, that he may not seem wanting in hospitality, and the better to enable him to recognize them again, he keeps a diary, descriptive of persons and events worthy of notice which come under his observation. In this wise is his journal kept:

'ABNER WHITE, Whiteville, New-York: Red hair, one eye, green spectacles, long-legged, worth ten thousand: close buyer, and great antipathy to 'drummers.' Promised to take him to hear JENNY LIND.'

'JOHN WALWORTH, same place: Tall, lame in both legs; fond of toddy; pretty wife; keeps a stud-horse; considered doubtful. Rich grand-father: good, if the old man will endorse for him: but old man's *clust*.

'JERU CHRISTIAN, Allentown, Michigan: Very 'hard Christian,' but an excellent JERU. Owns five thousand acres of wild land, which keeps him poor: will do to sell if he sells his land: not more honest than the law allows: will probably 'sell' the New-Yorkers eventually. Promised to take him to a trot.'

This is a very clever and characteristic sketch: but we commend to 'VOSHELL,' from whom we receive it, and to his readers, a similar character, limned by 'HARRY FRANCO,' in the popular work which bears his name. In *his* case the 'seller' was 'sold,' not the buyer. - - - In a little village 'Down East' there once resided a fellow who was rather deficient in intellect, and whose sayings have furnished more fun than a little to his fellow-townsmen and acquaintances. A few years since, his father, with whom he had always lived, went the way of all 'good folks,' and some wicked ones, too; and as he had been a man of some consequence in the community, his funeral was numerously attended. This was a source of great gratification to our hero, who drew one of his neighbors a little on one side, and, gazing with much pride at the extended procession, exclaimed: 'Don't we *string out well*, Mr. P——?' - - - We have a faint impression that we have before seen the '*Lines in Answer to the Question, 'What are Woman's Rights?'*' sent us by 'Mrs. C. B. C.,' of Philadelphia. They purport, however, to be original, and are dated, at bottom, only a month or two ago; so that our inference must be that we are mistaken. The execution of the lines and their moral are excellent:

'THE right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer,
The right to dry the orphan's tear;
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure:

The right, when other friends have flown,
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside,
And meekly point to *Him who died*;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime, for JESUS' sake:
Rights, such as these, are all we crave,
Until our last — a quiet grave.'

HERE is another passage from the '*Letters from Northern Europe*,' by the young and gifted FISKE, honorably mentioned in previous numbers of this Magazine. It is timely, too, for LINNÆUS and the 'season of fruits and flowers' cannot be dissociated:

'ANOTHER rough draft of a pleasant episode. I was pursuing my way on a mild breathless morning, along the public road, stopping now and then to admire the beautiful little lakes which stud this land like gems, or to gaze at some green patch of forest or farm-land, lying outspread beneath the brightening, gladdening rays of a June sun, when I unexpectedly came upon a simply-built monument by the way-side. That most lovely of Scandinavian trees, the hanging birch, overshadowed it with its gracefully-pendent boughs, and many-hued wild flowers sprung up in

profusion about the base of the stone memorial, filling the air with beauty, fragrance, and poetry. Through the branches of some scattered groups of beeches, maples, and lime-trees, glistened the white waters of an unrippled lakelet, on whose opposite shore a forest of pines shot their long, naked trunks and tufts of evergreen foliage high in the air. 'How thickly,' said or thought I, as I looked upon all this, 'this spot is populated with the subjects of the plant-kingdom!' I was about to pass the monument unread, supposing it to be some division-mark between two provinces, or some token of a king's presence, when the name of a monarch in the realm of nature caught my eye and arrested it. It pointed out the birth-place of the great LINNÆUS. I sat down upon a stone, and thought how curious it was to come thus unwittingly upon so sacred a spot. But seeing at length a rural cave which led, as I correctly premised, to the precise locality of the great Botanist's early home, I ventured to turn aside and explore the course of it. The father of the naturalist was a clergyman. The house in which LINNÆUS was born has been taken away, but the garden in which the botanical soul of the boy developed itself is still there. I found the present clergyman very kind and obliging. I walked about the premises with him, and sat three or four hours conversing with him. He told many anecdotes of great persons who had visited the spot. After some coffee, he accompanied me a couple of miles on my journey, and before leaving his house he plucked for me some blossoms and leaves from a LINNÆUS pear-tree, planted by the naturalist himself.'

Apropos of flowers and fruits: we trust few of our metropolitan readers missed seeing the *First Exhibition of the New-York Horticultural Society*. It was crowded, when we were present, with the distinguished and the beautiful of the city; some surveying the magnificent '*Victoria Regia*' of Mr. COPE, and others scattered over the beautiful hall, admiring the 'butterfly-flower,' the 'pitcher-plant,' and countless other varieties of the floral kingdom, contributed from the establishments of Messrs. THOMAS HOGG AND SONS, BRIDGMAN, and others, as well as from private gardens. The exhibition, in brief, was all that, in a previous number, we predicted it would be. A single word touching the hall in which it was held. We quote from our contemporary, the '*Evening Mirror*': 'The Grand Banquet-Room of the magnificent Metropolitan Hall has just been finished in a style of elegance corresponding with the unsurpassed Concert-Room. The walls and ceilings are frescoed in the richest and most artistic manner, and from the ceiling are suspended thirteen massive chandeliers. The Horticultural Society open the room with their attractive exhibition, which is rendered more so by the room, which we are informed has been selected for their annual exhibitions. Mr. WALTER E. HARDING, the energetic lessee of this noble edifice, is rapidly developing its advantages to the public. He proposes to let this most desirable room for banquets, religious and scientific meetings, festivities, fairs, exhibitions, etc. It can seat an audience of sixteen hundred persons, or at table, eight hundred persons.' - - - A DECISION was recently had, in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which, judging from a printed document now before us, must have done great injustice to our old friend, Mr. THOMAS PLACIDE, manager and proprietor of '*The Variétés*' Theatre, New-Orleans. The case has been fully set forth in the journals, as that of a *danseuse* discharged from the establishment, because she would not perform in a domestic dance, embraced in a popular drama, in which it is stated she had previously elsewhere willingly performed. T. H. HOWARD, Esquire, the defendant's counsel, has sent us a searching review of the case and the decision; which, we think, must convince all its readers that the case was at least a weak one, and the damages excessive. While it is true, that 'there are always two sides to a question,' it is equally true that the honorable character of the defendant, as a manager, should stand him in good stead. We have known Mr. PLACIDE long and well. - - - '*Iscaiot's Church*' is the somewhat startling title of a few stanzas sent us by our frequent and always welcome

correspondent, Rev. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, of Philadelphia. The lines 'mean something,' as the reader will not be slow in remarking:

'CALL, call a matchless architect,
And fire his breast with praise and gold;
Bid him with piercing eyes inspect
All shrines and temples new and old:
Metre and displace, for many a rood,
The social hearth or fresh green sod,
And raise, of costliest stone and wood,
Man's noblest work — A HOUSE FOR GOD.

'Let next a stoled and solemn train
Move pacing up the spacious aisle,
And set apart from things profane,
With lofty rites, the gorgeous pile.
Lo, there the grave chief shepherd stands,
And asks of Him who rules above
To bless this gift of mortal hands,
This fruit of Christian faith and love.

'Bring now that quick, loud auctioneer,
Made keen by practice, rich by fees,
And let rejoicing demons hear
Your gospel taught in words like these:
'Who buys good seats with sins forgiven?
Who scorns the poor, but longs for grace?
Who bids for an exclusive's heaven?
The weightiest purse, the foremost place!'

'Go, summon last an eloquent priest,
One fit to preach where *such* men pray,
Full prompt to spread a goodly feast
Of sacred things for all who — pay.
Let him talk much of right and wrong,
Hope, judgment, truth, in tones most sweet,
The worldliest of a worldly throng:
BEHOLD ISCARIOT'S CHURCH COMPLETE!'

AN enthusiastic correspondent, who read, upon the spot, on a genial summer-day, PAUL SIOGVOLK's first '*Schediasm*,' descriptive of Lake Rye and its charming surroundings, sends us the following little incident connected with the scene depicted by our correspondent:

'It was just sunrise. Before me, and but a few yards distant, lay LAKE RYE, its surface smooth as polished steel, unbroken by a single ripple or wavelet, reflecting as in a vast mirror the deep-green hemlocks on the eastern shore; while on the west the rugged cliff of HIGH-POINT, gilded with the first blush and glow of day, thrust its bold and frowzy shadow far down into the flood. The sky was cloudless; not a breath of air was stirring. The repose of nature was perfect, save now and then a noisy king-fisher would start up from some sheltered inlet and flutter his way across the lake.

'A little to the right of where I was standing upon the 'WOODFIELD MEADOW,' a small brook, entirely concealed by a dense growth of vines and willows, emptied itself into the lake. At the mouth of this brook there was a shoal or sand-bar, sustaining a rank growth of water-lilies, and among these lilies, at one time and another, had been seen, in rare instances, a crane or loon, and sometimes wild geese, as well as fowl of lesser note.

'On the morning before the one I have described, I had strolled to the lake for an early bath, and while sauntering near the lilies I thought I perceived the head of a black duck in their midst. The water at this time was somewhat agitated, and I could not ascertain whether my surmise was just, as the object kept bobbing up and down with the motion of the waves. Having no gun with me, I thought no more about it at the time, but went my way. In the evening of the same day, passing near the place, I had espied the creature still there, but its position was somewhat changed: it had gone farther into the lily-bed, and although it was dusk, I could make out the outline of the bird. It seemed of unusual dimensions; nearly twice as large as any other I had ever seen in the lake. What had before been a suspicion was now become confirmed to my mind — a 'fixed fact.' What a prize! and I without a gun! What would I not have given for 'PAUL's' old musket then? But it was idle to murmur. It was already getting dark, or I should have gone to the house for my gun and attempted to secure my game that night. However, my mind was made up. I would take my chance for him in the morning. The bird had been there one morning and one evening — that I knew. It was probably a favorite haunt. I doubted not another morning it would still be there. A very restless night I passed. Sleeping was out of the question. Occasionally I fell into a semi-dozz, and instantly my brain was filled with images of ducks; ducks of all sorts, black ducks, white ducks, gray ducks, hell-divers, and what not. But each fantasy was dispelled by the appearance of the lilies and *my* duck; and then I would resume my consciousness, until another drowsy fit would overcome me, and restore the visions of all sorts of ducks, ending with the lilies and my duck. Thus sped or rather dragged along the tardy night. I had determined to be on the spot by day-light, but just as I fancied the gray of dawn was lighting up the east, my wearied spirits yielded to another spell of somnolence in which I lay till nearly sunrise. A few minutes found me equipped and on my way to the lake. In my boyish estimation my gun was unequalled, and in my skill as a marksman I felt no little pride. In imagination the bird was already mine; so confident was I that he still remained where I had seen him the night before, and so certain was I that if he were there, my conquest was sure.

'I was not long on my way; and now, as I said at the outset of my story, we stood on the verge of the lake, not fifty yards distant from the lilies, in the midst of which, to my amazing joy, still floated the coveted bird, utterly unconscious and unsuspecting of mortal presence. Fatal security! I stealthily crawled along upon my hands and knees for a little nearer shot, and my dog crouched into the grass and lay as motionless as if his own life had depended on his perfect quietude.

'Lying flat upon the ground, almost concealed by the high grass around me, I rested my 'piece' upon the end of a stray rail, and took deliberate aim. My heart fluttered, but the hammer fell, and a long, loud, reverberating echo went along, across, around, and through the forests, lake and hills. Dog and I sprang to our feet. We rushed to the water. The lilies were in a terrible commotion. The double charge of duck-shot had rent them all to tatters. And the duck was there: *as was there!* We dashed into the lake. The dog was more nimble than I, for my feet caught among the lily-stems and I fell headlong into the water. The dog seized the victim in his teeth and sped back to the shore. I grappled with him, and compelled a surrender of the rich booty. The truth must be told. My duck was not a duck at all, (and I got no duck save that which the lilies gave me;) but a knotted piece of wood that had become entangled among the lilies, and but for the prowess of my dog and myself might have remained there 'till the crack of doom.'

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We have received from the well-known press of the Messrs. APPLETON, and shall notice more particularly in our next, the second volume of *Coggeshall's Voyages*, which is fully equal to the first, in the interest of its details, and the simple but effective style of the narrative. - - - A 'FUNNY fellow' is W ———, one of the messengers in the General Post-office department at Washington, as we infer from the following, which we receive from a friend: 'It seems the school-master was not abroad when he was a youth, and hence he never has been introduced to that now popular personage. Yet W ——— fancies he is a genius of high order, and perpetrates a great deal of poetry. Some years ago he lost a child, and composed a poetical epitaph for its tomb-stone, which commenced, I believe, in this wise:

'A NOBLE little hero does lie here,
Who was carried off by the *dier heer*.'

He says he is in favor of L ——— for Mayor, because he is the present '*incumbrance!*'

'MOTHER, 'tis n't nine o'clock,
You said we need n't go before:
Let us stay a little while —
Want to see the monkeys more!
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering 'Bore!'
Exit children, blubbing still,
'Want to see the monkeys more!'

'Small blame' to the little folks, or even children of a larger growth, for wanting to 'see the monkeys more' that are performing every night at the *Astor-Place Opera-House*, under the supervision of M. DONETTI. His dogs and monkeys come hither with an 'established European reputation,' having 'repeatedly performed in presence of several royal families.' They are highly trained, and portions of their pantomime and quasi-equestrianism are laughable enough. The drollest of all is a carriage-ride taken on the stage by a large black-faced baboon, who personates a lady, and who rejoices in a pair of white French poodles for horses, and a monkey coachman and footman. When a linch-pin comes out and the carriage upsets, the mock confusion was exquisitely ludicrous. The manner in which 'coachee' jumped down and hung on to his horses' heads was a palpable hit. The execution of a deserter was also cleverly managed, and elicited much applause. Go and see them, town-reader, by all means. Once 'will satisfy the sentiment;' but at least, see them *once*. - - BRADY, at his '*National Daguerreotype Gallery*,' Number 205 Broadway, exhibits some likenesses which he took recently in Europe, that will excite no little curiosity.

Among them are LOUIS NAPOLEON, VICTOR HUGO, and EUGENE SUE. While abroad, he made arrangements with eminent artists to forward, from time to time, portraits of all the most eminent men of the day, as well as every improvement or discovery in the art, thus rendering his establishment one of the most popular and interesting exhibitions in our city. Mr. BRADY has also thoroughly refitted his apartments; and by the introduction of improvements in the arrangements of light, and other matters, acquired during his residence in Europe, is enabled to produce pictures equal, if not superior, to those for which he received a prize medal at the World's Fair. - - - A TOWN-CORRESPONDENT sends us the following inquiries: but before we answer them, we must ask the assistance of some better-informed reader 'in the premises.' PETRARCH's 'Epitaph on LAURA' we have not got: 'I desire to ask you a bundle of questions, which I have no earthly right to do. I cannot get them answered elsewhere, however. Months ago you quoted in your Gossip:

'HERE in the body pent,
Absent from heaven, I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.'

Who is that by? And who is the author of this?

'IN vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
At rest, be sure, I cannot be,
Until my soul finds rest in THEE.'

This was written by JENNY LIND in the album of a gentleman in Washington, and was published in many of the papers as being 'composed' by her. I believe, however, she is not the author of it. Again: Is it SHELLEY or KEATS who says:

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'?

I have searched both for it in vain, although I think it is by one of them. Did you ever meet with the following, and if so, can you tell me the author?

'GREAT poets never die! Their words are seeds,
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds,
The world's sustaining fruit.'

It is splendid, but I do not know who wrote it. And have you PETRARCH's 'Epitaph on LAURA?' and if so, will you print it? I cannot find it in the city. I refer to a translation. I am loth to ask these questions, but I have used every means in my power to obtain the information by my own exertion, but without success.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT, in sending to us the following '*Legend of a Locomotive*,' assures us, in a private note, that the incidents narrated are not '*founded* on facts, but are facts *themselves*;' all which it does not become us to dispute; for we read in a metropolitan daily journal, this very morning, that a train of ninety-five cars, a mile in length, passed yesterday over the New-York and Erie Rail-road. But 'OLD NICK' was n't like '*The First Locomotive*' of JABEZ DOOLITTLE, once so graphically described in these pages; which, with its shafts, and pistons, and cranks, multitudinous running-gear, and 'wheels within wheels,' was regarded in its advent, by the superstitious, as the 'opening of one of the seals in the Revelations;' what time it sped over the astonished earth, passing through cities, over rivers, through villages of Blackfeet Indians, and never stopping until 'brought up with a round turn' by the Rocky Mountains. This was a locomotive! And of all its marvellous performances, after starting,

we should have known nothing, had not GEOFFREY CRAYON 'rescued the facts from the very jaws of oblivion:'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'It was, I think, in the year of grace 1838, that the first locomotive was seen in the peaceful domains of the Dutch at Harlaem. The worthy and pury burghers stroked their silver beards with unusual solemnity when the iron monster appeared, puffing and snorting like a fiery demon, in the very midst of their quiet homes. Stately dames, who, in their departed youth, had stood upon the delightful dykes of the Father-land, now felt a sudden fear; and honest vrouws shrank timidly to the chimney-corner at the advent of the wonderful machine. The locomotive was from the celebrated factory of KETCHUM AND SWASHEM, and it was said that large quantities of fire and brimstone were used in its construction. The builder was a very profane man, and was supposed to have dark dealings with the Arch-Enemy; be that as it may, he named the engine 'Old Nick,' and by this sinister appellation we shall speak of the grim monster to the end of this 'brief, eventful history.'

'There was a spice of mischief in the run of Old Nick from first to last. One day he went 'slap dash' through the engine-house, carrying away the rear wall in a tremendous concussion, not unlike that which the poet heard in

'The wreck of nature and the crush of worlds.'

The engineer stood aghast to find the wild thing refused to obey the helm, and as a last resort, to save his life, he jumped from the quivering back of his engine before it made a dive into the brick-bats. It is also related, that on another occasion, when coming down toward 'the Tunnel,' the fiery-hearted old fellow saw another locomotive coming from the city. Immediately he quickened his speed, regarding his iron-nerved antagonist with

'The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;'

and in about two minutes Old Nick knocked the other engine 'all to smash.' Ever after these events he was regarded with an unearthly fear by the simple inhabitants of 'the rural districts:' in truth, they believed that 'an evil spirit' troubled him, and instigated his passionate movements. One old Hollander said so outright, but his days were numbered. Soon afterward, on a moonlight night, the devout old man was quietly picking vegetables from his well-filled garden for the morning market, when he heard a fearful noise in the vicinity of the rail-road, and looking up, he saw Old Nick flying along with a furious howl, belching fire, and advancing with a speed beyond all computation. At times the fierce thing fairly flew, not even touching the track for several rods. Right into his turnip-field the infernal monster came, ground the old Dutchman to powder, 'upset his apple-cart,' and then bounded back to the track calmly, as if nothing particular had happened to disturb his satanic serenity.

'Every dog has his day,' saith the proverb, and so has every locomotive. It only now remains to chronicle the last day of the hero of our 'plain, unvarnished tale.' It was the fourth of July; 'the Glorious Fourth' of little boys, and old women who sell lemonade and ginger-cake; and Old Nick was hitched to a long train of cars in the Bowery. They had scoured him up till his crank shone like silver, and his polished brass rivalled the gold of Ophir. Streamers, flags, and ribbons decorated the old fellow, and he whistled shrill in conscious pride when a crowd of admiring spectators surrounded him. But they attached ninety-nine cars to him that morning, and it was more than his haughty spirit could endure. Inflamed to fury, he paused a moment, and frowned as if ready to split with spite; the letters burned blue on his swelling sides; and, in short, he burst into a thousand pieces, killing and maiming men, women, and children, in all directions.

'There came a burst of thunder sound:
Old Nick, 'oh, where was he?'
'Ask of the 'steam' that far around
With fragments strewed the Bowery.'

PERHAPS there never existed a more deep-rooted jealousy and sectional hatred between two neighboring peoples than exists between the inhabitants of Tuscany and the Roman States; and as it chiefly had its origin in a silly dispute as to the purity of the modern blood, language, etc., of the respective countries, it is not likely to be very soon eradicated. 'While on a recent visit to the 'Eternal City,' writes a correspondent, 'I took a stroll one afternoon with my friend PIETRO POMPEO, who was born and educated at Sienna, the very Athens of Tuscany, where, as he contends, no barbarous dialects nor manners have ever corrupted the noble Italian. He looks down with great disdain upon the pretensions of

the Romans, and never loses an opportunity to let fly a shaft of sarcasm at their expense. We made a visit that day to the ruined temple of VESTA; and the story was fresh upon our minds of those vestal virgins who, having sworn themselves to eternal chastity, kept up the perpetual fires in honor of the goddess, and who lived before the world bright and distinguished examples of female purity. On returning, our course led through the Corso, the 'Broadway' of that renowned city: and, looking up the street, we espied two daughters of EVIL, whose flaunting dress and *air abandonné* revealed most unmistakably the naughty character of *femmes de pave*. This unexpected exhibition of human frailty gave an unfortunate turn to our reflections, and waked up POMPEO's Tuscan wit. 'Ha!' said he, his lips curling with scorn, 'those are two of the vestal virgins of modern Rome!' - - - How much tender fugitive poetry, the offspring of genuine feeling, circulates unclaimed in the American newspapers! Here, for example, is a beautiful effusion, fresh from the pure fountain of a mother's heart, upon the death of 'Our Minnie,' which would do no discredit to any living poet:

'O close with reverent care those eyes:
Their meek and sorrowing light hath fled;
No trembling gleam through mists of tears
From those dimmed orbs will more be shed.

'Draw down the thin and azure lid:
No look of mute, appealing pain,
No piercing anguished gaze on heaven,
Will strike through those blue depths again.

'Now gently smooth her soft brown hair:
Shred not those glossy braids away,
But part the bright locks round her brow,
As sweetly in her life they lay.

'Press one soft kiss on those soft lips:
They thrill not now like flickering flame;
They'll ne'er uncloze, in troubled dreams,
To breathe again that cherished name.

'But press them softly; still and cold,
They part not with the sleeper's breath:
Fear thou to break the softened seal
Left by the kindly touch of DEATH.

'Wrap the white shroud about her breast:
No trembling throb shall stir its fold;
No wild emotions wake to life,
Within that bosom snowy cold.

'Fold tenderly her fair young hands:
The heart beneath in stillness lies;
The 'll never strive, with tightened clasp,
Again to hush its anguished cries.

'Oh! fierce but brief the storm that swept
The bloom from this pale sleeper's brow;
And keen the pang that rent apart
The bosom calmly shrouded now.'

'Whether Beasts are Immortal,' is discussed at large in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*. No decision is arrived at with respect to this weighty question, although the writer takes a humane squint beast-wise. We are reminded, by a perusal of the said essay, of a reply once made by a friend to the question, 'Have cats souls?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied he; 'but they will be *cats' souls*, and 'nothing else.' - - - HERE speaks a man who understands, and who would act upon, the precepts of our blessed REDEEMER: 'The little that I have seen of the world, and known of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of the poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with HIM from whose hands it came.' - - - WE have received the Eleventh Annual Catalogue of the *Young Ladies' Institute at Pittsfield*, (Massachusetts,) of which Rev. W. H. TYLER and Lady are principals, assisted by twelve male and female professors in the various departments. The catalogue gives the names of two hundred and seventy-three young ladies, from every State in the Union. The situation of this institution, in 'old Berkshire

which contains the most romantic and picturesque scenery in Massachusetts, is unsurpassed in healthfulness; but our special design is to call the attention of our readers to the arrangements for physical education, which, in many schools, has been so neglected as to make it a cause of general complaint. We understand the proprietor of this establishment has recently erected spacious halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises, which are fitted up and arranged in a style more complete than in any similar institution. Bowling-alleys have been introduced, and this attractive and invigorating exercise can be enjoyed in any state of the weather, and at all seasons of the year. Perhaps we may come up and win a 'string' or two, against some of the fair pupils. - - - Would that it were possible for us to comply with the most kind and cordial invitation proffered to 'Old Knick., Esquire,' through the columns of the New-York Daily '*Evening Mirror*,' by 'H. K. H.,' of 'old Deerfield,' Massachusetts; but a previous long-promised visit to the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, and condensed avocations on our return, will prevent our enjoying the pleasure with which we are tempted. Our friend, the editor of the '*Mirror*,' has anticipated the fact exactly, in the introduction of the lines to his readers: 'If our friend 'Old Knick.' don't accept the cordial invitation extended to him in the following lines from a Deerfield (Massachusetts) correspondent, it must surely be because he can't. We know him to be very busy, making up his new volume of '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' and getting out the first number of the *Fortieth Volume* of the KNICKERBOCKER; yet, *how* can he resist such a simple, honest, frank appeal as this?' We segregate the ensuing lines from the only too flattering 'invitation' in question, as illustrative of the assumption, in our announcement of the '*Knick-Knacks*,' that 'any one man who truly feels and enjoys; who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears that *will* out, and *must* have vent, is simply an epitome of the public:'

"OLD KNICK., my dear friend, I'm a stranger to you;
 I am sorry to say it, but still it is true:
 You don't know who I am; you don't know how I look;
 But God bless you! 'Old Knick.,' I know *you* 'like a book.'
 Though your form or your features I never have seen,
 Except in the pages of your Magazine,
 Yet for fifteen long years I have been by your side;
 Together we've laughed, and together we've cried;
 Together we've ate, and have drank, and have smoked;
 Together we've chatted, told stories, and joked;
 Together we've travelled in steam-bouts and cars;
 Together we've gazed at the moon and the stars;
 Together we've roamed over forest and field,
 And drank in the beauties fair Nature revealed;
 Together we've stood on the surf-beaten shore,
 And listened to Ocean's tumultuous roar;
 Together we've scanned the dark thunder-cloud form,
 And have heard the OMNIPOTENT speak in the storm;
 Together we've viewed the bright bow in the sky,
 With its burden of love, when the storm had swept by;
 Together we've threaded the city's thronged mart,
 And studied the wonders of science and art;
 Together we've thrill'd o'er the page with delight,
 Which Genius had stamped with its beauty and might;
 Together we've entered the field of the dead,
 But our voices were silent, and soft was our tread;
 Together, 'in faith,' we have lifted our eyes,
 And have broke through the tomb to our 'home in the skies.'

'In every adventure, in every mood,
 For fifteen long years by your side I have stood;
 And I write this to tell you, 'as square as a brick,'
 Without if — and — or but — *I'm a friend to 'Old Knick!'*
 I would give a few 'shiners' your 'flipper' to grasp;
 You would get a strong gripe, not a delicate clasp:

Should we ever cross palms, you will please understand,
 I should grind into powder each bone in your hand ;
 And if ever to 'Gotham' I *do* take a trip,
 I'll break into the 'sanctum' and give you a grip.
 I'm a plain man, 'Old Knick,' I'm a farmer 'by trade ;'
 I work for my living with shovel and spade ;
 I plough and I harrow, I plant and I sow ;
 I hoe corn and dig 'taters,' I reap and I *mow* :
 And as to the *last*, I will bet you my hat,
 Notwithstanding your 'brag,' I can beat you at that.
 If you'll come to 'Old Deerfield' the first of July,
 (That is haying-time here,) I will give you a try ;
 Now don't you back out, 'Knick. ;' do n't make any fuss,
 But come and sit down and take 'pot-luck' with us.
 We are plain simple folks, but we'll earnestly try
 To make a few days pass pleasantly by.

• But I've spun a long yarn, it is time to conclude ;
 Forgive me, 'Old Knick,' that I've dared to intrude ;
 Though rude and uncouth is the greeting I send,
 It springs from the heart, and it comes from a friend.
 You may laugh if you will at my gossip and chat,
 And to tell the plain truth, I can't blame you for that ;
 You may run all the rigs on my rhymes that you please,
 I don't care a copper for things such as these ;
 But I know you will credit my friendly intent,
 And in kindness receive what in kindness was meant.'

THE following notice of the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE we take from our contemporary, the '*Literary World*.' From its characteristic condensation of facts, we take it to be from the pen of our old friend and correspondent, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS :

'THE newspapers announce the death of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the celebrated actor and dramatic author, at Tunis, we believe, the seat of his consulate in Africa. His birth and distinguished early reputation, and many of the associations of his later life, belong to the history of this city. He was born, as we learn from a biographical notice in DUNLAP'S '*History of the American Stage in the City of New-York*,' June 9, 1792. His father removing to Boston, some address which the son delivered on a public occasion from the stage is said to have fixed in the boy a love for the drama. It must have been a very early appearance, for in his thirteenth year we find him at New-York again, a clerk in a counting-house, and editor of a weekly paper, the '*Thespian Mirror*.' COLEMAN, of the '*Evening Post*,' in his journal of January 24th, 1806, thus notices the 'prodigy :'
 'I conversed with him for an hour ; inquired into his history, the time since he came to reside in this city ; and his object in settling on foot the publication in question. His answers were such as to dispel all doubts as to any imposition, and I found it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in so choice a style as his own.' Having been placed at school at Schenectady, with Doctor NOTT, 'Master PAYNE' published a semi-weekly paper, '*The Pastime*.'

'In emulation of Master BARRY, we find him making his debut as a 'youthful Roscius' in his sixteenth year, in 1809, at the Park Theatre in this city, as young NORVAL. His small size and handsome face suggested a still more youthful personage. His talent for recitation in private circles had been previously recognized in Philadelphia, where his displays of this kind had attracted attention. He next appeared in Boston, and the spring of the same year played a second engagement in New-York, acting HASTINGS, OCTAVIAN, FREDERICK FRIBOURG, ROLLA, EDGAR, and HAMLET, with decidedly profitable returns to the house. In 1812 or 1813, PAYNE went to England, and appeared successfully at Drury Lane in his twenty-first year. The painter WEST interested himself in his success, and pronounced his action on the stage graceful, and his voice fine. He played in the provinces and in Ireland with success. In 1826 he is in London, editing the '*Opera-Glass*,' and in communication with the French actor, TALMA.

'His London career produced a host of dramas, chiefly, if not altogether, adaptations or translations from the French, '*The Lancers*,' '*Oswali of Athens*,' '*Peter Smink, or Which is the Miller?*' '*Therese*,' '*Twas I*,' '*Adeline*,' '*Ali Pacha*,' '*Clari*,' '*King Charles II.*' etc. ; names which old play-goers will remember among popular after-pieces on the bills. '*Charles II.*' is still produced. CHARLES KEMBLE frequently acted in it. The universal air of '*Home, Sweet Home*,' which gives PAYNE a hold upon the affections of the world, occurs in '*Clari, or the Maid of Milan*.'

'BRUTUS, the popular stage-play on this subject, which we see occasionally acted by BOOTH, is an adaptation by PAYNE from the works of previous writers, among others, NAT LEE. He announced his method to be 'the adoption of the conceptions and language of his predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which he had prescribed for himself.' The *Quarterly Review* of 1820 had some severe comments on this production.

'When Mr. PAYNE returned to America, some fifteen or twenty years since, he issued the prospectus of a magnificent magazine, to include the Literature of the Old and New Worlds, under the fanciful melodramatic title of *Jam-jeha-nema*, some pretty conceit of an oriental gem. He expended considerable energy on this affair, but it, of course, never came to publication.

'His various literary plans and devices will doubtless afford much anecdote for his biographer. We next find him receiving the post of United States' Consul to Tunis, a position from which he was recalled and to which he was subsequently restored some two years since ; an official station which he held at the time of his death.

'PAYNE, it is well known, preserved a great mass of books and papers, which, from his varied

foreign and American career, must afford much matter of interest. He talked, at one time, of publishing his Autobiography or Recollections.'

We trust that this last suggestion may not be lost sight of by Mr. PARNER's friends. He kept an elaborate journal, in which he wrote down, every day, all occurrences of interest. Extending over so great a number of years, and recorded in all their original freshness, the contents of this autobiographical journal must possess extraordinary interest. Let our publishers 'look to it.' - - - They must have had a clever 'writer-man' on the examining school-committee of Exeter, (New-Hampshire,) if we may judge from a recent 'Report' of that committee, now lying before us. You will find very few such school-houses in the 'Empire State' as the one in the fourth school-district of Exeter, which is thus described: 'The children, few as they are in number, are yet already altogether too numerous for the little box in which they are packed. Such a building is not large enough for any purpose of human instruction. It is too inconveniently small to tend one baby in; too ugly in itself and in all its appointments to be looked at without danger of strabismus. A good-sized boy of high aims and expansive views would feel himself 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in it, and in his attempts to study would find himself unconsciously babbling of brooks and green fields. We shall be pardoned for suggesting, that an edifice, not unlike a medium-looking goose-pen in airiness and amplitude of dimension, set up on a few cobblestones on the edge of a rough and rocky road, surrounded with no play-grounds, and overshadowed by no tree, with no pleasant object without or within to address the eye or touch the heart, is not exactly the place to kindle the intellect and develope the moral nature of the young.' Nor have they much to boast of over the fourth in the fifth school-district. Some of our readers, who were children once, will recall, in the subjoined passage, the rude and comfortless edifices aforetime in central New-York, where their 'young ideas' first began to sprout:

'THERE is in fact very little in the school-house itself or around it calculated to 'stir the divinity within them.' We have expressed our mind in relation to this Temple of Apollo and the Muses on former occasions. It certainly does not look any better now than it did five years ago. Indeed, we did not perceive any very striking difference. Perhaps the walls are a little browner; the benches a little more *hackneyed*; the 'tout ensemble,' like the character of the First Consul, a little more 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar.' The stove-funnel, it should be observed, was, possibly in honor of our last visit, tied up and *securely* fastened with a bran-new tow-string! The bricks, which at some remote period formed the hearth, have come to be 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' so that now, in the wild waste of the billowy floor, the solid land looms up like an island in an archipelago. Time, or some body else, has, in a good degree, stripped the plastering from the ceiling, as

'From a Tartar's skull they strip the flesh,
Or peel a fig when the fruit is fresh.'

It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned, too, that a small necessary edifice, belonging to the establishment, not consecrated to scientific purposes, after changing its position as often as an ambitious politician, has at length found rest on the windward side of the school-house, in immediate contact with a window, which it darkens, where, in the summer season particularly, it is not destined, like GRAY's unseen flower,

'To waste its sweetness on the desert air!'

'Aside from these slight variations, 'all things since the fathers fell asleep continue as they were from the beginning.'

There is some hard 'counter-hitting' in the 'contrasted picture,' which is presented in the description of the sixth district-school, which we commend to school-trustees generally. A good, accomplished, tender-hearted school-mistress is worth any two 'masters' to preside over the younger class of pupils:

'THE school in this district was taught thirty-five weeks; twenty-three in the summer, by Miss

SARAH A. LOCKE, and twelve in the winter, by Mr. JOHN PORTER SANBORN. Miss LOCKE had thirty different scholars; Mr. SANBORN had thirty-six. Miss LOCKE's intellectual qualifications were very good; Mr. SANBORN's were by no means deficient. Miss LOCKE was gentle and at the same time firm; Mr. SANBORN, so far from being tyrannous in his exactions of obedience, was as easy as an antiquated slipper. Miss LOCKE made her pupils sing; Mr. SANBORN did *not* make his dance. Miss LOCKE was careful to keep the room neat and clean; Mr. SANBORN was content to let it go dirty. With Miss LOCKE the scholars studied hard most of the time; with Mr. SANBORN they whispered hard all the time. In looking upon the exercises, as conducted by Miss LOCKE at our examination, we were favorably impressed with the stillness which prevailed; in listening to the dissonant hubbub of Mr. SANBORN's young disciples, we thought of what an old poet has said

'THE earth and planets in their course
Move along with silent force;
The smallest chap that walks the footstool,
Makes more racket by a jug-full.'

'Miss LOCKE's children made rapid progress up the hill of science. Mr. SANBORN's slid down the same hill. In a word, as CICERO hath it, Miss LOCKE kept a good school; Mr. SANBORN kept no school at all. It is possible that Mr. SANBORN, if he would revise and correct his notions of discipline, might yet become a successful instructor. We hope, however, that the experience of the past winter may satisfy this district without further trial, that the masculine gender is not the only gender belonging to nouns, and that when they get a good female teacher, it is for their interest to keep her.'

Speaking of school-mistresses, reader, won't you let us quote in this connection a single passage from '*Some more Gossip about Children*,' in which we a second time endeavored to interest the readers of our friend GODEY's '*Lady's Book*:'

'I MUST go back to my very earliest school-days. I doubt if I was more than five years old, a little boy in the country, when I was sent, with my twin-brother, to a summer 'district-school.' It was kept by a 'school-ma'am,' a pleasant young woman, of some twenty years of age. She was positively my *first love*. I am afraid I was an awkward scholar at first; but the enticing manner in which MARY — (I grieve that only the faint *sound* of her unsyllabled name comes to me now from 'the dark backward and abysm of Time') coaxed me through the alphabet and the words of one syllable; encouraged me to encounter those of two, the first of which I remember to this day, whenever the B-A-K-E-R's bill for my children's daily bread is presented for audit; stimulated me to attack those of three; until, at the last, I was enabled to surmount that tallest of orthoëpical combinations, '*Mi-chi-li-mack-i-nack*,' without a particle of fear; the enticing manner, I say, in which MARY — accomplished all this, won my heart. She would stoop over and kiss me, on my low seat, when I was successful, and very pleasant were her 'good words' to my ear. Bless your heart! I remember at this moment the feeling of her soft brown curls upon my cheek; and I would give almost any thing now to see the first 'certificate' of good conduct which I brought home, in her hand-writing, to my mother, and which was kept for years among fans, bits of dried orange-peel, and sprigs of withered 'caraway,' in the corner of the bureau-'draw.' All this came very vividly to me some time ago, when my own little boy brought home *his* first 'school-ticket.' He is not called, however — and I rejoice that he is not — to remember dear companions, who 'bewept to the grave did go, with true-love showers:'

'Oh, my mother! oh, my childhood!
Oh, my brother, now no more!
Oh, the years that push me onward,
Farther from that distant shore!'

'But I am led away. I wanted merely to say that this 'school-ma'am,' from the simple *love* of her children, her little scholars, knew how to teach and how to *ru/e* them. I hope that not a few 'school-ma'ams' will peruse this hastily-prepared gossip; and if they do, I trust they will remember, in the treatment of their little charges, that 'the heart *must* leap kindly back to kindness.' Why, my dear Sir, I used to wait, in the summer afternoons, until all the little pupils had gone on before, so that I could place in the soft white hand of my school-mistress as confiding a little hand as any in which she may afterward have placed her own, 'in the full trust of love.' I hope she found a husband good and true, and that she was blessed with what she loved, 'wisely' and *not* 'too well' — children.'

FROM every quarter of the Union, within the last four months, we have derived such tokens of regard, such evidences of the warmth of welcome with which the KNICKERBOCKER is received on its monthly visits, as are not only flat-

tering to our feelings, but touch us in our 'very heart of hearts.' The additions to our subscription-list since the commencement of the year have exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and old subscribers, 'tried friends and true,' almost daily send us 'assurances of their distinguished consideration,' not only in words of honest congratulation and kindly encouragement, but in the substantial form of V's and X's. One of these, in a brief but hearty note, says: 'I am a man of moderate desires, easily satisfied, and not given to grumbling. I can — as, on occasion, I have done — sit down to cold coffee with sky-blue milk, raw steak, and heavy bread. I can bear the quarrelling and screaming of my neighbor's thirteen children. I can endure — almost any thing save the loss or non-arrival of my KNICKERBOCKER. When any accident prevents the due receipt and undisturbed enjoyment of 'mine ancient' friend — 'Bomb-shells and hot shot, Cousin' CLARK! — there's 'war in the wigwam,' and 'der house is very quiet not at all,' as Squire VAN VOORST says, till it 'comes to hand.' We are of course gratified — who would not be! — at these expressions of kindly appreciation, and shall endeavor still more to deserve them, by increasing the value and attractiveness of our Magazine, and securing its punctual issue and delivery. On this latter point we have no fear of failure. And we'll tell you why, friend 'K —.' Just previous to the issue of our number for June, on paying a visit to the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, we were stopped by a dense crowd surrounding the entrance to the basement, where the engine that drives the power-presses — a magnificent one, of one hundred and twenty-five horsepower — is 'located.' On inquiring the cause of the excitement, we learned that a serious 'break-down' had occurred, and that the massive machine was a wreck, the repair of which would occupy at least three weeks. 'Phanzy our feelinks' at the catastrophe! Visions of delays and disappointments, waiting subscribers and angry friends, 'moved, in dark phalanx dread,' across our mind, and

'MUTTERED grumblings, deep and loud,
Burst, like an angry thunder-cloud'

upon us in anticipation. To our surprise, however, Mr. GRAY met us with his usual beaming smile, and a quiet composure that not a little puzzled us. To the anxious question, 'What is to be done?' he blandly replied, with a mysterious shake of the head, 'We shall see — we *shall see*.' Two days afterward, we called again, and found workmen engaged in removing the broken machinery. There appeared no prospect of soon seeing the KNICKERBOCKER go to press. On ascending to the 'office,' however, the usual clatter of the presses greeted our astonished ears. How 'steam-presses' could be put in motion without steam, was a mystery; but on hastening into the room, the puzzle was soon solved. There stood a beautiful engine, resplendently polished, moving, with nervous iron arm, the ponderous presses, whose greedy appetite for paper and ink seems insatiable. The KNICKERBOCKER was 'worked off' — the 'country was saved!' Immediately on ascertaining the extent of the disaster, Mr. GRAY, with characteristic energy, started on a tour of discovery among the machine-shops and engine-foundries of New-York; and, failing there, posted off to Mr. BURDON, in Brooklyn, who put a set of hands to work all night, and *the next night* the engine was in its place, on the fourth floor, the steam introduced from the basement, and all things proceeding as though nothing had occurred to disturb 'the even tenor' of the business of this model printing-office. Is not this a 'ger-reat ked'ntry!' This is the spirit which has secured to our city such a proud pre-eminence for enterprise and prosperity. - - - The influence of a well-

conducted place of theatrical entertainment upon the 'lower orders' of the English populace is well set forth in the following spirited extract from the second of a series of elaborate articles in the last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, entitled '*Our London Commissioner.*' The papers have been attributed to THACKERAY :

'In the northern out-skirt of London, there is a dingy-looking, ill-shaped building, on the bank of a narrow canal, where at one time, not very long ago, real water fell in sparkling cascades, Trafalgars were fought in veritable vessels, and, triumphant over all, radiant in humor and motley, with wit at his fingers' ends, and ineffable character in his feet, laughed, hobbled, jeered, flouted, and pirouetted the clown, JOSEPH GRIMALDI. The audiences, in those days, were partial to beer. Tobacco was a pleasant accompaniment to the wonders of the scene. Great effect was produced by farces of a very unsentimental kind ; and the principal effort of the author was to introduce as much bustle and as many kicks into his piece as he could. A bloody nose secured three rounds of applause ; a smack on the cheek was a successful repartee ; a coarse oath was only emphatic ; no body blushed, every body swore. There were fights in the pit, and the police-office was near at hand. It was the one place of entertainment for a poor and squalid district. Poverty and dirt went there to forget themselves, and came away unimproved. It was better, perhaps, than the beer-shop, certainly better than the prize-fight, but not so good as the tea-garden and hop. This building is now the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, presided over by one of the best actors on the English stage, and ringing, night after night, to the language of SHAKESPEARE and MASSINGER. How does the audience behave? Better than young gentlemen of the Guards at a concert of sacred music ; better than young ladies of fashion at a scientific lecture. They do n't yawn, they do n't giggle, they do n't whisper to each other at the finest passages : but there is intense interest ; eyes, heart, mind, all fixed on the wondrous evolvment of the story. They stay, hour by hour, silent, absorbed, attentive, answering the touch of the magician's wand, warming into enthusiasm, or melting into tears, with as fine an appreciation of the working of the play as if they had studied the Greek drama, and been critics all their days. Are they the same people, or the same class of people, who roared and rioted in the pit in the days of the real water? Exactly the same. The boxes are three shillings, the pit a shilling, the gallery a sixpence. There are many fustian jackets in the pit, and in the gallery a sprinkling of shirt-sleeves. Masters of trades, and respectable shop-keepers, and professional men, and their families, are in the boxes ; and Mr. PHILIPS is as great a benefactor to that neighborhood as if he had established a public park, or opened a lyceum for education. There is a perceptible difference, we are told, in the manners of the district. You can't raise a man in any one department without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character ; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness ; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse ; introduce him to SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, BEAUMONT, MASSINGER, and WEBSTER, he will be a gentleman. A man with friends like these will not go to the tap of the Black Dog. Better spend his sixpence at Sadler's Wells, and learn what was going on in Rome in the time of CORIOLANUS, or learn the thanklessness of sycophantic friends in the Athenian TIMON. With the bluff and brutal HENRY VIII. they are quite familiar, and form a very tolerable idea of a certain pinchbeck cardinal's pride, from the insolence of the overweening WOLSEY. That energy and honor overcome all impediments, they have long discovered from the story of the Lady of Lyons, and the grandeur of self-devotion in the noble aspirations of ION. A world like this opening to their eyes, reflects a pleasant light on the common earth they inhabit. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

It would do you good, reader, to hear this fine old Scottish song sung by a certain friend 'wham weel we ken o', and who imparts to it its full effect:

'Mirk and rainy is the night,
There's no a star in a' the carry ;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And wild winds drive wi' winter's fury :
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE,
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE ?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock cragie !

'Fearfu' soughs the haw-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars hoarse and dreary ;
Loud the iron gate doth clank,
And cries of owlets make me eerle :
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE,
O are ye sleeping, MAGGIE ?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock cragie !

'Above my breath I darena' speak,
For fear I rouse your sleeping daddie :
Could 'e the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonnie ladye !'
She oped the door, she let him in,
She cast aside his dripping plaidie :
'Now blaw your worst, ye rain and win',
Since, MAGGIE, I am close beside ye !''

We don't know how this may strike the reader, but to our conception, there is a

kind of weird picturesqueness in the lines that is very impressive. - - - One of the most touching things we've read in many a day, is the '*Story of a Young Chimney-Sweeper*' in London, which was elicited by the examination of a committee into the condition, and treatment by their masters, of this unhappy class of the poor of the metropolis. After describing the death of a fellow-sweep, a little boy named JEM, who had been caught in a flue, and was suffered by his brutal master to die there, because he thought he was 'sulking,' the account proceeds:

'POOR JEM! he was long missed amongst us. I was never sorrier for no body, except the little lass that died, it might be, a year after he, and she and me drew together from the first. She was a desolate creatur, for her step-mother, our master's wife, treated her worse than a nigger. Little NAN, or as she was mostly called by the boys, JACKY, was a child of her first husband by his first wife; so belonged, as one might say, to no body. The mistress she could never please, and the master swore that she should not eat the bread of idleness in his house; so, female as she was, he taught her to climb. She was uncommon little of her age, which made her handy for small flues, such as ovens and coppers, and the like, which is often less than nine inches square, and she had far more wit and sense than the boys that was her size. Often and often have NAN and I lain side by side at night upon the soot we had gathered in the day, with our sacks over us to cover us from the cold, for she was a shivery creatur still; and many's the time I've sifted her share of the soot, when she was tired with her day's work. She had always a bad cough when the cold set in; and I used to think the soot getting down her throat made it worse. They'd say it was a hard word to use, but I always shall fancy that climbing, which was little fit for she, was the death of her. She fell into a waste as they called it, and before she died was nothing but skin and bone. She used to creep into a nook when they'd let her be quiet, and lie there; and if any thing would please her, it was when I went sily up to her with an orange in my hand, or an apple, which I used to buy with the few pence that were given me, instead of playing at chuck-farthing with the boys. Poor thing! she had a constant dryness, and them things did her the most good. 'SAM,' she used to say, 'when I get well again, you and me'll run away, and hide in some place a great way off, where no body sha'n't find us, for I can't climb no more, and daddy'll beat me if I do n't.' She gave me a half-penny with a hole in it to keep for her sake, and that very night she died.'

We scarcely remember any thing, even in kindred scenes of DICKENS, more truly affecting than this little simple sketch. - - - IN BLUNT vs. WHITNEY and Others, (3 SANDFORD'S Superior Court Reports, page 4,) the Superior Court held that where a cause 'was referred after issue, by a rule of Court, to three referees, to be heard and determined by them *on legal and equitable principles*, that the cause was thereby *taken out of Court*.' Counsel, when they consent to a reference, should be cautious, and insert in the rule a provision that the referees decide contrary to law and equity. They will thus obviate the difficulty, and *keep in Court*. We record this for the especial benefit of 'our numerous legal readers.' - - - We should like to know who it was who first put the indefinite credit of '*Exchange Paper*' to the subjoined admirable picture of '*An Old Garret*.' There is many an over-praised novel, in these latter days, that does not possess half the naturalness and true feeling of this little sketch:

'SARCASTIC people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks,' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated 'has-beens' and despised 'used-to-be's,' the old garret.

'The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing: every thing they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason that we love garrets; because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past — souvenirs of other and happier and simpler times.

'They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation!

'You man of bronze and 'bearded like the pard,' who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were 'a toddlin' wee thing;' that you never wore 'a rifle-dress,' or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs

together; in that old-fashioned spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals 'a dim religious light' upon a museum of things unnamable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

'The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do — do n't they? — when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day, 'mother,' wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the 'Let us go up garret and play.' And play? Precious little of 'play' have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

'Here we are now in the midst of the garret. That old barrel — shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers — dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the '*Columbian Star*.' How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you look over the edge of the counter with the 'Letters or papers for father!' And those same *Stars*, just damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp? Ah! many a star has set since then, and many a new-turfed heap grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not from the clouds.

'Dive deeper into the barrel. There! A bundle — up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to — let us see how far: 184-, 183-, 182-, — before our time — 180-, when our mothers were children. And the day-book — how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

'There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was, when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it, now, by more than 'the altitude of a copine.' That beam is strown with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves is 'the little wheel,' that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps — perhaps she that drew those flaxen threads — but never mind — you remember the line, do n't you?

'Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.'

'Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red CRADLE, for all the world! And you occupied it once: ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the hither shore of time — fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

'And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas 'the children's swing.' *You* are here indeed, but where are NELLY and CHARLEY? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the better land.'

How many persons there are who toil daily through the dust of the ever-to-be-unfinished Third Avenue, as if ignorant of the delightful drives along the Bloomingdale road and the glorious banks of the Hudson! The attractions of the latter route were never greater than at this moment: the smell of the new-mown hay, the glimpses of the river; the pause at BURNHAM'S for a chat with the gallant Colonel, who did his country 'yeoman's service' in Mexico; the call at 'Woodlawn,' so elegantly and carefully kept by that excellent caterer, Captain WILEY, formerly of our friend MATSELL'S private police-force; the view from JONES'S at the beautiful 'Claremont,' a view not surpassed on the Hudson; the run on to 'THORPE'S,' at the High Bridge, where is an inland view of Harlaem river; the gay green passages of distant Westchester scenery, including 'the Sound' and the villages that 'grow thereby,' not forgetting that great attraction, the High Bridge itself — these are some of the enjoyments of a ride on *our* side of the great metropolis and its western environs. - - - Is there not something 'above the common' in these lines? We address our query to those — and we know the class is a very small one — who feel themselves to be growing old:

'Soft as rays of sun-light stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On Manhood's memory.

'As the sun-beams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night:

As the night-winds cense to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From Age's memory.

'Yet the sun-light in the morning
Forth again shall break;
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath,
But the path is lost in Death:
He hath no memory!'

'I WILL tell you,' writes our gifted 'Fabulist,' 'what some body said. He was describing a person whom he believed to be an extortioner, and said: 'He is a devourer of widows' houses! Why, I went into his back-office the other day, and what do you suppose I found? I found, Sir, the last relics of a widow's house; a *half-eaten chimney*, and some rafters gnawed like old bones!' Vigorous, wasn't it? I will now tell you something which some body has *not* said, but which I myself am going to say at the earliest opportunity. I first thought of it on the nineteenth day of February last, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening. The first time that I see a boorish chap named JOSHUA, I shall inquire of the by-standers why the middle finger of his left arm is like a French merchant. If they answer that they do not know, as of course they will, I will say: 'Because it is a member of the *boor-Joshua*.' If you are a French scholar, you will at once remember that the tradesmen of France are called the *bourgeoisie*, and will admire my talents almost as much as I admire them myself. The young gentleman first named in this note was once desired by a serious correspondent to 'state at length his views of the causes which led to the decay and downfall of the Roman empire.' In reply to this formidable request, he wrote, that after mature reflection and extensive reading, he concluded that the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire was, that '*its bottom fell out*.' Rather a new view of the subject, it seemed to me.' - - - '*The Gramercy*' is the name of a new and splendid hotel, at the corner of Twentieth-street and Broadway, and equi-distant between Union and Madison Squares. 'The exterior (we quote from the *Journal of Commerce*) is no wise remarkable, except for its considerable extent. It is a brick structure, five stories high, having a front of one hundred feet on Broadway looking west, and one hundred and ninety feet on Twentieth-street looking south. It is arranged in suites of rooms, adapted in size and number to the accommodation of families large and small. Like the best hotels of Paris, and the new establishments in our own city, it combines the feature of a *table d'hôte* with the English plan; and the culinary arrangements and *personnel* are so extended as to admit of the serving of meals at all hours, at the option of the guest, without extra charge for this peculiar convenience. The public rooms are numerous, spacious, and airy. The parlors are gorgeously furnished; and, indeed, there is no deficiency in this respect in any part of the house, as may be inferred from the fact that the cost of the furniture is computed at fifty thousand dollars. There are two hundred rooms in the house. The proprietors are Mr. DONADI, whose original profession of cook and later successful experience in his present business guaranty abundant qualification, and Mr. ANDEM, formerly of Boston.' We learn from the *Evening Mirror*, that Mr. DONADI served his apprenticeship in the King's kitchen at Naples, and ran away at the age of eighteen, and concealed himself on board the United States frigate *Constitution*, then in the harbor. Commodore ELLIOTT ordered the fugitive on shore, but yielded to his supplication for permission to cook the Commodore a dinner. A dinner was ordered for twelve, and the young Italian was immortalized. On arriving in the United States, he opened a restaurant in Philadelphia, and has since been '*chef*' at several of our first-class hotels; and subsequently the proprietor of the Powelton House, at Newburgh; and again, of a town-house, bearing his name. - - - A WESTERN correspondent sends, as a 'set-off' against the 'Squire' who wrote for the 'nu Yorke Gustis' law-book, the following verbatim et literatim extract from the manuscript of a JEREMY DIDDLE magi-

cian, sent to be printed, and the payment for which was withheld. This 'Greate magician and selebrated Play-acter and Deliniator of Eccentric and Comic Characters,' has taken a 'Rum for the porpos of Delivereng a short lecture on Lodger-demain slite of hand Deseption,' etc., and these are a part of his performances:

'DURING the Evn Mr Mc will interduce a variety of Hindoo mericles and other interesting amusing and instructive plays with Chine Rings. Balls. Magic flute. Magic penneys and shilins Cards Eggs hankerchiefs and the greate Hat trick whitch Creates screams of Lafture

'After whitch will be given the laughable adventures of the well-knownen old PETER HONTZ the veteran puglist and toper

'In this performance Mr. Mc will Delinate six Eccentric and Comic Carictars being a specimen of Vantiloquism.

'1 he will represent old PETER HONTZ the Comic Joker on the stage after which Mr. HONTZ will interduce his wife on the stage to Asist him in a play which winds up with a representation of a man and wife in a quarell

'2 Miss FILICY a Colored lady will pleague old PETER whitch the result is Apearintly death of Miss FILICY

'3 A mincester the owner of the Colored lady on persuit of HONTZ in order to receive pay and give HONTZ a peace of good Advice whitch is not Exsepted 4 PATRRIC MALONEY an Irishman acting as an officer will arest old PETER for murder Though sale in in the attempt whitch leaves HONTZ Master of all until an evil Spirit a Savage appears in a fritefull manor to HONTZ and finly Carys him off whitch Creates Screems of Lafture.

'theas Caricters are of small size & actions as Naturly as life it Self.'

'ELDER Root,' as he was always called, was rather a sour old deacon of the 'straitest sect;' and hence he was not over-much beloved by the young folk of the parish. One Sunday morning he saw a lad pulling something up in the corner of a garden by the road-side. 'What are you doing there, at work in the garden on a Sunday morning!' growled the Deacon. 'I was only pulling up this nasty, p'ison *Elder-Root!*' was the prompt reply. Elder Root passed on, musing; and that very day at church the boy was called out by name, and reproved before the whole congregation for burglariously cutting into a neighboring pew with a sharp 'BARLOW-knife.' - - - If it should so chance that you are walking down Hudson-street, pause for a moment under the shadow of the trees that adorn the front of St. Luke's Church, and say a word to the unfortunate man who sits in his little umbrella-covered wagon, rolled up like a ball, and mutely asks you to buy his yellow-covered little book, entitled '*Life of the Unfortunate Levi B. Swalm, Written by Himself.*' Buy it, because you will enjoy the style of the 'booklet,' which is very unique. The author describes how he came to be a cripple; in fact, he gives us all the main incidents of his humble life. At an early period his 'joints began to grow crooked,' until he was brought into a 'state of absolute *duncity*;' notwithstanding all this, he was 'spirited and *prospective*,' although leading 'a zig-zag life.' At the age of thirteen he began to '*leave over books*,' and '*demureingly* to read some of them,' especially a 'nice, replete spelling-book' for new-beginners; and thus the '*renitency* of his nature' overcame his adversities. He tells that at one time he '*lied* at the door of death,' but finally recovered, when his 'business progressed with increased *vivacity*;' and so forth, and so forth. But *buy the book*: its cost is but a trifle; and it will help a poor cripple, and give the reader a new sense of the 'power of words.' - - - HEAR a word or two on behalf of the PUBLISHER. He won't detain you long, not being 'a man of words:' When it was proposed to reduce the price of this Magazine to three dollars a year, many of the best friends of the work had great fears that the effect would be ruinous. The experiment had been tried by other publications, and in several instances the result had been a failure. In many cases, a reduction in price had been followed by a corresponding reduction in the quantity and quality of the work. This we have been most careful not only to avoid, but have gone to greater expense than ever to improve on the past. Our efforts thus far have been attended with the most marked success.

We desire to return our most grateful acknowledgments to the many kind friends who have made up clubs or sent new subscribers. Their aid has been timely and welcome, and shows what a very extended circulation we might have, had we the same kind friends in every place. We beg to remind our readers that the work is now conducted strictly on the CASH system. Every subscription will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless renewed. Our publisher, being a very modest man, says he would rather sit up all night to enter the names of new pre-paid subscribers than to write dunning-letters two hours a day. He has allowed many accounts to run on until 'the parties' ran off to California, failed, or died, solely from his aversion to dunning. From rather too much experience, he has almost as much distaste for the reception of duns. All these vexatious annoyances are avoided by advance payments, and no subscriber is obliged to take the work any longer than he wants it. Our friends will see the prospectus of our new volume on the third page of the cover. Please turn to it, 'and, when found, make a note of.' - - - An 'Indian doctor' hereabout, a 'true Vermonter by birth,' who comes to his patients 'clad in his daily apparel, with his staff in one hand and his remedy in the other,' has addressed '*To the World*' some business poetry, which is unique: 'as par examp.:'

'Go, find the Indian Doctor lately from the wood;
He takes out cancers, which is doing much good;
And that is not all, it is done without much pain,
He restores the sight and cures the lame.

'To those who are afflicted with cancer disease
In any part of the body, this opportunity seize,
Come if you are poor, be cured free from charge,
Before your cancers are any more enlarged.

'It is not often you see one of this kind,
To take out a cancer or cure the blind;
I beg of the afflicted, let me not pass you by,
For this dangerous disease may cause you to die.

'Rejoice, you that have this awful disease,
To think I am come for you to relieve;
It is done with the simple plant God made;
Because so simple, by man has been delayed.'

What great cause of gratulation is embodied in the first two lines of the last verse! - - - NOTHING strikes a stranger in New-York so forcibly as the magnificence of our stores; and they are very short-sighted who suppose that these sumptuous adornments are 'extravagance' merely. Not at all. Let any one step into '*Genin's Bazaar*,' in the white marble '*Saint Nicholas*,' and watch the crowds of ladies and children that come there to be supplied with the rarest and most beautiful fabrics of France and America, made up, 'from top to toe,' in the latest styles of preëminent fashion, and it will be seen that 'that first appeal which is to *the eye*' is not lost upon the thousands who are curious to see the graceful and the beautiful. - - - 'P.'s' '*Summer Monody*' is lugubrious and untimely. '*Summer monody!*' Why, the writer must belong to the class of the sentimental lover in the play: 'I always weeps ven I sees a green leaf!' he exclaims: and if our correspondent is of his 'school,' he can become a male NIOBE at any moment, by going out into the glorious woods of June. A '*Summer Monody!*' indeed! - - - This story is related of a lawyer who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came on at a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was very anxious to have the case postponed a few days, that he might have farther time for this purpose. Unfortunately there was a great press

of business, and he knew that this motion would be overruled unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the Judge in accents of great apparent emotion: 'May it please your Honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow.' This request would of course have been granted by the court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf; but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer, and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery: 'ICHABOD! ICHABOD! how often have I whipped you for lying!' The case was n't postponed, nor was it gained by the afflicted counsel. - - - A TEXAN correspondent, from whom we shall always be pleased to hear, writes us as follows:

'It occurred to me, as an idea worth tentation at least, while I was reading the 'Gossip' just now, that I might gossip back a wee bit, without presumption. Let me hint, by the way, that Texas is the country to cure a man of what little modesty he may be troubled with. This I mention, because it just now occurs to me, and because it is a useful contribution to the world of knowledge. I have been here a year, and have seen some curiosities which, as I have never seen them in print, I don't doubt will be new to you.

'I attended a circuit-meeting the other day, where a 'powerful' preacher held forth. The Gospel was his theme, and he thus defined his position: 'In ancient times, there were magicians who worked wonders. These wonders were called *spell*. CHRIST and his disciples worked wonders, or spells, too; and because they were worked in the name of God, they were first called God-spells, afterward corrupted to Gospel!'

'There is a curious custom among the ladies in many parts of this country, 'leastways' it appeared somewhat curious to me, when I was 'just green from the States.' It is technically called '*dipping*.' Now, I'll stake my worst-banged sombrero against a bran-new GRIN, that you can't guess what that is, in three times trying. Well, to relieve you, it is a peculiar way of *taking snuff*. The operation is performed with a little willow-stick, some five inches long, and 'mashed' at one end. This, being wet, is '*dipped*' in the snuff, which, adhering, is thus conveyed to the teeth, and is rubbed over them and the gums. The effect is semi-intoxication, which is said by the initiated to be far more agreeable than by the old legitimate way, so comforting to 'Biss CUBBIDS' and her daber Biss GRIBES'. Fancy a lady from New-York (and I have known such instances) politely offered 'a stick' by the lady of the house, where she might chance to be visiting, accompanied by the question, 'Do you dip?' Fancy yourself, my dear 'Old KNICK,' married to a '*Dipper*!'

'I derived some new ideas in law from a judge a short time since, who was charging a jury in a murder case. Among other things, he said: 'It is sometimes the duty of a free and independent citizen of our country to take life. To be sure, it is a maxim of common law that a man should retreat rather than take the life of his antagonist; but no judge in Texas will charge a jury so, nor shall I.' Allusion was once made, in presence of this judge, to HOMER, and the seven cities which claimed to have been his birth-place. 'And well they might,' said he, 'for he was born at Mantua, educated at Florence, and afterward went to Rome, and distinguished himself; and indeed he was a man of considerable ability!'

In reading the following account of a curious case recently tried before the Correctional Police of Paris, we thought of the man who put his dog's tail, by way of experiment, in a big lobster's claw, to see whether he would 'hold on' or not, and who, when his dog ran howling away, bearing the lobster with him, declined to 'whistle back his dog,' as requested by the fisherman, but on the other hand, desired the latter to 'whistle back his lobster.' We've told the anecdote before, however, come to think of it: 'A fish-woman at the market was summoned, by a lady named GREBUCHET, to answer for damages done to her nose by one of the fish-woman's lobsters. Madame GREBUCHET, it seems, wishing to treat her husband to something unusual on Ascension day, was bargaining for the lobster in question, but on examining it closely, threw it down, declaring that it was not fresh. The dealer insisted that it was alive, which Madame GREBUCHET denied, and went so far as to say that it smelled bad. To satisfy herself definitively that such was the case, she applied the lobster a second time to her nose, when the crustacean, as if to prove its owner's veracity, seized Madame GREBUCHET's nose with its claws, and gave it an awful nipping. Madame GREBUCHET screamed, and the fish-woman and her friends indulged in uproarious hilarity. They finally thought proper to detach the lobster, as the victim was now fully convinced of its fresh-

ness. For the injuries sustained, Mrs. GREBUCHET claimed thirty francs; but the fish-woman maintained that she was not at all to blame, and that the mischief was the lady's own doing, who *would* put her nose between the lobster's claws, when she was told it was alive. The Tribunal took the same view of the case, and dismissed the complaint, ordering the plaintiff to pay the costs.' And 'served her right.' A 'lady' with such a name as GREBUCHET ought to be compelled to sleep with live lobsters under her pillow, to say nothing of her 'suspicious' character. - - - It 'doth appeareth' that there were other *tributes* to the memory of the victims of the Cochecho (New-Hampshire) rail-road disaster than were mentioned in a late poetical report in these pages; for here is a second hand-bill effusion which names additional 'parties:'

'Come all you tender Christians of high and low degree,
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me.
It is of as cruel a circumstance as ever you did hear,
Concerning a dreadful accident that happened in last year.

'It was on the twenty-first of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one
On the Cochecho Rail-road this sad accident was done;
The train left Dover at half-past five, it being in the afternoon,
But little did they expect to meet their deadly wound.

'It being three miles from the plains, that being the unlucky spot,
The cars they sunk and the engine upset;
These men jumped off, thinking their lives to save,
But to their great misfortune they met a watery grave.

'The other man was CHARLES YOUNG, was killed upon that day,
The other was an Irishman of noble fame, I hear them say.
RICHARD McCLUSKEY was his name, to Dover did belong,
Since the hour he was born, to no man he done wrong;
By that cruel accident, happened on that day,
By an over-plus of water his life was took away.

'All you sons of the Hibernian Society, that lives in Dover town,
Come sit you down beside me to your praises I will sound.
Like a true and social brethren you assembled on that day,
To bear the body of the victim RICHARD McCLUSKEY to the clay.

'Now to conclude and finish let every Christian pray,
For the victim RICHARD McCLUSKEY that is now laid in the clay.
As the LORD conveyed the Israelites across the raging sea,
May the King of Right I pray on sight his soul receive this day!'

That 'over-plus of water' is a new term for drowning, and *very* original is the idea of a spiritual draft 'on sight!' - - - HEARD from a Sunday-school teacher, just now, an illustration of *one* kind of 'Christian Forgiveness.' Improving upon the day's 'lesson,' the teacher asked a boy whether, 'in view' of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you,' said the teacher, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Ye-e-s, Sir,' replied the lad very slowly, 'I—guess—I—could;' But he added, in a much more rapid manner: 'I could, *if he was bigger than I am!*' Isn't there something of 'grown experience' in that? - - - WE postpone notices of several publications from our own and our sister cities, until our next number, some of which are already in type. Our port-folios, which have been fast filling, shall be overhauled soon, and the result made known to our contributors. - - - WELL, here you have the *First Number of our Fortieth Volume*. WE should like the opinion of our editorial contemporaries every where, 'as touching the fact' whether our Magazine, since it was reduced in price from five dollars to three per annum, has in any respect deteriorated; and whether, on the other hand, both internally and externally, we have not faithfully kept our promise, that there should be 'no change in the work, except for *the better*.' How is it, friends? 'Your voices, gentlemen!'

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COLONEL WILLIAM DUER.

FROM the tone of kindness and affection which pervades the letters of Hamilton to his early and constant friend, the late Colonel William Duer, contained in the 'Correspondence' of the former, edited by his son John C. Hamilton, Esquire, and published by authority of Congress, we have been induced to inquire more particularly respecting one for whom this great statesman and soldier of the Revolution, and ablest defender of the Federal Constitution, manifested so much regard and esteem. With this view we have had recourse to the 'Duer Papers,' in the library of the Historical Society, and other authentic sources of information, from which we have collected the materials of the following

MEMOIR.

WILLIAM, fourth son of the honorable John Duer, one of his Britannic Majesty's Council for the Island of Antigua, and of Frances, daughter of Major-General Rowland Frye, President of the same, was born at his paternal seat in Devonshire, England, on the eighteenth of March, 1747. His father, though residing in England, possessed large estates in Antigua, and in the neighboring Island of Dominica, then lately ceded to Great Britain. He was born in Antigua, but educated in England, from whence, in after-life, he occasionally visited his West-India property, residing for short periods at Antigua, where he cultivated two plantations, which had descended to him from one of the first English settlers, an officer of rank in the army of Charles the First.

At the death of that misguided monarch, this loyalist ancestor of Mr. Duer, with many others of the cavaliers, took refuge in the West Indies, and, in order to escape the notice of Cromwell, transformed his name of DE VERE into DUER. His grandson, John, was twice married. By his first wife he had an only son, called, after his gallant ancestor, EDWARD. He was a Captain of Grenadiers, and served in this country during the 'old French war.' Upon his return home, he married; and at his death left one child, a daughter, who married the late Commodore Yeo, and, if

still living, resides at the place in Devonshire inherited from her father. By his second wife John Duer had, beside the subject of this memoir, three sons and four daughters. Two of the former and one of the latter married and left children : but one of the children of those sons survive, a female, who married, and is now living ; so that, there being no collateral relations of the name, it has been transferred from England to America, where it bids fair to be continued.

William Duer and his two elder full brothers were educated at Eton. The elder one entered the church, and at his father's death became owner of the larger plantation in Antigua, near St. Johns. To the second son was given the smaller one, near English Harbor ; and to William and his younger brother the estate in Dominica. William had entered the army in his father's life-time, and went to India as aid-de-camp to Lord Clive, when that great man returned thither as Governor-General. He was but in his eighteenth year when he received this appointment, and probably owed it to the friendly intercourse existing between his father and his Lordship as country neighbors. After seeing some service there, he was attacked by the fever of the country, and during his convalescence was, by the advice of his physicians, sent home.

Upon reaching England, he found that his father had recently died, and, beside his share of the Dominica estate, had left him a handsome pecuniary legacy. This induced him to leave the army and repair to the West Indies, whither his younger brother had preceded him. Thence he visited the English colonies on this continent, to make arrangements for procuring and supplying lumber for the family plantations in the West Indies, and to avail himself of a contract to furnish the British Navy with masts and spars, which he had obtained through the interest of his brother-in-law, a son of the Earl of Marchmont, the friend and correspondent of Pope.

With this double object William Duer came to New-York in 1768, bringing with him credentials from the Admiralty to the colonial authorities, and letters of introduction to the most eminent private residents of the city and province ; among others, to Lord Stirling and Colonel (afterward General) Philip Schuyler. The former informed him of a tract of land suitable to his purposes, then on sale near the residence of the latter, and advised him to repair immediately to Colonel Schuyler, at Saratoga, for farther information and advice. He lost no time in commencing the journey ; and, at its end, was received by Schuyler with the generous hospitality for which he was distinguished. Hence began that intimate and confidential friendship between them which ended only with the life of Mr. Duer. Upon the recommendation of Colonel Schuyler, he made the purchase, including the falls of Fort Miller, about five miles above Saratoga, in the town of Argyle, on the east bank of the Hudson.

Here he immediately commenced felling the lofty pines and other timber, with which the tract abounded, and erected saw-mills, to which he afterward added a large grist-mill, a snuff-mill, and, when the revolutionary war seemed inevitable, a powder-mill. And, as he had resolved to make the place his permanent residence, he built a spacious and commodious mansion, rather adapted to the accommodation of a family than to his own comforts as a bachelor. He had not long resided

there, when he was appointed Colonel of the militia, and a Judge of the courts of the county, which offices he held until the Revolution.

In the year 1773, he paid a short and last visit to his native country. Having there settled his affairs under his father's will, he returned within the year to New-York, by way of the West Indies, where also he had business to arrange. He immediately resumed his residence at Argyle, and continued in the prosecution of the objects of his establishment until the commencement of the revolutionary war. He was shortly afterward elected a member of the Provincial Congress, by which body he was tendered the office of Adjutant-General, but declined the appointment from an impression that he could be more useful in a civil station. When, in anticipation of the Declaration of Independence, the several colonies, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Continental Congress, proceeded to form State Constitutions, Mr. Duer was elected a member of the New-York Convention; and soon after taking his seat was chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety, together with John Jay, Egbert Benson, and Comfort Sands. To this Committee dictatorial power was delegated during the recess after the final adjournment of the Convention, and until the organization of the government under the State Constitution. It was while serving on this Committee, which held its sessions at Fishkill, that Colonel Duer proposed *the burning of the city of New-York* to prevent its being occupied by the British army; and had he not been overruled by his colleagues, the energetic exploit of Rastopchin at Moscow would not have been unprecedented.*

During this period, also, he held those interviews, in the mountains near West-Point, with Enoch Crosby, the Harvey Birch of Cooper, upon which the adventure introduced into '*The Spy*' is founded. A narrative of the real circumstances which form the staple of the 'Tale' is given on the authority of Crosby himself in '*The Spy Unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch: by H. L. Barnum,*' published by the Messrs. Harper in 1828,† which proves that, in this case, as in many others, 'Truth is more marvellous than Fiction.'

When the State Constitution went into operation, Colonel Duer was elected to the Senate, but did not take his seat in that body, having, before he reached Albany, been chosen by the Legislature a delegate to the Continental Congress. In this august assembly he soon became distinguished for the ardor of his patriotism, and, although one of the youngest of its members, for the wisdom of his counsels. In eloquence he was unsurpassed.

A signal proof of his devotion to the cause of his adopted country, and attachment to the man on whom the success of that cause mainly depended, is related in Dunlap's History of New-York, upon the authority of the late General Morgan Lewis. On the fourteenth of October, 1777, Congress had resolved that no state should be represented by more than seven members, nor less than two. Afterward, at a critical period, when Congress had been driven from Philadelphia to York, in Pennsylvania, but two members were present from New-York, barely sufficient to enti-

* SEE his letter on file in the Secretary's office, Albany.

† SEE pp. 106-129.

tle the State to a vote. One of those, Colonel Duer, was confined to his bed by a violent fever, whereby the State was deprived of its vote. This left a majority of states in favor of the well-known 'Cabal,' consisting of Richard Henry Lee and his followers in Congress, and of Gates, Conway, Mifflin, Wilkinson, and their adherents, in the army. Availing themselves of this advantage, a day was appointed for nominating a committee to arrest WASHINGTON at Valley Forge. Francis Lewis, the other delegate in attendance from New-York, and father of the General, sent for one of the absentees. Colonel Duer sent for his physician, to consult him as to the possibility of his being carried to the court-house, where Congress sat. The doctor told him it was only possible at the risk of his life. The patient then inquired of the doctor whether he thought he should expire before reaching Congress. The former thought not, but declared that he would not answer for the latter's life twenty-four hours afterward. To this Mr. Duer replied: 'Doctor, you have done your duty, now I shall do mine.' He then directed a litter to be prepared, which was accordingly done, and the sick man placed in it, when the arrival of Gouverneur Morris, and the certainty that New-York would now be against them, induced the faction to abandon their project; and thus the hazardous experiment of Colonel Duer was rendered unnecessary.

General Gates and suite, of whom Colonel Lewis was one, but no party to the plot, had been detained by ice three days at the Susquehanna, where Mr. Morris joined them. On their arrival at York, he and Colonel Lewis immediately repaired to the quarters of the New-York delegation, and found Colonel Duer on the litter wrapped in blankets, and attended by his physician, ready to be carried to the court-house.*

This intrigue, which was but a link in the chain of machinations contrived by the same parties, was communicated by Colonel Duer to his friend Lord Stirling, by whom, as is well known, a subsequent one of the same parties was discovered, and revealed to General WASHINGTON. The correspondence relative to the first led to a greater intimacy and more frequent intercourse between Lord Stirling and Colonel Duer; and soon after the recovery of the latter, he received in marriage the daughter of his early friend. The ceremony took place at her father's seat near Bas-kingsridge, New-Jersey, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1779.

At the expiration of the term for which Colonel Duer had been elected to Congress, he declined a reëlection, having been persuaded by Lord Stirling to accompany him to the northern department, to the command of which the former had been appointed as Commissary-General. He therefore removed to Albany, where he continued to reside, with occasional visits to his estate at Argyle, until our troops had been withdrawn from the northern frontier, and the Commander-in-Chief established his headquarters at Newburgh. In order to be near him, Colonel Duer removed to a place on the opposite bank of the Hudson, not far from Fishkill Landing, where he remained with his family until the peace of 1783. It was while residing here that the memorable meeting of the officers of the army took place at Newburgh, to which WASHINGTON repaired in

* DUNLAP'S History of New-York: volume II., pp. 133, 134.

person, to prevent any rash proceedings, and exhibited the specimen of natural eloquence related by President Duer in his Address before the St. Nicholas Society, the account of which was probably received by him from his father, who was present on the occasion. Unwilling to trust to his power of extempore speaking, WASHINGTON 'reduced what he meant to say to writing, and commenced reading it without spectacles, which, at that period, he used only occasionally. He found, however, that he could not proceed without them. He stopped and took them out, and as he prepared to place them, he exclaimed: 'I have grown *blind*, as well as *gray*, in the service of my country.'

Upon the evacuation of New-York by the British troops, Colonel Duer removed to the city, which thenceforth seems to have been his permanent residence. His determination to make America his home had been the occasion of regret to his family in England, and especially of pain to his sisters. But the part he took at the Revolution in favor of his adopted country was approved by them all. His brothers and brother-in-law were staunch Whigs; and it appears from a letter to him from one of the former, that their maternal uncle, an East-India Director, contributed two hundred pounds sterling for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Americans slain at Bunker-Hill.

Not long after the departure of the British army, Congress removed from Philadelphia to New-York: in consequence of which, Robert Morris, the Superintendent of Finance, so justly celebrated for his services in that capacity during the war, resigned his office, from unwillingness to leave his place of residence, and preferring, now that peace was restored, to devote that time to the management of his own affairs which had been so long given to the public. On this occurrence Congress established a Board of Commissioners of the Treasury, of which Colonel Duer was appointed Secretary. In this office he continued until the Board was superseded by the Treasury Department under the present Federal Constitution.

In the interval he was elected a member of the State Legislature from the city and county of New-York, in order to promote the grant of the import-duties, as yet levied by the State, to Congress. But not even his eloquence could prevail against the selfish policy by which we were then governed. The refusal, however, contributed to forward the plan of a national government to which the power to impose such duties should be transferred; and when the new Federal Constitution was submitted to the people for their ratification, Colonel Duer engaged with all his native ardor in promoting its adoption. It appears also, from a letter of Mr. Madison to the son already mentioned in connection with the Newburgh meeting, that his father was the author of several papers auxiliary to the 'FEDERALIST,' in which the financial questions and measures arising out of the new Constitution were fully and ably discussed.* Subsequently, while the Constitution was under consideration in the state conventions, he was the organ of communication between the leading Federalists in those of New-York and Virginia.† Mr. Madison, in his

* SEE DUER'S Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States: p. 373, Appendix.

† SEE Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States: pp. 367-370, Appendix.

letter above referred to, alludes to their correspondence on that occasion in the following terms: 'I had, as you may recollect, an acquaintance with your father, to which his talents and social accomplishments were very attractive; and there was an incidental correspondence between us, interchanging information at a critical moment, when the elections and state conventions, which were to decide the fate of the new Constitution, were taking place.' *

After the adoption of the constitution, Colonel Duer had resolved to retire from office, and give that attention to his private affairs which, after so many years spent in the public service, they may be well supposed to have needed. But, at the earnest solicitation of his friend Hamilton, recently appointed Secretary of the Treasury under the new government, he consented to accept, temporarily, the subordinate station of Assistant Secretary, created expressly for him, and to remain in it until the machinery of the Department was set in motion, and a system of taxation and revenue fully digested. To these subjects he now gave his whole attention, and by his calculations and counsels materially aided and diminished the labors of his friend and chief. In this office and these employments he continued until the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia.

During his connection with the Treasury he had been led to the consideration of questions relating to the encouragement of domestic manufactures, and the protection due to the productive industry of the country. To reduce his principles to practice, he proposed, and assisted in forming, a company for the manufacture of woollen cloths, and, upon its incorporation by the Legislature of New-Jersey, was placed at its head. No time was lost in erecting the first mill at the falls of the Passaic, and setting it in motion; and from this beginning arose the flourishing town of Paterson, with its numerous and various manufactories. At a later period, he established a cotton-mill on the river Bronx, in the county of Westchester, which, it is believed, was the first of the kind known in this country.

It would have been well for Colonel Duer had he confined himself to manufactures, in conjunction with the contracts his former experience led him to engage in with the government, for supplying the army in the western country, under General Sinclair, during the first Indian war, with clothing, as well as provisions and military stores. These objects, though profitable, were not sufficient to satisfy his active and enterprising spirit; and, with all the confidence of his sanguine temperament, he entered ardently and largely into speculations in the public securities, both of the United States and of the several States, under a full conviction that such portions of the latter as had been issued for debts contracted in the revolutionary war, for the common benefit of the confederacy, would be assumed by the United States, and the whole funded. He was equally confident as to the future value of the stock of the first Bank of the United States, and of the rise of land in the military tracts of the State of New York; and accordingly purchased extensively in both.

Although, by his advice, and the use of his name, he had contributed

* *Ibid.* p. 373. See also a very interesting letter respecting the nomination of the first Vice-President, *ibid.* pp. 369, 370.

to the fortunes of several of his friends, he at length became a victim, not so much to his own imprudence and misplaced confidence in others, as to a strange misconception on the part of a subordinate officer of the Treasury, who supposed him to be deeply indebted to the government. This official, finding, upon his entrance into the department, two charges unbalanced in the books against Mr. Duer — one in 1788 and the other in 1789 — for certain *indents of interest* delivered to him, amounting together to two hundred thousand dollars, hastily concluded that the debt still existed. Without inquiring into the nature of the transaction, he directed a suit to be brought against Colonel Duer to recover that sum. The latter immediately pleaded a set-off to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, which was sufficient to cover the debt claimed to be due from him, together with the amount due to him under his army-contracts, then unliquidated. Upon the interposition of this plea, the suit was suspended, and no farther proceedings ever had in it.

But the mischief was already done. The remedy came too late. The private creditors of Mr. Duer were alarmed, and prosecuted him for demands which, but for this untoward interference of the Treasury official, he would have been amply able to satisfy, by unforced sales of his lands and *scrip*, as the certificates given upon his subscription of stock in the Bank of the United States were called. Indeed, the latter alone would have sufficed to meet all private claims against him, could he have retained it until the stock was issued, as was abundantly proved by its rapid and extraordinary rise after the Bank went into operation. Prevented in this, his ruin was inevitable and complete; and he was constrained to execute an assignment of the greater and more valuable part of his estate for the benefit of his confidential creditors, and such others as chose to avail themselves of it and agreed to its conditions. But few did so. Executions were issued against the remnant of his property, not included in the assignment, as well as against his person. The one was sacrificed at sheriff's sales; the other never was discharged, although eventually, his remaining debts did not exceed ten thousand dollars!

The *indents*, upon which the fatal suit of the government was founded, appear to have been delivered to him while Secretary of the Treasury, for confidential purposes, shortly before, and immediately after, the organization of the government under the new Constitution; and, from the nature of the case, either no vouchers were taken, or, if taken and preserved, they were rendered personally to the President or Secretary of the Treasury, at periods subsequent to the transaction; and, if ever deposited in the department of the latter, they must have been destroyed in some of the conflagrations of the Treasury buildings. Upon either of the former suppositions, it is easy to account for the omission, in the books in which the charges were made, of the objects to which the securities in question were to be applied. Upon either of the latter, it would be difficult.

It is equally difficult to believe that large advances of money, as was at different times the case, would have been made to Colonel Duer in 1791 and 1792, upon the contracts he entered into with both the treasury and war departments for the supply of the western army, had he then been considered a debtor to the government, in a sum much greater than the amount to be expended by him under those contracts,

and for which, indeed, there remained heavy claims upon the Treasury at his death. For the settlement of these, his representatives have frequently petitioned Congress, hitherto without success; the standing objection to their allowance being their antiquity, although more ancient claims by others, and for larger amounts, have, in the mean time, been satisfied. But, what is more extraordinary, upon one of the contracts in question, which, with the knowledge of the government, was signed by an agent, but for the benefit of Mr. Duer, the former was sued in the year 1802, three years after the death of the latter, for advances made upon it. From this suit the agent petitioned Congress to be relieved; and he was released from all liability in respect to the contract in question, upon showing that Colonel Duer was the real party in interest, known as such to the government, and upon producing vouchers and proofs of expenditures under the contract for a much larger amount than was claimed to be due.* This balance forms an item of the claims preferred by the representatives of Colonel Duer.

Notwithstanding the surrender and sacrifice of his property, Mr. Duer remained, for a time, not wholly without resources for the support of his family, and the education of his younger children. He still possessed some lands in the States of Vermont and Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, not liable to execution by his creditors. He made advantageous sales of these, and secured his wife's dower in the former, by the bond of the purchaser to trustees for her benefit; the interest of which was paid for a few years, when the purchaser, discovering that, by the laws of Vermont, no right of dower vested in a wife, availed himself of the circumstance with success in a plea to a suit brought upon the bond. Her right as to the lands in Maine had been signed off at their sale; the proceeds of which were invested, for the benefit of his family, in the cotton-mill before mentioned. The title to it was transferred to trustees, who subsequently disposed of the property to the purchaser of the lands in Vermont, who, residing out of the State of New-York, made it a condition that Colonel Duer should, at a salary to be deducted from its profits, continue to direct and superintend the agents to whom its management had been entrusted. The bond of that person, who had brought a large capital with him from Europe, which was considered a sufficient security, was given to the trustees for the consideration-money, upon the sale. Mr. Duer continued his superintendence of the establishment until the sudden and unexpected failure of the proprietor, when his salary ceased and the bond became worthless. Thus was he deprived of his last resource.

He did not long survive the loss. Broken in constitution as well as fortune, his bodily disease aggravated by his mental sufferings, and both increased by the prospect of leaving his family destitute, yet he did not despair. He remembered who had promised to be a friend to the widow, and a father to the orphan, and he calmly resigned his spirit to the God who gave it on the seventh of May, 1799.

It is surely enough to excite not merely sympathy, but indignation, to look back upon the career of one who entered life with the advantages and prospects of Colonel Duer, and its termination. Had he not been com-

* See 'American State Papers,' vol. 'Claims:' p. 267.

pelled, as we have seen, to leave India, he would in all human probability have gained wealth and fame, upon a field where many inferior to him in natural and acquired talents have risen to distinction and accumulated fortunes. Had he, on his return, remained in England, he might there have won the celebrity, either in the field or in parliament, or in both, which others, and among them some of his contemporaries and connections, not possessed of his abilities for command, or a tithe of his eloquence, have attained. But PROVIDENCE seems to have reserved him for his adopted country, to whose service he devoted his best years, and in whose cause he was ready, as we have seen, to offer up his life a willing sacrifice. Is it not lamentable that such a man should have fallen a victim to the officious intermeddling of a clerk, and the consequent panic of his creditors?

His widow survived him many years, and lived to see their children reaping the fruits of an education in the severe but salutary school of adversity. To lighten the burdens of their parents, the two elder sons entered, at early ages, one the navy, the other the army, and served during our difficulties with France, from 1798 to 1801. They then commenced the study of the law, and in due time its practice; with what success they pursued it we need not mention. Both were elevated to the Bench, which the younger still adorns. The elder, after serving in the Legislature and in the courts for upward of twenty years, was elected President of Columbia College, in which office he continued for more than half that period, when he was compelled by ill health to resign it, and retire into the country, where, having regained it, he lives among the hills of New-Jersey, in the enjoyment of a green old age, surrounded by several of his family, and the choicest blessings of domestic life. The daughters of Colonel Duer have been equally blessed in their respective spheres. A younger son married and died in early life, leaving two children, both of whom are married, and one has a family, as have most of the elder branches of the family; some of them, indeed, children's children. Thus has a family, extinct in its ancestral land, when transplanted to a more genial soil, increased and multiplied to the fourth generation, with the promise of numbering its thousands.

S O N N E T .

OFTTIMES I fling me on a mossy hill,
 Beneath the shade of some o'er-arching tree,
 And listen to the hum of breeze and bee,
 And modest melody of bird and rill.
 Serene CONTENTMENT dwelleth ever here,
 The purest spirit of my leafy cell;
 And LOVE and JOY surround me with a spell;
 And HOPE, the daughter of the dawning year,
 Sings music to me, chasing all things drear.
 Oh, happy faeries of my solitude!
 Companions of my silent, sylvan hours!
 I would that SPRING, with her young band of flowers,
 And you, ye happy, heart-delighting brood,
 And I, might *ever* dwell in this breeze-haunted wood!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

J P

ADDRESS TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

WHEN first the Indian, on his wild survey,
 Broke from the covert of his forest way,
 And on thy shore a breathing statue stood
 To gaze upon thy silver-gleaming flood;
 If ever Indian struck poetic fire,
 Or faintest warble from APOLLO's lyre,
 If ever red-man breathed a grateful prayer
 To the GREAT SPIRIT, it was then and there!

On our cold border of Canadian hills,
 Midst lonely lakelets and unnoted rills,
 Thou hast thy birth, sweet River of the Vale,
 Of fountains purest, and that never fail.
 My fancy paints thee on thy march begun,
 The infant river's first essay to run:
 A sturdy brooklet, gathering the springs,
 And giving 'promise of much greater things.'
 So some bright genius, from a lonely birth,
 Goes with his God-gifts to rejoice the earth.

On glides the stream, and with increasing length,
 Receives in trust its volume and its strength:
 Here, by wild mountain shagg'd with piney hair,
 A brook comes tumbling down its rocky stair,
 Leaps to thy bosom with a shout of joy,
 Like some delighted, journey-promised boy;
 There, more like maiden, sweet, composed and still,
 Steals from the plain the tributary rill.
 Anon, fresh from its native mountains roll'd,
 Wild Ammonoosuc, with its waters cold,
 Adds to thy wealth; and farther still along,
 Sweet Ashuelot hails thee with a song.
 Pocomptuc, hermit of the western hills,
 Gives to thy flood his own collected rills;
 Fretted with toil, and seeking rest in thee,
 Sinks to thy breast the laboring Chicopee;
 And Westfield, murmuring for its Indian name,
 Still bright and sparkling as at first it came
 From Berkshire's caverned hills and rifts of snow,
 Adds to thy pureness, as it swells thy flow.

Oh, life-blood of the valley, and of me!
 Thus pulsing on, thy current seeks the sea;
 And when thy shores give place to Ocean's tide
 That opes before thee, rolling far and wide,
 Like one whose life in blessing has been passed,
 Thou glidest calmly to thy rest at last.

So rich and varied, with enchantment rare,
 Along thy banks thy bordering beauties are;
 Should painter copy faithfully and true
 The scenic glories that belong to you,

Scarce nature copied would his picture seem,
But some bright, beauteous, ideal dream.
Variety is thine; as if to move
The multifarious taste of man to love:
Here, by green shores thy waters seem to sleep;
There, flashing, dashing, in a torrent leap,
Flecking with foam the trembling, cliffy shore,
And sending far abroad their muffled roar.

Oft, waked at midnight, I have mused to hear,
Borne by the night-breeze to my 'dreaming ear,'
The solemn anthem of thy thundering tide,
Where TURNER battled, and the Indian died.
Now lulled the breeze—a whisper hoarse of grief;
Now swelling rose the death-song of the chief;
And Justice, prompting with his rigid power,
Scann'd History's record at the thoughtful hour.
Ah, yet more just shall that stern record be
To those who loved, and named, and died for thee!

Thou dost exert an influence in thy flow
Strong as thy current, and as silent too.
Thy shores that bless with beauty every eye,
Thy placid waters stealing calmly by,
Thy elms so full of dignity serene,
Thy mountains sleeping o'er a quiet scene,
Incite to peaceful thoughts, and ope the road
That leads 'through Nature up to Nature's God.'

And many hardy wanderers of the deep,
Who plough its billows or beneath them sleep,
First dreamed of ocean in life's morn, when they
Toiled on thy banks, or strayed in childish play:
Thy mimic surges, whispering on the shore,
Awakened love for ocean's solemn roar;
Thy seaward journey, and expanse so wide,
Waked curious longings for the shoreless tide.
Then Fancy pictured, with her colors gay,
Their hopeful future, bright, and far away:
A life of daring on the ocean-wave,
The fadeless laurels of the seaman brave,
Such as MACDONOUGH and DECATUR wore,
The flag of Freedom and the battle's roar;
The piping winds, the music of the deep,
All vaguely blended as in dreams of sleep,
Wrought those high colors on their youthful brain
Which Time will fade, but not retouch again.

How oft a LEDYARD can from distant lands
Look back to thy bright flood and silver sands
As first incentives to that spirit high
Which stirs the trav'ler, and directs his eye
O'er earth in search of paradise to roam,
To find, at last, 't was left with thee at home!

And much I owe thee; more than I can sing:
E'er half-fledged Fancy tried her fluttering wing,
When floating thoughts, of Truth and Fiction born,
Hung, like thy misty cloud on April morn,

O'er and around me — vapors of the brain,
 Now like to something, now convolved again —
 Thy charming influence shaped the forming strain ;
 It rose incited by the Naiad throng ;
 God gave the elements — thou gav'st the song !
 And kneeling, now, beside thy crystal brink,
 Thou'rt the Piërian from which I drink.

Oh, sweetest stream that poet ever sung !
 Here to thy waters is my offering flung.
 Would that its worth were such, a bard might know
 Thou wouldst upbear it while those waters flow !
 And when, in years that swift are stealing on,
 I to the shadowed spirit-realms have gone,
 Some bard more skilful and with sweeter lyre
 May thee emblazon with APOLLO's fire :
 Smoother than mine his strains for thee may move,
 But more devoted *cannot be* his love.

Gill, on the Connecticut.

J D C

T H E M I D N I G H T E X C U R S I O N .

A LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF GRAND RIVER.

BY LEWIS J. BATES.

THE valley of Grand River, the largest in Michigan, is perhaps the most noted for the beauty of its scenery, which cannot fail to awaken the interest of the traveller, especially when viewed in the luminous, balmy atmosphere of the Indian Summer ; when the rich, gorgeous tints of the foliage of the nearer upland trees contrast so delicately with the dark green of the far-off 'bottom' and 'timbered' lands, or the pendent branches of the stately pine. True, its beauty is of that quiet, dreamy kind, so perfectly in accordance with the soft languor of the drowsy air ; but this renders it none the less pleasing : it is just the scene for the imagination to revel in unrestrained ; leading the beholder back to the time when the foot of the white man had never paced the deep arcades of the cool forest, nor his eye drank in the placid beauty of the gentle river, nor his ear listened to the grand, swelling anthem of the waving pines. And at such a time, when he contrasts the appearance of the mighty unbroken forest of the past with the smiling hamlets and villages that now meet him at every turn of the road, has he not felt the conviction that this great, almost magical change, has not taken place without noble daring, long privation, severe toil, and dispiriting disappointment ; in fact, all of the strange and beautiful, in incident and adventure, which constitutes romance ?

Twelve or fourteen years ago, when the now flourishing young city of Grand Rapids was but a trading-post for a few straggling Indians, and containing, all told, hardly half-a-dozen houses ; when, for miles up and down the river, but one or two white families were to be found ; a single

lone log-house stood near the present village of Lyons, long known to the early inhabitants as the 'Genero Place.' With but two exceptions, this was the only building in the township; and, though inhabited by a family of 'half-breeds,' (as those having a stain of Indian blood in their veins were called,) was, nevertheless, the most considerable trading-post and general stopping-place in the county.

In those days, as the houses of white settlers were so distant from each other that a day's journey was usually required for one to visit many of those whom he denominated 'next-door neighbors,' every person was expected to keep open house for the entertainment of all travelers or other persons who passed that way, expecting to be, in turn, himself accommodated, at any time he chose to return the call; and few ever regretted availing themselves of the kind-hearted hospitality of the hardy settlers.

Few in numbers, and unable to see each other, from the remoteness of their several places of abode, more than half-a-dozen times a year, at best, when they did meet, one can easily believe, the greeting was a warm one; and the evenings passed happily in the enjoyment of those social pleasures from which they had been so long debarred, the jovial settlers taking 'no note of time,' as they puffed away at the friendly pipe and told long tales of the hardships, sufferings, and privations of each since they last met; how 'neighbors B.'s provision-bar'll had gi'n out, and he'd been living on tater-tops and what meat he could kill for the last six months;' or how 'old Bill A. had been having the ager, and his folks pickin' up a livin' out o' roots and yarbs;' or brushed away the starting tear, as they learned, for the first time, of the death of some old companion or trusty friend, who had, perhaps, been under the sod for six months, and they all the while ignorant of their loss.

The speculation in land, which has so greatly retarded the growth and prosperity of many of the western states, was not as yet over, although slowly subsiding; and men were frequently called upon, at all hours of the day and night, to guide the inquiring speculator to some section already fixed upon, or to point out the best mill or probable county-seat in the knowledge of the pioneer; and it is not a little remarkable, that more than one fourth of the whole number of sections located, no matter how absurd the expectation, were 'probable county-seats.' So eager were the contending parties, whenever one portion of land happened to be selected by two or three different individuals, or was supposed to have attracted ever so slightly the eye of a rival, that no pains or expense were spared to hunt it out, ascertain the section and township, and register it as 'located' in the Land-Office, in advance of all competition.

Of those who were most frequently employed in this manner, A. F. Bell, then a young and enterprising lawyer, became perhaps as well known as any; and no doubt laid, in his pursuit as 'land-hunter,' the basis of his future success in life. In fact, he appeared to have a natural talent that way, and could point the inquiring speculator to half-a-dozen sections in a row, in any given township, no matter where, each or all of which he was ready, for a sufficient compensation, to warrant as the location of the future county-seat, or the site of a large manufacturing city; and could, when liberally rewarded, plant his foot on the

precise spot of ground where the corner-stone of the future city-hall would be laid. The bluff heartiness of his manners won at once the confidence of his hardy companions; and his extensive knowledge of the surrounding country made him an invaluable acquisition to the exploring parties who penetrated into that region of the wilderness.

Late one afternoon, being suddenly called upon to find a tract of land lying some distance up Maple river, which empties into Grand river at the village of Lyons, he proceeded to the Genero House to find a companion to accompany him on his expedition. Here he found a man named Jackson, a half-breed, who had often accompanied him before, sitting in a kind of brown study over the fire, whose services he engaged; and a boy was despatched for a man named Hunt, one of the earliest settlers of the village, who, it had been ascertained, was intending to proceed in the same direction, and whose company would make up quite a pleasant little party.

It was a cold, bitter cold, dreary night in mid-winter—for the night had set in before their arrangements were complete—and the two sat over the fire, spinning yarns, sipping from the brandy-flask, as cosily and comfortably as if they expected to turn into a warm bed, rather than attempt a long journey through the dark forest, occasionally, as they grew more and more mellow and merry, breaking out in the wild chorus of some backwoods song. The snow lay in deep drifts, but the river, having remained open until after it had fallen, was frozen smooth and glassy as a mirror; and the pair drew on their over-coats, muffled up their throats, took down their rifles and skates, and replenishing the bottle, awaited with impatience the arrival of Hunt.

At length he came, bringing in with him a great quantity of snow, and a gust of frosty air that made his companions shiver in spite of their rugged frames.

‘Tell *you* now, boys, it’s a smasher—it is!’ he exclaimed, as he knocked his heels together and shook the snow from his great shaggy bear-skin cap and coat. ‘Here’s luck!’ he added, as he took a long pull at the flask.

Though the conversation was kept up with spirit, Jackson was observed by his companions to pause suddenly, and grow abstracted, during the last few moments; but, on being rallied about it, he laughed, though with a sickly effort, and appeared half inclined to remain at home. The sly winks of his companions, however, first at himself, and then at the brandy-flask, overcame his objections, whatever they were, and he became, in a few moments, the gayest of the party.

It might be that he had a presentiment of coming evil; but, if so, he kept the secret locked in his breast, and his comrades never discovered his motives.

Men who consider themselves above all superstitious notions, all exploded theories of spiritual impressions, may smile as they will at the numerous and well-authenticated accounts of forewarnings, forebodings, and similar phenomena; but there are those who firmly believe, and on reasonable grounds too, that PROVIDENCE does sometimes, in mercy, permit men to lift for a moment the veil that hides the mysterious future; but the glance is so sudden and unexpected, that but little is known or

felt as a fixed fact, but rather as a dreamy, morbid impulse ; an indefinable feeling of impending danger, into which the person often plunges in spite of his shadowy apprehensions.

Binding on their glittering skates at the water's edge, the party sped merrily away, making the woods echo with song, and shout, and jest, and merry laugh. The moon lacked some hours of being down, and the wind surged heavily through the naked branches of the trees, that glittered like fairy giants with the pendent icicles, flashing and crackling in the clear moon-light. The crisp, black ice gleamed and sparkled beneath their flying feet, which left long, white, undulating lines upon its surface, now clearly revealed as they kept along in the centre of the stream, and anon growing vague and indistinct as they approached the shadows of the gloomy shore. The solitary howl of some startled wolf, or the sudden rending of a frozen limb, were the only sounds to cheer them on their lonely way, save the dead souging of the night-wind in the thick forest, and the sharp rattling of the icy boughs.

Mile after mile had been traversed, and the party, at first so noisy, had sunk into utter silence, save the ringing of their skate-irons. At first, Hunt, the most sensitive, had shivered, then grown less noisy, and was finally altogether silent, save a muttered yes or no to the remarks of his companions ; and the others soon followed his example, occasionally slapping their hands violently together, and drawing in a long, shivering breath. The cold, at first severe, had now become intense ; and the moon, already on the wane, was occasionally hid by dark, sombre clouds, whose silent shadows, like dim giant spectres, stole over the wintry landscape, changing it alternately from bright light to intense darkness.

Bell was the last to yield to the influence of the cold ; and by this time Hunt was growing drowsy, and had fallen behind. Recourse was had to the brandy-flask, and for a few minutes the men sped on with renewed vigor ; but the false heat of the liquid stimulant soon evaporated, and they were again cold, weary, and silent. Doubts as to whether they had not passed their place of destination began to be expressed ; and finally, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Bell, the leader, the other two determined to return, unless they reached the end of their journey, an old empty log-hut, close to the water's edge, within half an hour at farthest.

The scene had grown wild in the extreme within the last few minutes. The stream was here much narrower, and of course the current was stronger, gurgling and boiling beneath the ice like the muttered tones of some imprisoned demon ; and the steep, bluff banks towered high above them, almost shutting out the glimpses of moon-light they occasionally had. Jackson seemed to have a return of his gloomy forebodings ; and his companions noticed, whenever he turned toward them, that his features wore a wild, startled expression, contrasting strangely with the cold glitter of his eyes, which were of that jet-black hue which every where distinguishes and accompanies the slightest tincture of Indian blood.

Just at a long bend in the river, there is a short succession of ripples in the water, marking what is usually called a rift, or rapids ; but the

river was now frozen over there, and was about three feet in depth. Immediately above the rapids there is a long, low island, and the ice about the lower end of this was covered with snow.

Finding they could not proceed on the channel they had first chosen, the trio turned back, Jackson leading the way, and attempted to pass round the foot of the island, into the opposite channel. Jackson, who had just been drinking from the flask, dashed fearlessly ahead, although Bell warned him to proceed more cautiously; and Hunt followed with as little prudence, for the intense cold had rendered him reckless of consequences.

Suddenly the ice cracked, broke short off, and Jackson was plunged into the water breast-deep; and the cake which had broken under his weight, being on the upper side, turned up, slowly, steadily, against his breast, with the force of the current, and swept him remorselessly under the ice. For a moment his hands grasped the edge of the field with a convulsive and desperate gripe; but it crumbled beneath his weight, and his last hold on life was broken for ever. He uttered no cry, made no desperate struggles, but turned his eyes imploringly upon his comrades, with a hideous *smile*,* which they can never forget!

Hunt, who had advanced too near the edge of the yawning gulf, slipped suddenly in, with a wild, startling cry; but Bell, grasping a tuft of willows to support himself, extended to him the muzzle of his gun, and, grasping it, he was drawn from his perilous position.

Recoiling from the side of the yawning chasm, the pair gazed, awe-struck, upon each other, and then turned their faces down-stream, in the faint hope of seeing something more of the victim so suddenly borne from them by the relentless waters. As they gazed, just where the water over the rapids below was shallowest, the ice was seen to heave and bend upward, as if by the application of some giant power beneath, and a hollow, pent-up cry of distress swelled and reverberated from the cavernous depth, then died away into the low dirge of the moaning wind, and the hoarse, mocking laugh of the imprisoned torrent!

Rooted to the spot, with eyes starting with horror, the two turned their faces upon each other a moment, and then hastily fled the spot. The wild, low howl of a startled wolf swept mournfully after them on the night-air, from the black, shadowy edge of the forest.

For a while they steadily proceeded down-stream, in silence, casting fearful and restless glances at the great gnarled limbs of the gaunt pines, as they stirred in the chilling wind. But Hunt's clothes were freezing to his body, and becoming so stiff that he could hardly use his limbs. His blood ran through his veins sluggishly, and grew icy cold. Bell noticed this, and at once stripped off the unfortunate man's coat, and replaced it with his own warm one, forcing a large draught of brandy down his throat. This revived him, and they sped swiftly on for nearly an hour; but the cold was intense, and, with his wet garments, it soon became evident that unless relief was shortly obtained, Hunt would never reach

* This is a fact, although somewhat singular. I have frequently seen Indians smile under the influence of extreme fear or distressing pain, and particularly in the case of a chief who was stabbed, in a drunken brawl, in half-a-dozen places.

home alive. Recourse was again had to the now nearly empty flask ; but, in pulling it from his pocket, Bell, who had himself grown numb and stiff, let it slip through his palsied fingers, and it was dashed to pieces on the rough ice.

The men became sensible that they were freezing, and their last hope was gone ! To add to the horrors of their situation, the moon had gone completely down, and the night was pitchy dark, for heavy black clouds obscured even the struggling light of the stars ; and they had forgotten the windings of the stream, and were totally ignorant of their whereabouts. Dismally howled the wind through the dark forest, as if sounding a dirge over the form of the already lost one, or roaring with wild glee over the prospect of two fresh victims.

To remain motionless was sure death ; to proceed was almost utterly impossible, so stiff had their frozen limbs become ; but, pale and staggering, more like the wan spectres of a horrid dream than living men, they toiled on. Scarcely had they proceeded a dozen rods, however, before Hunt declared his utter inability to proceed any farther. Poor man ! the death-chill, with its fatal lethargy, was on him, and his companion in vain endeavored to rouse him to farther action.

What was to be done ? To leave the unfortunate man where he was would be to expose him a certain prey to the cold grasp that was already upon his sluggish heart ; to carry him seemed hopeless ; but Bell determined to try.

Lifting his insensible brother upon his own broad shoulders, with weak, numb limbs, but a true, stout, warm heart, as ever beat in the brawny bosom of a western yeoman, he struggled on. The bluff banks towered high above him, dimly revealed by the light of a few stars that gleamed through a momentary opening in the clouds.

Either he had miscalculated the distance traversed by the party in ascending the stream, or the speed with which they had returned. Turning a bend in the river — was it a star that shone before him, with a clear, mellow ray ? No ; it could not be ; it was a light ! Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed a moment intensely forward, and then, with a cry of joy, sped on with renewed energy. A moment, and the high bluff banks were passed, he emerged upon the broad surface of Grand river, and the wide prairies struggling into the dim light, all white with the sheeted snow, lay spread before him ; he stood once more before the old well-known Genero Place, the door swung open, he entered with his burthen, and was saved.

Long months after, when Spring with her bright flowers and glad sunshine had clothed the earth in a fairy mantle again, an Indian announced the discovery of the body of a white man, in an old tree-top, lying in the river, some miles up-stream ; a deputation of villagers proceeded to the spot, and the remains of the victim of the midnight excursion were decently buried on the banks of the beautiful stream.

Both of the survivors of that horrible night are yet alive ; and one of them has the satisfaction of knowing that his exertions saved the life of his fellow. Neither will ever forget the incidents above narrated.

Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan.

T H E R E N E G A D E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

HARK, the citherns! Hark, the cymbals! How enchantingly they're sounding!
And the women — ah, the sweet ones! — how they in the dance are bounding;
While beside the cool strand, under his pavilion's purple shade,
Sits the honored prince and hero, sits the famed old Renegade.

For of all who crossed the billows, who the Christian land forsook,
And the Koran for the Bible, for the Cross the Turban took,
Smiled on no one, blessings showering, Fortune's sun so bounteously,
No one e'er became so mighty, e'er so rich and great as he.

And his slave the golden goblet clinks, while beam her eyes of jet:
'True, the Prophet it prohibits, the old tippler MAHOMET;
But thy slave, thy own beloved, SULMA commends it thee:'
'Cease that clatter, cease that clanging; like church-bells it sounds to me!'

'Lord, what ails thee? Do but tell me. Hast for pleasure no regard?
Dost thou long to range the desert for the lion and the pard;
Or wouldst rather on the Christian's hireling head to prove thy blade?'
'Name, oh! name not even the name of one whose hopes in CHRIST are stayed!'

Thus he spoke, and closed his eye-lids; then, as borne, by mystic power,
On the storm-wind's eagle pinions, sees a church before him tower:
From its lofty steeple gleams the golden cross, a peaceful star,
And he hears the organ roaring, and hears litany and prayer:

Sees himself, as in the golden morn of youth he used to be,
Ere into the Moor-land driven by the storms of Destiny,
A boy, fair-haired and rosy, a censer in his hand,
As he with a mien devoted at the altar's side doth stand:

Sees his sisters, the beloved ones, with the long enwoven braids,
Kneeling opposite and listening with their down-bowed angel heads;
Sees the kind eyes of his mother, as a mother's eyes will do,
Full of hope, yet apprehensive, softly fixed upon his brow:

Sees the priest with eye uplifted, ere the blessing yet is given,
And a thousand strange emotions wildly through his breast are driven,
When, alas! these words of thunder thrill his soul with dark dismay:
'Let him be accursed for ever, who from CHRIST has gone astray!'

Up he started from his slumber: 'Lord, the fleet has come once more,
With thy bold and sturdy Corsairs, thy true servants as of yore:
Come, with booty richly laden, from the far-off Christian land;
And behold! with slaves and captives, how already swarms the strand.'

Through the throng the old man presses. 'T was a scene for pitying tear:
There, together closely crowded, stood the victims, white with fear;
Youth and maiden, tender children, and old age in silver hair,
For, alas! devoid of mercy is the grim and fierce Corsair!

A tender stripling only fearless seems and confident:
On the sand one sees him kneeling, heavenward his look is bent;
In his hands a little carven crucifix he firmly grasps,
Which he often lifts and kisses, often to his bosom clasps!

Round his rosy youthful features flows his hair in waves of gold,
And his neck, as for the death-stroke, he unfaltering doth hold;
Looks, with gaze though proud yet gentle, in the Prince's countenance,
And his cheek, it still is rosy, and unwavering his glance.

And the Renegade in silence gazed on crucifix and boy,
While a tear-drop, all unbidden, appeared trembling in his eye.
Back unto his palace goes he, wherefore there were none could say;
But he ordered all the Christians freed upon that self-same day!

HORACE RUBLEE.

A C H A P T E R O N N A M E S .

BY D. H. JACQUES.

'SINE nomine, homo non est.'

PUTEBANUS.

'Notre nom propre, c'est nous-mêmes.'

SALVERTE.

'WHAT'S in a name?'

Love is a sophist, and the implied but false answer to Juliet's impassioned query is, 'Nothing!' Nothing? Every thing, rather, in thy case, O 'White Dove of Verona!'—enough at least to raise a barrier between thee and the Romeo of thy heart-worship which even love cannot surmount! Such, it seems to me, is the teaching of Shakspeare, in the play; and the world's experience confirms it.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy ones to their children; and the Pythagoreans taught that the minds, actions, and success of men were according to the appellations which they bore. The Romans seem to have been equally impressed with the same idea. *Bonum nomen bonum omen*, became a popular maxim among them. To select *bona nomina* was always an object of solicitude, and it was considered quite enough to damn a man that he bore a name of evil import. Livy, speaking of such an appellation, calls it *abominandi ominis nomen*. A similar belief prevailed among all the nations of antiquity. It embodied a truth which has not yet lost its significance or its importance. To a man with the name of Higgins or Snooks, no amount of talent or genius is of any avail. He cannot possibly raise himself above a very humble sphere of usefulness. Or let an unfortunate biped have attached to him the appellation of Gotobed, a name which has been borne by many a worthy individual, and he may quite innocently sleep all day! His waking efforts can effect nothing to elevate him to any position of honor or distinction. He bears about him 'the doom of everlasting medioc-

city.' John is a most excellent name, and Smith is a surname which is worthy of respect and honor, but wo to the man on whom they are conjoined! For John Smith to aspire to senatorial dignities or to the laurel of the poet is simply ridiculous. Who is John Smith? He is lost in the multitude of John Smiths, and individual fame is impossible.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the ancients with reference to their well-understood meaning. Sometimes they were commemorative of some incident or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them: as, Thomas, *a twin*; Maius, *May*, (applied to one born in that month;) Septimus, *the seventh*. In other cases, they were expressive of the aspirations, desires, or hopes of the parents: as, Victor, *one who conquers*; Probus, *truthful*; Felix, *happy*; Benedict, *blessed*. Not unfrequently they were descriptive of personal qualities: as, Macros, *tall*; Pyrrhus, *ruddy*; Rufus, *red-haired*.

Names are as significant now as they were in the days of Plato, and as important, but we ignorantly or carelessly misapply them, making of them the most absurd misnomers. 'A man with the name of George or Thomas,' as Leigh Hunt very justly observes, 'might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hat-band!' Blanche is now any thing but the flaxen-haired *blonde* which her name indicates. Isabel is no longer *brown*. Cecilia (*gray-eyed*) belies her name, and 'lets fly the arrows of love' from orbs of heavenly blue. Rebecca, who ought to be somewhat *embonpoint*, 'rounded into beauty,' as the poet hath it, is perhaps a slender, lily-like maiden, better suiting the name of Susan. As thus misapplied, our personal nomenclature is worse than meaningless. We should deem the person either hopelessly insane or unpardonably ignorant, who should, in science or in business, thus misuse well-understood terms.

I am not disposed to enter the domain of the abstract, and show, as I might, that there is an inherent fitness in names for persons and things; a correspondence between the word-symbol and the object which it was originally intended to represent, intuitively recognized by the soul, though perhaps not fully comprehended. My design is a more practical one. I propose to present here some of the personal names now in use in this country, with their origin and signification; together with such illustrations, etymological, historical, and poetical, as may occur to my mind while I write. If what I may offer shall prove in the humblest way instrumental in restoring our individual nomenclature to its original significance and importance, I shall not have written in vain.

ADA is well known as the name of Byron's only daughter. It is from the Saxon, (*Edith, Eadith, or Eade, Ada,*) and signifies *happy*.

'Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
ADA?'

BYRON.

ADELAIDE is of German derivation, and has the meaning of a *princess*.

'A LITTLE maid,
Golden-tressed *Adelaide*.'

PROCTOR.

Adeline is only a different form of the same name.

'WHAT alleth thee? whom waltest thou,
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, *Adeline*?'

TENNISON.

AGATHA, *good*, is from the Greek. To be worthy of this name, indicative as it is of all the virtues, is an object which may well enlist the highest ambition of the fair ones who bear it, whether maidens or wives.

AGNES, *chaste*, is also from the Greek, and is one of the best names in use among us. None but pure, gentle, and loving beings, it would seem, should bear it; but in one case, at least, it has belonged to one in whom the heroic predominated over every gentle sentiment: *Black Agnes* of Dunbar, who, as the reader of history will recollect, kept her husband's castle, like a lioness, against his enemies:

'TWINE, ye roses, for the brow
Of the lady of my vow,
My *Agnes* fair!'

ALFRED is Saxon, and signifies *all-peace*. It is a good name, and should be a favorite among us, boasting as we do of our Saxon or Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to the great and good king who bore it 'in the olden time.'

ALICIA, or *Alice*, is from the Latin, and has the meaning of *noble*. It is one of the sweetest of our female names:

'OH that I were beside her now!
Oh! will she answer if I call?
Oh! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet *Alice*, if I told her all!'

TENNISON.

ALPHONSO is said to be the Spanish form of the ancient Gothic *Elfun*, *our help*. It is a euphonious name, but is now seldom used. Byron damned it to everlasting ridiculousness in one of his inimitable rhymes:

'UNGRATEFUL, perjured, barbarous *Don Alphonso*,
I really wonder how you can go on so!'

AMELIA, or *Amelie*, (French, *Aimée*,) signifies *beloved*. *Amy*, or *Amie*, and *Emily*, have the same derivation and meaning. Our vocabulary contains no sweeter or more *loveable* name. Happy is she who bears a name pregnant with such sacred significance, and happy the man who is privileged to whisper it in her ear as the highest word of endearment: *Aimée*, beloved! The reader will recollect, in connection with this name, that dark page in the romance of history which records the sad fate of *Amy Robsart*.

ANNA, or *Annie*, (Hebrew, *Hannah*,) signifies *kind* or *gracious*.

ARABELLA (French, *Arabelle*) is of Latin derivation, and has the meaning of *beautiful altar*. Before no place of sacrifice bend devouter worshippers:

'BELIA *Arabella*, belle,
Fairer than my verse can tell:
Well
I love thee, *Arabelle*—
Belle!'

AUGUSTUS, *increasing*, is from the Latin, and signifies that those who originally bore it continually *grew* in power and honor. It has been a favorite name in kingly and princely palaces, but princes have no monopoly of it. Its feminine form is *Augusta*.

BALDWIN, a *bold winner*, is a fine name of the old Saxon stock.

BARBARA is of Latin derivation, and signifies *strange* or *foreign*. Its mention recalls to our minds the melancholy fate of Jemmy Grove, of ballad memory, who died at Scarlet Town of a broken heart, (poor fellow !)

‘For love of *Barbara Allen*!’

BASIL, *kingly*, is of Greek origin. It can hardly be a popular name in these republican times.

BEATRICE is *one who blesses* or *makes happy*. Blessed (*Benedict*) is he on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante immortalized it, and Shakspeare and Shelley have thrown around it the charm of their numbers. It is derived from the Latin. Why is it not more frequently used ?

BENJAMIN, *son of the right hand*, is a fine old Hebrew name, and has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

BERTHA, *bright* or *famous*, is a fine name of Greek origin, and should be more common.

BIANCA is the Italian form of *Blanche*, which, as I have already hinted, has the meaning of *white* or *fair*. It is a sweet name in both forms, but should be fittingly bestowed.

CALISTA (Greek, *καλος*) is *beautiful*.

CATHARINE, or *Katharine*, is derived from the Greek *καθαρη*, *pure* or *chaste*, and is one of the best of our female names. In the Irish it becomes *Kathleen*, and in the Flemish, *Kateline*. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is *Katharina* ; but I like it best in its familiarized form of *Kate*. Who ever knew a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous, and saucy ? What says the poet ?

‘KATE’S a sweet but *saucy* creature,
With a lip of scarlet bloom ;
Woodbines sipping golden sun-light,
Roses drinking rich perfume ;
Voice as dainty as the whisper
Founts give in their crystal shrine :
Saucy KATE, so full of mischief,
Would that I could call thee mine !’

The shrew-taming Petruchio, in the play, thus harps upon the name :

‘You are called plain *Kate*,
And bonny KATE, and sometimes KATE the cross ;
But KATE, the prettiest KATE in Christendom,
KATE of KATE-Hall, my super-dainty KATE, ;
For all cates are dainties.’

The name of Catharine, disgraced by her of Medici, was honored by the noble but unfortunate queen of Henry VIII., whom the pen of a Shakspeare and the voice of a Siddons have immortalized.

CHARLES. Some etymologists derive this illustrious name from the German *kerl* ; Anglo-Saxon *ceorl* or *churl* ; a term denoting rusticity, and quite opposed to every idea of nobility. Its real origin may probably be found in the Slavonic *krol*, a king. Thus : Krol, Korol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles. Krol may have come from the Latin *corona* or *corolla*, a crown. Charles, then, is a king, or *one who is crowned*. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many kings and emperors. Charles sometimes occurs in this

country in the Spanish form, *Carlos*. *Charlotte* is one of the feminine forms of Charles, and, if we accept the foregoing etymology, signifies a *queen*. Those who derive the name from the German, give it the signification of *prevailing*. I have no quarrel here with the etymologist. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and being queens must *prevail* over the hearts of men. *Charlotte Corday* will be remembered as one not unworthy of so brave a name. But

‘My *Charlotte* conquers with a smile,
And reigneth queen of love!’

In the home-circle and among her companions, *Charlotte* lays aside her queenship and becomes gentle *Lottie*. *Caroline* is the feminine of Charles, in another form, and of course has the same meaning as *Charlotte*. It is another noble and queenly name, and has been borne by many a noble woman. *Caroline* assumes the familiarized or pet forms of *Carrie*, *Callie*, *Caro*, and *Cal*.

‘Oh! a thing of earth, but half divine,
Is she, my fair young *Caroline*!’

CLARA, *clear* or bright, is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in one of the best of Scott’s novels, *St. Ronan’s Well*. *Clarissa* is from the same root, as is *Claribel*, *bright* and *beautiful*.

‘DIAMONDS bright shall *Clara* wear,
Woven ’mid her shining hair.’

DANIEL, a *judge*, is from the Hebrew.

DAVID, also from the Hebrew, signifies, as I have already said, *well-beloved*.

DEBORAH, signifying a *bee*, is another good but rather homely name from the Hebrew stock.

EARINE, *vernal*, a name immortalized by Ben Jonson, should certainly be revived.

EDWARD is a *truth-keeper*. The name is of Saxon derivation, and is surrounded by rich historical associations. Its French form is *Edouard*.

EDWIN, *happy winner*, (*bonum nomen bonum omen*), is also from the Saxon.

ELEANOR (French, *Eleanore*) is of Saxon derivation, and signifies *all-fruitful*.

‘*Eleanore*,
A name for angels to murmur o’er!’

EMMA, *tender*, *affectionate*, (literally, *one who nurses, cares for, watches over another*), is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, his sister, or his beloved to bear a sweeter or a better name? Under the form of *Imma* it was honored by Charlemagne’s fair daughter, whose love-history, in connection with Eginhard, her father’s secretary, forms one of the prettiest episodes in the chronicles of the time. *Emeline* is simply a diminutive of *Emma*.

ERASMUS is from the Greek, and signifies *worthy to be loved*.

ERNEST, *earnest*, is derived from the German. Its feminine form is *Ernestine*.

EUGENE, *nobly descended*, is of Greek derivation. In the feminine, in which it ought to be oftener used, we give it the form of *Eugenia*.

EVERARD is a good name from the German stock, and has the meaning of *well-reported*.

FRANCIS is of German origin, and signifies *frank* and *free*. It is one of our finest names. *Frances*, of which *Fanny* is the familiarized or pet form, is the feminine.

FREDERICK, *rich peace*, is another German name of historical importance. Frederick, the grenadier King of Prussia, was not particularly well named.

GEORGE, *a farmer*, is from the Greek. It should be a very common name in agricultural communities. It has been borne by kings, and by one, at least, who was greater than any king — WASHINGTON. *Georgia*, *Georgette*, and *Georgianna*, are its feminine forms.

GERTRUDE is from the German, and, according to the etymology usually given, signifies *all-truth*; but Jung-Stilling, in his *Pneumatology*, gives it a very different meaning. Speaking of the Druids, he says: 'Into this mysterious, spiritual order, old women were also received, who by this means attained to considerable rank, and became priestesses. Such individuals then received the title of *Huxa* — Druidess. Both these names were, at that time, honorable appellations; they are now the most disgraceful terms of reproach. The name of *Gertrude*, or *Gertrudis*, is probably also derived from this source, and ought reasonably to be disused, for it has the same meaning as the word *haxa*, or *hexe*, *a witch*.' Well, this may be true, for Gertrudes *are* generally very *bewitching*.

GRACE, *favor*, is from the Latin. Well may it be a favorite name. Commend to me the *Graces*:

'You may toast your charming Sue,
Praise your *Mary's* eyes of blue,
Choose whatever name you will
Your fancy or your verse to fill:
In my line no name has place
But the *sweetest one of Grace*.'

HELEN (Latin, *Helena*, French, *Helene*) is of Greek origin. The true signification of it seems to be one of those *vexatæ questiones* which abound in etymological discussions. According to one it has the meaning of *alluring*; another makes it signify *a taker*, or *one who seizes*; while a third defines it as *one who pities*. I am inclined to endorse the last. Many a poor unfortunate lover has found Helen *alluring*, and has finally been taken, *seized*, conquered by the *prestige* of her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy is he who finds her *one who pities*, for pity is akin to *love*. *Ellen* is only a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to *Nellie* and *Nell*, and is a fine name in all its forms.

HENRY, *rich lord*, is of German derivation. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen, and patriots. In its familiarized form it becomes *Harry*. Its feminizations are *Henrietta*, *Henrica*, and *Harriet*, who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be *rich ladies*.

ISABEL (French, *Isabelle*, Spanish, *Isabella*) signifies *olive-complexioned*, or *brown*. This is just the name for a 'bonny brunette;' for such a one as the poet praises when he sings:

'Give me the *brown* girl, with a *bright sunny glow*!'

There is a silvery, bell-like music in the name, which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favorite with the poets. One says:

‘FULL many maidens’ names there be,
Sweet to thee,
Fair to me,
And beautiful exceedingly;
But none on my ear so sweet doth swell
As the name of mine own *Isabel*!’

Mary Howitt, in her Flower Comparisons, has the following melodious lines:

‘Now for mad-cap *Isabel*:
What shall suit her, pr’ythee tell!
ISABEL is *brown* and wild;
Will be evermore a child!
Is all laughter, all vagary,
Has the spirit of a fairy.

• • •
ISABEL is short and brown,
Soft to touch as eider-down,
Tempered like the balmy South,
With a rosy, laughing mouth;
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,
And a graceful *HEBE*-head;
Hair put up in some wild way,
Decked with hedge-rose’s spray.
Now where is the bud or bell
That may match with *ISABEL*?’

JAMES (in the French, *Jacques*, Spanish, *Jayme*, Italian, *Giacomo*, Scotch, *Jamie*) comes from the old Hebrew stock, and is generally supposed to be the same as *Jacob*, and to signify a *supplanter*.

JOHN is generally supposed to be from the Hebrew, and to signify *gracious*; but Talbot traces it, as he thinks, to the Latin *juvenis*, a *young man*. In the Italian it is *Giovanni*; in the Spanish, *Juan*; and in the French, *Jean*. It has been borne by some of the greatest men that the world has ever produced. It was the name of Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Howard, Molière, Boccaccio, Hancock, Adams, Calhoun. Shakspeare bestowed it upon one of his best characters, the fat knight who was wont to subscribe himself, ‘Jack Falstaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and *Sir John* with the rest of Europe.’ The name is a great favorite with the very respectable and somewhat numerous family of Smiths; and probably the most noted of all the Johns, ancient or modern, is *John Smith*. The commonness of the name is the only valid objection to it. It has ceased to be sufficiently distinctive, and one sympathizes with the lament of an unfortunate bearer of the ancient and honored but much-abused name:

‘WHY did they call me *John*, I say,
Why did they call me *JOHN*?
It’s surely just the meanest name
They could have hit upon!
Because my father had it too,
And suffered for the same,
Is that a proper reason he
Should propagate the name?’

The English are prone to convert John into *Jack*, and the Scotch into *Jock*, neither of which is either elegant or genteel.

JUDITH, from the Hebrew, signifies *praising*.

JULIUS, *soft-haired*, is of Latin origin. *Julia*, *Julietta*, *Juliet*, and *Juliana* are feminizations of Julius, and should wear on their queenly

heads 'soft and silken tresses.' *Julia* needs no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets have immortalized. *Julietta*, or *Juliet*, is a diminutive of *Julia*, 'but has,' as Talbot remarks, 'apparently united itself with another name, *Joliette*, the diminutive of *jolie*, pretty.'

LETITIA, *joy*, is one of the happiest as well as the sweetest of names. The woman we love should be 'a joy for ever' to our hearts. It is a good old Roman name.

LEONARD is from the German, and signifies *lion-like*.

MABEL is probably from *ma bella*, *my fair*, though some think it a contraction of *amabilis*, *lovely* or *amiable*. The fair ones who bear it have no reason to complain of either derivation.

MADELINE, (Syriac, *Magdalene*), *magnificent*, is a noble name, and a favorite with the poets. It often occurs in the French form of *Madeleine*:

'THOU art not steeped in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever-varying *Madeline*!'

TENNYSON.

MARGARET, a *pearl*, is from the Latin *margarita*. Another, and, if possible, a more beautiful signification has curiously enough attached itself to this name. The German word *magd*, a *maid*, was anciently written *magete* and *maghet*, which words were easily confused with *Madge* and *Maggie*, and thus with *Margaret*. Daisies were also called *maghets*, maids or *margarets*, whence we have the French *marguerites*, daisies. Margaret, then, may be a *pearl* or a *daisy*, as she chooseth; or she may, if she will, combine the beauty and purity of both, in her life and character, and thus prove herself worthy of her doubly significant name. But maidens are something *more* than pearls or daisies, and well may the poet ask:

'WHERE may the bright flower be met
That can match with *Margaret*!'

MARTHA is a pleasant name from the Hebrew, but is unfortunate in its signification, meaning *bitterness*!

MARY. This sweetest of all female names is from the Hebrew, and has the meaning of *exalted*; a truly appropriate signification. It is a famous name, both in sacred and in profane history. In all ages it has literally been *exalted*. From Mary the mother of Jesus to Mary the mother of WASHINGTON, the glory has not departed from the name. It has been linked with titles and power, with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. It has ever been a favorite with the poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is woven with some of his sweetest verses. It is still the theme of bards and bardlings innumerable.

'THE very music of the name has gone
Into our being.'

In the French, Mary becomes *Marie*. *Maria* is another form of it.

'Is thy name *Mary*, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be.
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but befitting thee!'

MATILDA is from the Greek, and signifies *noble* or *stately*.

MIRANDA, *admired*, is from the Latin. Prince Ferdinand in 'The Tempest' exclaims:

'Admired *Miranda*! indeed the top of admiration.'

NANCY, it is believed, may be traced to the same source as *Anna* and *Hannah*, which have the same signification, *kind* or *gracious*.

OLIVER is from the Latin word *oliva*, an *olive-tree*, and is thus significant of *peace*. *Olivia* and *Olive* are its feminine forms.

PHŒBE is a bright and beautiful name; one full of the happiest significance. Phœbe, *light of life*! What more or better can a lover or husband desire? Those who have read Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables,' (and who has not?) will here recall to their minds the sweet-tempered, cheerful, and warm-hearted country-maiden who brought the sunshine and the fragrance of the fields with her, to enliven and purify the dark, damp, and mouldy old mansion of the Pyncheons. She was rightly named, *Phæbe*.

PHILEMON is *one who kisses*. It is, I think, of Greek derivation.

PHILIP, a *lover of horses*, is from the Greek.

ROSE, (Latin, *Rosa*,) a *rose*, is sweet enough for the name of a fairy or an angel. There is a veritable fragrance in it. It calls up visions of garden-arbors and embowering shrubs and vines. It is poetical as well as euphonic:

'WHERE the Juniata flows,
And the forest shades repose,
Dwelleth she, my lovely *Rose*,
In rural grace.'

Rosabel (Italian, *rosa-bella*) is from the same Latin root, but comes to us through the Italian. It signifies *fair* or *beautiful rose*. *Rosalie*, (French, *rose et lis*?) *rose and lily*, combines the fragrance and beauty of two lovely flowers:

'I LOVE to forget ambition!
And hope in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whillome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathing;
Where under the skies with me,
Young *Rosalie* roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly.'

Rosalind. It is enough to say of this name that it is one of Shakspeare's immortalized appellations. The termination, *lind*, may have been coined by him simply for the sake of euphony, or it may have been derived from the Spanish *linda*, *neat* or *elegant*, (*rosa linda*, *elegant rose*.)

'FROM the east to western Ind
No jewel is like *Rosalind*.'

Rosamond is one of the prettiest names of the rose-family. The derivation of the last part of the word is somewhat doubtful. Perhaps it is from *mundi*, (French, *monde*,) and perhaps from the German *mund*, the *mouth*, so that Rosamond may have originally been *Rosen-mund*, or *rosy-mouth*; but Talbot thinks that it is from the Spanish *rosa montes*, *rose of the mountain*, that is, the *pæony*.

RICHARD is from the Saxon, and signifies *rich-hearted*, or, according to another etymology, *richly honored*.

ROBERT, otherwise *Rupert* or *Ruprecht*, appears to come from the old

Anglo-Saxon words *ro* or *ru*, red, and *bart*, beard, *red-beard*; so says Talbot.

ROMEO, a *pilgrim*, is from the Italian.

RUTH is from the Hebrew, and signifies a *trembler*. It is a pretty name, but is seldom used.

SARAH, a *princess*, is from the Hebrew. In poetry and in familiar address it takes the form of *Sally* or *Sallie*, and is found in many a love-song and ballad.

SOPHIA, *wisdom*, is from the Greek.

‘WILT thou be a nun, *Sophie*?
Nothing but a nun?’

PROCTOR.

SUSAN is of Hebrew origin, and has the meaning of a *lily*. In its familiarized or pet form it becomes *Sue*. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in Gay’s well-known ballad, in which its signification is very happily introduced into the closing line:

‘‘Adieu,’ she cried, and waved her *lily* hand.’]

THEODORE is a fine euphonic name from the Greek, and signifies *gift of God*. Its feminine form is *Theodora*:

‘SINCE we know her for an angel
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her *Theodora*,
Gift of God!’

VIOLA, a *violet*, is derived from the Latin. For a pure, modest, bashful maiden, what name could be fitter?

WALTER is of German origin, and signifies a *woodman*.

WILLIAM is of German derivation, and signifies *defender of many*. ‘This name,’ says Verstegan, the distinguished French antiquary, ‘was not given anciently to children, but was a title of dignity imposed upon men from a regard to merit. When a German had killed a Roman, the golden helmet of the Roman was placed upon his head, and the soldier was honored with the title of *Gild-helm*, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a *defender*.’ With the French the title was *Guild-haume*, since *Guillaume*. The German form of William is now *Wilhelm*. *Wilhelmine* and *Willamette* are feminine forms of the name. Those who bear them, since they cannot be expected to occupy the post of *defenders*, may well take, as the signification of their names, *worthy to be defended*.

‘What’s in a name?’

‘Imago animi, vultus, vitæ, nomen est!’

EPI T A P H O N , A N H O N E S T M A N .

MONEY for tomb-stones is but vainly spent —
An honest man requires no monument:
Cover his body with a turf or stone,
It matters not — to him it is all one:
His name is entered in the Book of Life;
He lives with God — he’s done with carnal strife:
But yet the world would count it a neglect,
To stint the dead of decent, due respect.

T H E D I S T A F F .

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE REV JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

THEOCRITUS, when about to sail from Syracuse to Miletus, wrote this idyl on the distaff which he took with him as a gift for THEUGENIS, the wife of his friend NICIAS, the physician.

PURE distaff, formed for spinning, holy gift
Of blue-eyed sage MINERVA, thou dost well
Befit those matrons whose unwearied worth
Makes houses prosper. Go then straight with me
To famed Miletus, NELEUS' ancient city,
Where the tall fane of Paphian VENUS stands
Among the reeds. Thither I beg of Jove
A swift and happy voyage. There I long
To taste the joys of meet companionship
With NICIAS, whom I love — a sacred plant
Of tuneful graces. Thee, so finely carved,
By skilful hands, from choicest ivory,
I fain would guard for NICIAS' peerless wife.

With her thou shalt accomplish many a work
Of household thrift: stout webs to wrap the limbs
Of strong and valiant men, and light blue robes,
Like some smooth reach of hushed Ionian seas,
For sweet Ionian maidens. Twice a year
May gentle ewes their soft white fleeces yield,
In pastures where the slow Mæander strays,
For blooming THEUGENIS, since she contemns not
Those frugal cares, those chaste and quiet toils,
Which virtuous maidens prize. I would not send thee
To some ignoble home of sloth and pride,
Thee, sprung from my blest land. Thy place of birth
Was Syracuse, renowned for blameless men;
Great Syracuse, which, in the days of old,
Corinthian ARCHIAS built; rich Syracuse,
The boast of all our wide Trinacrian Isle.

Hereafter, cherished at the stainless hearth
Of one well versed in that beneficent art,
Which bids disease and wakeful suffering flee,
Thou shalt dwell nobly where Ionians throng
The streets of proud Miletus. THEUGENIS
Shall sit among the fair Milesian dames,
Holding a well-wrought distaff; and do thou
Remind her of the guest from Arethusa
That honored, in his heart, both her and song.
Looking on thee let friend say thus to friend:
'A little gift has no mean grace. All things
Are precious, when they speak of truth and love.'

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

TO BATH ALUM AND THE WARM SPRINGS.

Our party was now increased by the addition of a Virginia gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Easy; for, owing to the indecision of some of us, we had not secured an extra, but went on in the regular stage. Continuing upon the same fine road, and through the same beautiful grazing country, with the long line of the Alleghanies in the distance, we travelled ten miles to Buffalo Gap, which is an opening in the mountains somewhat striking to the eye. The engineers were busy marking out the line of a rail-road on the side of the mountains. Next we reached Oaklands, where people dine on their return from the Warm Springs, and a pleasant place. Then came a tedious ascent of the North Mountain. All who could walk got out and went ahead, occasionally stopping to look at the patient horses as they tugged their way up hill with the cumbersome vehicle, picking wild flowers, and shouting to those in the stage to look at this or that view in the valley below. There is a great sameness, however, about the mountain-scenery in so unsettled a region as this: trees, trees, trees, of every variety, but nothing to show signs of civilized life, except now and then a cow, or a few sheep. We wondered how the owners ever found them out. Gradually we passed from botanical and other romantic topics to more every-day discourse. Mr. Easy flirted with Miss Clara at such a rate that Mrs. Easy affected to be quite uneasy, but vowed she would be even with him. Miss Clara declared that when she got married it would be to one so thoroughly possessed of her confidence that she never could be jealous. Mrs. Easy said that could not be, if she loved him truly. Mr. Easy said that Miss Clara was right. Mrs. Easy gave a look as much as to say: 'We shall see!' Having returned to the stage, we speculated upon the party that had left Winchester for Capon. All agreed that Miss Cushing couldn't be half so sick as her mother thought; a little too much petted, that was all. We wondered what relation Williams and Sydney could be to each other, they were so totally unlike: the former being full of swagger and coarseness; the latter modest and refined, a perfect gentleman. Mr. Riverman began to be anxious for dinner, and repeated inquiries were made of the driver as to the distance to the dining-place. At length, at three o'clock, the welcome shout of 'Cloverdale!' was heard from George Riverman and Mr. Easy, who were on the box, and, with a rapid descent of the mountain, we were soon landed on a shady platform, under wide-spreading trees, in front of a cheerful and extensive public house. Dinner was on the table, and we soon took it off. Venison and chickens, ham and sausages, fresh eggs, pie, sponge-cake, blackberries and cream: we were in clover at Cloverdale. Then the gentlemen took a quiet smoke, while the ladies, with the curiosity of their sex, found out from the register

and the waiting-maid all about those who had preceded them during the last two days, Mrs. Easy finding hosts of familiar names; and, last, though not least in the eyes of their parents, little Nelly and Jimbo jumped and shouted with childish delight among the ducks and the chickens which flocked around to receive the crumbs of bread. It was a scene of quiet enjoyment, fit for a painter.

But 'Stage is ready!' sounded in our ears, and we were once more under way.

Fifteen miles farther, and we drew up in the dark before the new and extensive hotel at

BATH ALUM.

We sent for a pitcher of the spring-water to celebrate our progress thus far into the spring-region. But the water is not of a kind to drink bumpers in. The first person who tasted it was Mrs. Easy. She said nothing, but quietly passed the tumbler on to Mrs. Riverman, who, being on the other side of the stage, did not observe the wry face which the reflection from the servant's lamp revealed to us on the front seat. She was therefore unsuspecting, and being beside very thirsty, swallowed half a tumbler instanter, but soon gave utterance to a prolonged 'Oh-h!' and thrust her head out of the window. Suffice to say, that the water is rightly named: it is *alum* water, and no mistake; and a single swallow draws the mouth up like a purse, or a persimmon before frost. The Bath Alum has been long known, but is comparatively new as a place of resort. The Rockbridge Alum, seventeen miles off, has a higher reputation. The waters of both are formed by percolation through banks of alum and other minerals; and in seasons of drought, water is sometimes carted or pumped to the top of the bank in order to furnish a supply for the spring. Some of the rock out of which the springs issue, dissolved in a tumbler of water, produces precisely the same mixture; and some people carry home large boxes of the material instead of bottles of water: 'a practice to which,' Dr. Burke somewhat humorously remarks, 'the proprietors justly object.' This water is considered a very superior medical agent in certain kinds of chronic dyspepsia, and is sovereign in cases of cutaneous disease, making persons afflicted in that way shed their skin like a snake. We only stopped here for fresh horses, which were necessary to draw us five miles farther to the Warm Springs. And such a five miles! The first three and a half are up the Warm Spring Mountains; and, although we had an occasional peep at the moon from behind the clouds, it was so dark that we could see nothing, which was the more provoking, as one of the finest views in the State is to be seen from the summit. The gentlemen walked ahead, speculating on the moon, the stars, the woods, the earth, and the chances of treading on a rattlesnake, a class of 'varmints' which abound in these parts, and the mention of which caused George Riverman to give a kind of convulsive jump every time he happened to tread on a root or fallen twig. At length we came to a toll-gate and small house on the summit, and beheld

'THE joyous sight of many a light
In the valley down below.'

It was the Warm Springs village; for the two main buildings and the

rows of cabins form a large village. It seemed as if you might throw a stone down into it, but the descent by the zig-zag stage-road is more than a mile, although soon accomplished.

At eleven o'clock at night, the transition from the solemn and desolate waste of woods through which we had been so long creeping, as it were, to the cheerful reception-room where a bright fire of hickory logs, and subsequently hot tea and trimmings, took off the chill of the night-air, was of the most agreeable kind. I shared with Jimbo in the novelty of 'a room in the garden,' as, for the first time, I entered a neat cabin with two apartments, nicely-scrubbed floor, and most inviting beds, upon which we were soon lost in sleep, and did not awake until an old black woman came to bring us fresh water to wash in, when we found that the sun had been long streaming in at the window over the roses, pinks, and other shrubbery of the little garden in front.

v.

THE WARM SPRINGS.

It was a bright balmy morning, as we emerged from the cabin to the piazza of the main building, or hotel proper, there to take a survey of the place previously to entering the breakfast-room. In front rises abruptly the Warm Spring Mountain, at the highest point of which is Prospect Rock. The stage-road down the mountain turns to the left, and is continued on to the Hot Springs between the hotel and a long row of cabins, rows of which are also in the rear of the hotel. Within the hotel are rooms for invalids and others who do not like to go out to their meals, and a ladies' parlor which we afterward missed at other watering-places.

There is real comfort here. The physician, who owns the place, lives here all the year round, and is not sparing of any expenditure which may contribute to make it attractive. And there is Charles, the fat, good-humored colored man, who was once the proprietor's slave, but has bought his freedom, and still remains to preside over a room under the piazza, lined on one side with stags' horns, on the other with implements for 'drink,' among which huge bunches of mint are conspicuous, and when served up with his peculiar skill in the form of juleps, they are enough to extract poetry from a tax-gatherer.

But the bath, the bath, the bath! the greatest luxury to be found any where, cannot be described. You must plunge to appreciate it.

There are two spacious octagonal buildings, one for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies. There is room enough in either for twenty swimmers. In the gentlemen's the water is five feet deep, clear as crystal, with innumerable little bubbles of nitrogen gas, chasing each other to the surface and patting you with gentle titillations on the back. Heated in nature's furnace, and always kept up to ninety-eight degrees, it is just about as hot as a well man could desire; and — to float about in luxurious dreams upon its surface — oh, it is delicious!

When you come out, if you want any variety, you can plunge into the cold reservoir beyond, or take the cold spout on your head and back. They say that the Russians like it, and that it is very healthy, but it is

too great a shock for my comfort. Jim, the colored man, stands ready, with a blanket and coarse towels, to rub you down, and when you go forth you feel like taking a quiet nap. Were it not for the trouble of undressing, people would be induced to try it oftener than is good for them. And it is rather enervating without the cold plunge; hence it is, probably, that so few remain a great while at the Warm Springs, although the accommodations and table are very tempting.

The invalids go five miles farther to the Hot Springs, where the water is at a temperature of one hundred and six degrees. Here are congregated rheumatic and gouty old people enough to give one the idea of a huge hospital.

If you wish it not quite so warm as at the Warm Springs, and yet not cold, you go to the Sweet Springs, where the temperature is seventy-four degrees, and the gas carbonic acid. But we shall be there in due course, it being the last place on our route.

VI.

A DAY OF REST.

SUCH is Sunday for the poor stage-horses, who are not called into service during the day except on extraordinary occasions; and the quiet is not disturbed by new arrivals, or the mustering of trunks and carpet-bags. One stage, however, was brought into requisition; and a momentary sadness came over the cheerful group assembled on the piazza, as we saw it pass on its way from the Hot Springs, carrying on its top a coffin containing the body of a lady who had vainly sought to ward off the approaches of death by a journey from Baltimore to that watering-place.

We strolled over toward one of two brick buildings at the base of the mountain, a few hundred yards from the spring; and, behind the grated bars of one of the windows, discovered a man who seemed very glad to see any one to converse with: wanted to know if there had been many arrivals on the previous day; gave it as his opinion that the weather was now settled; and informed us, with a roguish leer, that there was to be stated preaching in the court-house, which he should esteem it a great privilege to attend were it not a little inconvenient to leave the quarters which the county had assigned him, and which he found very lonesome, as he was the only occupant. He understood, however, that he was soon to have some very pleasant company in the shape of a person who had, it was alleged, killed his wife when 'disguised by too much whiskey: a vice of which,' he added, with much self-complacency, 'thank HEAVEN, they can't accuse me: I have always been a temperance man. Have you any tobacco?' Leaving this philosopher, who was charged with stealing clothing, to his musings, we repaired to the court-house, where a small congregation was assembled, numbering but few of the visitors to the springs. The preacher was a tall, thin man, with some scattered locks of gray hair, and rather hard, sun-burnt features, evidently one of those itinerants who see life in all its phases, and gather up much practical knowledge of the world. After leading off in a hymn, with a somewhat nasal tone, he took for his text the words, 'Follow not the

multitude to do evil,' and, in extemporaneous remarks, commented at length upon the absurdity of supposing a thing to be right simply because every body says so, the importance of thinking for one's self on every occasion, before following the advice of those around us, so as to be sure we shall do no evil, thereby ensuring the respect of our neighbors; provided we do not strive at undue singularity and disregard of public opinion in matters which do no harm if they are productive of no good. He dwelt upon the disposition of politicians to truckle to the mob, whose opinions are always fickle, and who soon see through the demagogue and make him find his level; the influence of fashion, which controls some people with regard to furniture, style of living, and even religion, and a slavishness to which often makes us dissatisfied with our lot in life, and forget how much better off we are than thousands around us. He summed up somewhat as follows:

'But why do I dwell upon this hackneyed theme? Every one here has probably at times indulged in similar sentiments; but with most of us it is mere sentiment. There is probably not one present who has not concurred with me as I went along, and picked out, in his mind's eye, some neighbor or acquaintance to whom the remarks would apply, without thinking that he himself is more or less open to the same imputation. We are, all of us, ever following the example of the multitude in the pursuit of pleasure, wealth, and honor; but, unconsciously to ourselves, we are ever postponing the fruition of our wishes, by indulgence in evil thoughts or envious suggestions, which disturb the peace of mind of all who rely upon the world for enjoyment. Thousands there are who would esteem it great happiness could they leave the heat and tumult of the city, and find new sources of health and happiness in these mountain retreats. And yet, what with the little annoyances inseparable from travelling, and disappointment in the society they meet with, or in not making such an impression on others as others are striving to make on them, there are many to whom the beauties of nature are wearisome, and even the fountains are divested of their health-giving charms. At home they repair to the sanctuary perhaps from no better motive than because their neighbors are in the habit of going there; so here they go where the multitude go, and too often the chapel for strangers has no charms for that multitude. Those who rely more upon others than themselves for enjoyment can never be contented. Nothing but constant self-examination, by that best of regulators, conscience, lighted by faith, can temper our erring judgment and enable us to live with the multitude, and yet find peace of mind in all times and places.'

'A remarkably clever preacher that,' said an Eastern-shore-of-Marylander.

'Yes,' said Mr. Riverman, 'a good enlargement of the maxim, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.''

'It does one good to hear such talk once in a while, I'll be hanged if it don't.'

'No, you will be burned if it don't.'

'I wish that girl we left in the parlor could have heard it,' said Clara, 'she thought herself so pretty, and was so stuck-up.'

'Then she is not following the multitude, for they are all trying to get up.'

‘Now, pa! The air of these springs has made you wondrous sharp.’

‘So it has — sharp-cut. Dinner is almost ready, though.’

‘Remarkably dry old cock that!’ said the Marylander to me, as the rest of the party disappeared. ‘Almost equal to a fellow I saw in the jail yonder as I passed, who told me that he had set an example of not following the multitude, for he was locked up there all alone.’

A S O N G .

SOME tell you tales of shipwreck dire,
Of ocean-storm and ocean-fire;
Of the fair and brave who have found a grave
Beneath the rude Atlantic's wave:
I sing a song that was sung to me,
Of a wider and a deeper sea.

My heart is a wild and stormy sea,
To the winds all open and bare,
And my little bark of happiness
Is wrecked in the waves of care.

A small but a richly-freighted bark,
For it bore my wealth of love:
For a cloudless sky and a silent sea
I prayed to God above.

With a silent sea it started forth,
And the sky was clear and fair;
But my heart is bare to the wildest storm,
As well as the gentlest air.

And when the morning breezes blew,
I bent my head to hear,
And the solemn sound of the surging sea
Made music in my ear.

But the wintry wind of scorn arose,
And the wintry hail of hate;
And poorly the helpless boat could bear
That fearful storm of fate.

Deep buried in my hopeless heart,
My love has found a grave;
But still the cruel wintry winds
Are whirling the restless wave.

Oh! would I could shut this heart of mine
From every breeze that blows,
That its weary waves, untossed by storms,
For ever might repose!

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN

T H E D E P A R T U R E .

CORTEZ, suspecting that VELASQUEZ the Governor would deprive him of his commission as Captain-General of the expedition, leaves St. Jago clandestinely, at midnight, November eighteenth, 1518. He lands at Trinidad and erects his standard, of 'black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross, amidst flames of blue and white, with this motto in Latin beneath: *Friends, let us follow the Cross; and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer.*' He receives reinforcements at Trinidad and Havana. At Cape St. Antonio, the appointed place of rendezvous, he harangues his soldiers upon the greatness and importance of the enterprise. Celebration of Mass: dancing of the Indian allies: final departure for the coast of Yucatan, February eighteenth, 1519.

It was midnight in the tropics; the islands were asleep,
And bright the starry welkin was mirrored in the deep:
It was midnight in the tropics, when CORTEZ and his crew
To friends in St. Jago bade a quick and last adieu.

Ho! the anchors they are weighed, the sails spread to the breeze,
Now soon the little squadron will plough the Indian seas:
'Brave cavaliers and comrades,' the chief was heard to say,
'Valiant will VELASQUEZ be, if he our course can stay.'

At gray break of early dawn, that streaks the eastern sky
And awakes to busy life all that hushed in slumber lie,
Soon spread in St. Jago the spirit-stirring tale,
That CORTEZ and his faithful band already had set sail.

There was bustling in the streets, there was running to the shore,
On wings of wind the tidings flew the sunny Cuba o'er:
Since pious benedictions were showered upon their head—
Could glory fail to follow where Spanish valor led?

Amid strains of martial airs and the sounds of merry song,
The little navy speeds its way the island-coast along:
What heed the fearless mariners, though winds and billows rave?
The good San PEDRO will protect the gallant and the brave.

The manly CORTEZ walks the deck; he dreams of conquests vast,
And o'er him streams his pennon from the gently-bending mast:
His thoughts are of the future, not of those he leaves behind;
Ambition's airy visions flit athwart his ardent mind.

The motley troops soon land again; no braver e'er were seen;
And soon a tented camp appears upon the flowery green:
Banners now are flaunting gaily, while loud from shore to shore
The cannon and the falconets their deafening thunders roar.

With blooming flowers deck beauty, ring the bells of Trinidad,
Drink the wines of Andalusia, let each saddened heart be glad;
From Havana and Matanzas all ye daring spirits come;
Oh, hear ye not the bugle and the rolling of the drum?

There are marches and parades, and reviews and active drills,
There is music in the valleys, there are echoes on the hills ;
The peasants leave the plough for the buckler and the spear,
And rally round the standard of the gallant cavalier.

From fountains warm and tender there gushed the crystal tide,
The husband left his spouse, and the bridegroom left his bride.
Proud hearts were bounding high, and fair bosoms wrung with pain,
And fond lips met that parting day that never met again.

Before his soldiers stood the chief that knew no slavish fear,
Before their chief the soldiers stood, devoted and sincere ;
With helmets bright and waving plumes, they round him closely pressed,
When CORTÉZ to his volunteers these stirring words addressed :

‘ Ye gentlemen of Arragon, of Leon and Castile !
I trust in this great enterprise ye all its import feel ;
Grand ends can only be secured by long incessant toils,
And only to the brave belong the victor’s golden spoils.

‘ Be loyal to your sovereign and to the Spanish crown,
And win the hero’s fadeless wreath of glory and renown !
Lofty honors and distinction, with treasures, may be yours,
And all the other guerdons bright that chivalry secures.

‘ While loyal to your sovereign, be to your chieftain true,
As, friends and brave hidalgos, he’ll ever be to you :
By that gold-embroidered banner, and the red cross that ye see,
And this good Toledo sword, he’ll ne’er from danger flee.

‘ Oh ! where is fair Granada that Castilian arms defied ?
And where is the Alhambra in all its mountain pride ?
Did not your valiant fathers subdue the Moorish braves ?
And where paled the Crescent moon, the Cross in triumph waves.

‘ The blood that ye inherit from your chivalrous sires
To deeds of splendid daring and manly valor fires :
Ye go, to conquer kingdoms more fair than Europe’s boast ;
Ye go, to find immortal fame upon a savage coast.

‘ Though your numbers are but few, your cause is great and just,
And who can say ye may not lay proud empires in the dust ?
Should western tribes prove traitors, deep vengeance they shall feel,
We’ll make them and their monarchs mere vassals of Castile.

‘ On, then, soldiers of the Cross ! we leave this island-shore ;
Our well-manned fleet will nobly ride the waste of waters o’er :
We leave our homes, we risk our all, high honors to attain,
When we return our days to spend in our beloved Spain.’

Ho ! sounds of loud rejoicings now rent the tropic air,
And some joined the priest OLMEDO in fervent chanting prayer ;
In the sun-beams lances gleamed, and war-steeds gaily pranced,
And platoons of dusky Indians to music wildly danced.

The fleet has left its moorings, and ere the day is done,
 Far on the horizon's verge toward the setting sun
 The brigantines and caravels, with their white canvas wings,
 Are faintly seen by anxious eyes, like dim departing things.

New-York, June, 1852.

G O E T H E ' S F A U S T U S .

A TRIBUTE.

BY HENRI DE COISSY.

THERE are legends which appeal directly to the superstition deep-seated in some compartment of every soul; there are poets who spring up at the magic call of a nation's literary emergency to adorn and improve all succeeding epochs of man's history; there are epics, more powerful than laws, which, like beacons, mark here and there the characters, the language, and the tendencies of men, in the twilight of the past.

Of such men, such poems, and such undying legends, every school-boy will point to the most notable examples: 'the blind old man of Chios,' who evoked into being 'the Scian and the Teian Muse,' and his historic coincident of a later age, whose minor light was a celestial radiance.

The shores of the Egean still teem with the clustering growth of Homeric creations, and the mythic legend of Troy has passed into enduring history.

Then, by a natural transition, we advert to the splendor which has confined to the age and court of Octavius the cognomen of Augustus and while Æneas the goddess-born lives in history, Jupiter and the celestials are endued with an unquestionable claim to immortality in the eloquent apostrophes of Horace.

Nor may we fail to mention, among the first in dignity, SHAKESPEARE, the mighty master of the heart and harp, who wrote for all time and all people.

The epoch which Voltaire has styled the age of Louis XIV., too, is prolific of literary marvels. The pulpit, the poet's sanctum, and the seats of imaginative fiction, gave forth a redundancy of eloquence, of wit, of fine fancy, and of gorgeous creations. But these are historic truisms.

At length there appeared, almost within the limits of our own generation, among the German people, a new and more striking illustration of this magic power of genius; a man whose heart was full of fervor, whose mind was full of philosophy, whose brain was teeming with poetry. He did not seek his subjects from among the mystic and the incomprehensible, but stooping as it were to an old wife's legend which had come with the introduction of printing into Germany, and had been told at every hearth, to every child, 'to point a moral or adorn a tale,'

he raised it from its low estate, and set it as an unfading glory in the wreath of his own genius.

It seems to us that it is well occasionally to review such a production, to contemplate it again and again, like an old scene with which the heart is familiar, and to place our tribute with renewed admiration upon the shrine of Goethe's genius; and we are the more impelled to do this at present, by reason of the aid which we have at hand, in Dr. Anster's translation of the *Faust*, a work never as much known as it deserved to be, and now out of print, but which abounds with so many passages of great force and beauty as in itself to repay our trouble. It may not be amiss, however, to assert, that the translation is rather liberal in these days of *exact rendering*, and that, while some of the dubious passages are rendered contrary to our way of thinking, the whole poem is rather an embodiment of Dr. Anster's general idea of *Faust*, than a literal construction of the words of Goethe. Leaving a philosophical dissection of the poem and the translation to those who are at once poets and critical German scholars, we may be permitted in this connection to say, that it is with great delight we hail within a very few years the dawning of a literal system, as illustrated in the fine translations of Shakspeare into French by Comte Alfred de Vigny, Auguste Barbier, and Léon de Wailly, in which the French dramatic rhythm is retained in its integrity, and the untrammelled blank verse of the mighty master rendered *almost word for word*.

We hope, not without confidence, that the coming translators of Goethe will emulate the *correctness* of the French literati, and that we shall yet read and understand the *Faust* in pure English, exactly as Goethe intended it.

As we sit with the original open before us, and Dr. Anster under our right hand, the angular German type and the peculiar German idiom seem to speak indeed in a language almost defiant of translation, and to say, in the words of Mephistopheles to the wavering *Faust*:

‘Ich gebe dir was noch kein mensch geschen’:

and ‘word for word’ is the construction alone which will approach the conceptions of the author.

The poem is preceded by a Dedication, the last verse of which is an epitome of the whole, and will repay the perusal:

‘AGAIN it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm, solemn, phantom-land;
My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing,
Like *ÆOL*’s harp, by varying breezes fanned:
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders show a heart unmanned;
Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST, the PAST alone seems true to me!’

The opening scene is at the theatre, and the dialogue is sustained by the manager, who is in want of a play, and a dramatic poet. The manager wants something *ad captandum*, even though it be at the expense of good taste and poetic feeling, and after much confabulation succeeds in irritating the poet, who has a loftier conception of his office and his destiny, and who vents his feelings in the following glowing language:

‘Go elsewhere, and some fitter servant find.
What! shall the poet squander then away

And spend in worthless, worse than idle play,
The highest gift that ever nature gave?

Who then can cheer life's drear monotony?
Bestow upon the dead new germination?
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord that in the general consecration
Bears part with all in musical relation?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion? Bid the serious mind
Glow with the coloring of the sunset hours?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers
When wanders forth the lady of his choice?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath, the artist's proudest ornament,
Or round the conquering hero's brow entwined,
The best reward his country can present?
Whose voice is fame? Who gives us to inherit
Olympus and the loved Elysian field?
The *soul* of *man* sublimed; man's soaring spirit
Seen in the Poet!—gloriously revealed.'

The second scene, and the one which has been charged with profanity and even blasphemy, opens upon the light of heaven, with the songs of Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael, in praise of the ALMIGHTY. Mephistopheles enters, and a colloquy ensues between *Der Herr* and himself concerning Faust. The story is taken from Job, and in fact differs from that only in a substitution of names.

The LORD consents to the proposal of Mephistopheles, which is to try Faustus, and to show that man cannot bear the temptations of the Devil.

As an instance of the singular flexibility of the genius of the German language, 'from grave to gay,' we shall quote the final speech of Satan, which, if it disgust our readers, they must blame the demon, and decide whether it would not be consonant to our conceived opinion of his character:

'I'M very glad to have it in my power
To see him now and then, he is so civil;
I rather like our good old GOVERNOR:
Think only of his speaking to the DEVIL!'

Meanwhile Faust, unaware of the snare which is awaiting him, sits in his study—his mind at once highly cultivated and aspiring—seeking to penetrate the future, to know more, to arrive at unattained stations in the intellectual universe. He invokes spirits, and when they appear, he shrinks back in horror from their society. Thus wrought upon, thus perplexed, he determines to put an end at once to himself and his sufferings.

Let us admire the beauty of his soliloquy at this eventful crisis, without losing our horror for the false principle which urges the deed:

'FROM within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air;
Already do I seem to win
My happy course from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity.

Shudder not now at that blank cave,
Where in self-torturing disease
Pale Fancy hears sad spirits rave,
And is *herself* the hell she sees:

Press through the strait where stands Despair
 Guarding it, and the fiery wave
 Boils up, and know no terror there!
 Be firm, and cast away all fear,
 And freely if such be the chance
 Blow into nothingness away.'

The poison is at his lips; the spirit spreads her wings for the unes-sayed flight; when stealing upon the silent air the music of bells is heard, and as they die away in atmospheric ripples, a chorus of angels breaks in upon the suicide, arrests his hand, and throws over him a flood of latent feeling.

It is Easter. The angelic song is responded to by the women who went at morning-tide to the grave of 'the CRUCIFIED' to weep, but who were lost in wonder because 'the LORD is not here.' Who will not sympathize with the fevered soul of Faust, as he cries with touching pathos:

'Oh! once in boyhood's time the love of Heaven
 Came down upon me with mysterious kiss,
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
 Then was the birth
 Of a new life and a new world for me;
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth;
 This music welcomed in the happy spring:
 And now am I once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance twining round my heart
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps.
 Then sing ye forth! sweet songs that breathe of heaven.
Tears come! and Earth hath won her child again.'

The next scene presents a motley crowd before the city gate: tradesmen, citizens, maids, students, an old woman and a soldier, and peasants dancing. The latter are represented as gathering round Faust, and loading him with praises for his kindness and philanthropy during the plague. But this is mockery to the aspiring Faust; the praises of a few illiterate peasants, in the ear of him who was seeking the 'starry heights' of science, of intellectual improvement, and of fame.

While his pupil, Wagner, and himself stand in the twilight watching the receding forms of the city crowd, they observe a poodle-dog circling around in the field, as if in search of his master. Faust takes him home, to be a sort of companion in his study, a something upon which his eyes may rest as they turn from his books or papers; a substitute (such is the opinion of many a scholar) for a human associate, more obedient and less troublesome. Not such, however, was the case with this extraordinary poodle.

As his master began his labors, he began to growl and whine; and when Faust undertook to translate the *first verse of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel*, the dog becomes transformed with rage, displaying to the astonished Faust the characteristics of demoniac possession. The air becomes filled with unearthly chantings. One spell is tried by Faust after another, without success, in exorcising the devil, until at last he chances to hit upon the cabalistic rhyme, which suddenly invests the dog with colossal proportions, and enshrouds him in a thick mist. When the cloud disappears, a gentleman in a scholar's travelling-dress appears from behind the stove, and we see Mephistopheles for the first time on earth.

The dog, or rather the devil, could not escape through the door, on

account of a pentagram described upon the threshold; this figure, 'the Druid's* foot,' 'sive salutis signum,' being a bound which spirits cannot pass without permission. Thus forced apparently into contact with Faust, Mephistopheles commences artfully his conversation: he is neither too obsequious nor too exacting, but suits himself to the character, appearance, and station of his intended victim; patient and cool in argument, and in no haste for the result. In order to retire, he has recourse to attending spirits, who sing Faust to sleep in soothing but ghostly strains; and then he calls upon the rats, or demons in their form, to gnaw away the angle of the pentagram which confines him; and thus he escapes. At his next visit, Faust signs a compact with him, which is couched in these words of the Devil:

'I BIND myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run, and rest not, at thy beck and bidding;
And when we meet again at yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.'

It is not difficult for a supernatural being to convince a philosopher that he can never know *much*; that his aspirings can never attain their aim; that his longings never can be satisfied. It is more easy still, when once he be convinced of these things, to work upon his despairing *sensitiveness*, and cause him to seek pleasure in the fruition of appetite and passion. Nor is this without many illustrations in every-day life. Thus Mephistopheles dealt with Faust; divorced him from his studies, infected his soul with the leprosy of devilish desire, and remained at his elbow to ensure its consummation in action. Thus he perverted from its holy and useful meaning the noble maxim which has descended to us from Hippocrates: '*Ars longa, vita brevis*;' and our unfortunate hero plunges into the world and its pleasures, convinced that if 'art is long,' man may employ his powers in some more satisfying way than in endeavoring to reach its goal; and that if 'time is fleeting,' we should make the most of it, according to the perverted tenets of the Epicurean philosophy.

In the outset of their adventures we meet them at Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where they have entered suddenly upon a convivial meeting of four boon-companions. Then takes place the famous miracle, which is ascribed to Faust's devil in the earliest stories, and which, with other scenes, has been immortalized by the stylus of Retzsch. With great suavity Mephistopheles joins in their chat, exchanges a joke with them, and, upon the discovery that the wine is very bad, he proposes to give them better. For each taste he bores a hole in the edge of the table, and Rhenish wine, champagne, and Tokay flow into their glasses. The caution is, *not to spill*. Through the carelessness of Siebel, some wine is spilt, which immediately turns into flame. The devil quenches it with a word. Another draws the stopper from the gimlet-hole which gave his wine, and flame spouts out. All then, seized with a sudden transport, attack Mephistopheles. He disarms them by incantation and gesture, and straightway they become excited with the most pleasurable sensations; these in turn give way to frenzy, and Faust and his devil leave them fighting among themselves.

* THE Druids wore shoes of a pentagonal form.

I would willingly pass over without notice the scene in the witches' kitchen, and gain time to linger upon more interesting parts of this wonderful poem. Suffice it, that there is a collocation of apes, (called by the translator '*cat-apes*,') of witches, of filthy, dark and nauseating utensils and articles, of devilish speeches, the whole result of which is, to administer a potent and charmed drink to Faust, to excite his passions, and thus to drown the aspiring impulse of his immortality. At the risk of pungent criticism, we think that even to a German reader there must be very little force in this scene. To an American, it is not justified by the end; and the coarseness, the vulgar jocularity, and the indecent familiarity, divested of all the majesty (if we may use the word) of devilish character, are faults which, instead of being easily forgotten, will become more and more glaring by contrast, in proportion as the poem shall be more generally read. The author has the idea which Shakespeare has embodied in Macbeth, but how differently has he invested it!

The spacious heath, thunder and lightning, the introduction of the classic Hecate, the far-famed cauldron, give to the creation of Shakespeare a horror, and at the same time an interest, such as the '*secret, black and midnight hags*' are intended to produce; while the apes of Goethe, the kitchen peopled with grotesque and disgusting figures, the witch tumbling down the chimney and fawning upon Mephistopheles, cause us to lose our interest in our disgust.

Revenons: the drink is charmed and taken, and the scene is concluded.

We next behold the possessed Faust at his first meeting with MARGARET, a modest young girl, into whose brain love has never entered, and who is kind, gentle, and unsuspecting. Since the days of Adam, not forgetting St. Anthony *en passant*, the devil has found no keener temptation with which to prove the frailty of humanity than woman's beauty. Faust would have turned with loathing from any exhibitions revolting to his cultivated *intellect*. Power might not have enchained him, for it cannot satisfy the mind. The banquet of a Sybarite, music to soothe the senses, perfumes floating in the air, might have been shunned or excluded, and he would perhaps have taken refuge from them in his circumscribed study.

But *love-awakened desire* was most potent. He saw, and was conquered. At their first meeting, Margaret rejects his advances; but, poor child, she was in the toils of the devil! Through the aid of Martha, a neighbor and a supposed widow, Faust meets Margaret. Mephistopheles, with great politeness, entertains Martha, in their walk in the garden, (and the by-play is very devilish,) while Faust and Margaret are weaving the golden net of their destruction. Previous to this meeting, jewels have been twice placed in the girl's cabinet, the first of which, with true simplicity, she shows her mother, and in alarm gives to the priest; but she cannot withstand the temptation of keeping the others, and she only wears them in her stealthy visits to Martha's house.

The simplicity and child-like innocence of Margaret are displayed throughout the garden walk. She picks a star-flower, and pulling the leaves one by one repeats for each alternate one the words, 'He loves me,' and 'He loves me not.' When the last is plucked, she exclaims

with rapture: '*He loves me!*' and giving herself to the fond superstition, she returns the affection with a warm, enthusiastic, and uncalculating love, the innocence of which is its lure to destruction.

Time and space fail us to tell of the misery of her repentance; the remorse of Faust; the infernal cunning of Mephistopheles; the return of her noble soldier-brother to his idolized sister; his honest rage; his meeting with Faust under her window; his death by the hand of his sister's seducer, and his anathemas upon her in his dying hour. These, with all their interesting details, must pass with the mere mention: but upon one scene, full of the romantic interest of life, and replete with thrilling power, we must dwell for a moment. Margaret, the guilty Margaret, is in the cathedral during service. The organ is sounding, but amid its devotion-inducing chords, an evil spirit is whispering dark words into her ear, of her mother's death and her brother's murder. She cannot pray amid 'these dark thoughts flitting over, and all accusing.' The choir breaks out into the awful

'DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SECLUM IN FAVILLA,'

and the demon, prompted by the words, warns her of the judgment and the doom: again are sounded the thrilling words:

'JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
QUIDQUID LATET APPAREBIT,
NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT;'

and again the devil 'quotes the Scripture to his purpose,' until the victim faints in an agony of horror.

The heart must be seared which can read this description of heart-sick humanity, and of Satanic temptation in the holy precincts of the house of God, without being touched with a living sympathy for her, the frail and suffering girl.

To the Walpurgis night, and the witches' dance on the Brocken, we had intended to give some space, but are warned to forbear. Those who are fond of the marvellous and the mysterious will find their account in reading it with care, in the original, if they can; and those who delight in tales of 'the grotesque and arabesque' will find much to gratify their fancies: how the will-o'-the-wisp is pressed into service as a guide; of the secrets under the earth; of the unearthly murmurs above, below, and around, each one vocal with the witches' sentiment and the author's genius; and how finally, among the crowd of the Brocken's tenants on the Walpurgis night, Faust catches a glimpse of Margaret as Medusa, pale, sad, and drooping, with the deep-red line around her throat, awakening in his bosom deeper love, painful anxiety, and bitter remorse.

I have passed over the Brocken dance which Faust witnessed, in order to present the substance of a note from *Roscoe's German Novelists*, which is not without historic value, upon the origin of this popular superstition.

During the reign of Charlemagne, the Germans were persecuted and oppressed, partly with the design of converting them to the true faith. All who refused the rite of baptism were put to the sword; and like the Scottish Covenanters of after-time, they sought the wild retreats and

mountain fastnesses to worship their gods. The Brocken particularly seems to have been appropriated to this purpose; and although guards were stationed at the mountain-passes, they arrayed themselves in skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and after driving the terrified guards away, consummated their worship. This 'celebration on the first of May, on the wildest region of the Hartz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites.'

We approach the closing scene of the poem; the one which, for deep interest, thrilling pathos, and for truthfulness of natural description, may challenge comparison with any effort of the tragic muse since the days of her earliest youth.

Faust is *mad with remorse*, and to this madness, love, deep and enduring, adds poignancy, but lends method. He demands to see her, and after fruitless attempts on the part of the devil to deter him from going, they start at night across a gloomy moor, on those black horses which the genius of Retzsch has invested with demoniac appearance in every line. They pass a gibbet, around which a hellish crew are engaged in 'brewing and incantations.' Onward they rush 'forward' and 'faster' — 'needs must when the Devil drives' — and at length arrive at the prison where the victim of love is to become the martyr of law.

By the magic of Satan, he enters unobserved by the jailors, and finds her in the dark straw chained to the floor, and *mad*, mad irretrievably!

Faust enters during her piteous song, and when she perceives him, her crazed brain imagines:

'Woe! woe! They come! they come! Death, bitter death!

Faustus (in a low voice). Hush! hush!' 'Tis I who come to rescue thee!

Margaret (rolling herself at his feet). Art thou a man? have pity on me.'

Faust takes hold of her chains to unlock them, when she bursts into prayer for time — 'a little more time!'

'SAVAGE, who gave this cruel power to thee?
It is not more than midnight now: have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?
And I am still so young, so very young!
And must I die so soon? And I was fair,
And I was fair, and *that* was my undoing.
Oh! if *my love* were here! but he is gone.
Torn is my garland; scattered all its flowers.
Oh, do not grasp me with such violence!
Oh, spare me! Sure I have not injured thee;
Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me! I never saw thy face before.'

Much time elapses before she recognizes her lover. At length are described the tumult of mind which agitates him, and the newly-awakened, rapturous consciousness with which she asks:

'WHERE is he? Where? I heard my own love's voice!

.
Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I heard my own love's voice, his loving voice!'

These form a scene which must be read fresh from the author's hand

to be fully appreciated, but which have no small power in the translation.

But reason only totters on its throne, and all the efforts of Faust are ineffectual to convey her away from the prison :

Faustus. Day dawns; oh, hasten hence, my love! my love!

Margaret. Day! yea, 't is day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal day it should have been. Tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak MARGARET.
Alas! my garland is already withered.
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously;

Down in the chair of blood they fasten me;
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.'

And now the fiend comes to triumph over Faust, and urges him to retire. Margaret is infuriated at the appearance of Mephistopheles :

Marg. What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he! 'tis he! Oh, send him from this place!
What wants he here! Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me!

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love!

Marg. Upon the judgment-throne of God I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (to Faust). Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Marg. FATHER of Heaven, have mercy on thy child!
Ye angels, holy host, keep watch around me!
HENRY, I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come; she is judged!

Voice (from above). And saved!

Meph. (to Faust). Hither to me.
(*Disappears with Faust.*)

Voice (from within, dying away). HENRY! HENRY!'

And here ends all of Faust which is familiar to English readers, and in fact to many German ones. The second part, or continuation, is a poem which has never been looked upon either as a necessary part of the Faust, or as an indispensable sequel. Goethe's Faust, *our* Faust, the world's Faust, ends with the faint but expressive declaration of the entrance of injured innocence upon that rest where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' and the utter discomfiture of the principles, the philosophy, and the machinations of his Satanic Majesty.

Any one could have dressed up the old story of 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus' in a poetic garb: one man only has arisen who could invest the fable with truth and the old story with a new and unfading interest; an interest due, we think, not to its dramatic effect, nor its versification, nor yet to its wonderful collocation of Deity, angels, demons, men, witches, and brutes, but to its deep philosophy of the human mind; to the consideration of the power and scope of the human imagination; to the aspiration and despondency of the human heart; to the supremacy of God in nature; to the fine picture of Satanic agency, thwarted by the Omnipotence which permits it for a season; and perhaps more than

all, to the felicitous manner in which he has catered to the taste, the sensibility, and the household superstition of every man and woman, who has the honor to call him fellow-countryman.

And here we leave our humble offering, until the times and the seasons demand a fresher and fuller garland from a more skilful hand.

S T A N Z A S T O A F R I E N D .

THE following lines were written to one who had just been reading 'The Married Life of ALBERT DÜRER,' and in the impulse of feeling wrote to her sister that *her* husband was a painter too.

'My husband is a painter too,'
 And has a right
 To sketch along the stream of time
 By day and night;
 Pursuing thoughts where eddies sweep,
 Or course them o'er the mighty deep.

Arm'd with a wand of mystic might,
 A gray goose-quill,
 The past with ease he can recall
 At beck or will;
 The sombre hue of age renew,
 Bright as the sheen on morning dew.

He skims along the bounds of space
 Where comets go,
 Or turns the tardy world to greet
 The sun's warm glow;
 The beasts he makes their lives rehearse,
 And tell their stories all in verse:

Lures little imps from fairy-land,
 And makes them run,
 Or walk, or dance, or cry, or scream,
 And all for fun:
 Pictures he makes right well and true,
 'My husband is a painter too.'

Poets can paint as well as sing:
 Their pictures speak,
 Their figures move, and when they tread,
 Their buskins creak;
 The scenes they shift, time trips along,
 And colors flow in words of song.

Do not suppose that you, dear SUE,
 And more beside,
 Are happy in the name you love,
 An artist's bride:
 I'm partial, I'll confess to *you*,
 'My husband is a painter too.'

T H E L O S T H E A R T .

BY P. MARTINDALE.

HAST seen in thy wanderings a heart,
Alack! and well a-day!
O merry maiden!
Gone away without leave to depart,
Where, who can say!
Quite sorrow-laden!
Seduced from me by cruel art,
Urging alway
To some sad end!
Grieved was I from it to part,
Alas! and well a-day,
My gentle friend!

Something worn it was by use,
Alack! and well a-day!
'Twas quite forlorn;
By many weary years' abuse,
I grieve to say,
'Twas something torn;
But still with all its sad misuse,
Alas! and well a-day,
'Twas well-nigh crushed!
For no unworthy wile or ruse
Could any say
It should have blushed.

I'll tell thee, maiden, how to know it,
Alack! and well a-day!
If thou shouldst meet it;
Mayhap some kindness thou wilt show it,
And not alway
With harsh words greet it:
At thy approach its pulse will throb,
Alas! and well a-day!
As if it thought
Its very life-blood thou wouldst rob,
Then throw it all away,
A thing of naught.

As if thou wert some fixed star,
Alack! and well a-day!
'Twill gaze on thee,
Whose lustre beaming from afar
Guided its course alway
Over life's sea.
As needle to the magnet true,
Alas! and well a-day!
'Twill follow thee;
Owning no mistress here but you,
Its homage it will pay
Perpetually!

And if the wanderer cross thy track,
 Alack! and well a-day!
 What wilt thou do!
 Thou surely couldst not send it back,
 Beating alway
 To thee so true!
 Though poor indeed that tatter'd heart of mine.
 Alas! and well a-day!
 'T will leave thee never!
 Hast thou indeed disposéd yet of thine?
 If not, oh, then, I pray,
 Take mine for thine for ever!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

PARIS EXPERIENCE OF WASH. FUDGE.

'Oh! had a man of daring spirit, of genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to that city, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the region to which he travelled, and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!'

GOLDSMITH.

GEO. WASHINGTON FUDGE admires Paris. It would be strange if he did not admire Paris. But in his view it adds considerably to the reputation of Paris, that he, WASH. FUDGE, *does* admire it. It has the same effect, he does not doubt, upon his mother's appreciation of Paris. Of his father's notions he is not so confident.

He finds Paris to be 'a gay, sociable place, with considerable business stirring.' He has left his attic in the Hotel Meurice, and has taken apartments across the water, upon the Quai Voltaire. He is in the fourth story, and is occupant of a charming salon, and chamber attached. The waxed stair-ways and the brick floors astonish him. The gilt clock that ticks upon his mantel, the magnificent pier-table, the mirrors, and the lounges delight him. He feels, too, a warm regard for the old lady in horn spectacles, who sits every day in the porter's lodge, who gives him such a friendly *bon jour*, and who never quarrels either with his hours or his visitors.

As for his hours, he rounds them by what he reckons the polite standard. At eleven of the morning the old lady below serves him with a roll, a cup of coffee, a little plate of radishes and of butter. All these he despatches leisurely, and finishes his toilet by half-past twelve. He then indulges himself in a ramble over the bridge and through the garden of the Tuileries. He is much struck with the architectural effect

of the palace, and describes it in a friendly letter to his mother as 'a magnificent specimen of long and high-roofed architecture in stone.' He indulges in home-comparisons of the fountains, and avenues of trees, not wholly favorable to Grammercy Park. He strolls to that angle of the terrace where he yesterday encountered a very coquettish grisette; and not finding her, he consoles himself with a chair, and with a careless observation of the carriages, and mounted guards, and women and children, trooping across the Place de la Concorde.

Observing a gathering upon the corner of the avenue, WASH. FUDGE passes down through the gates, and finds a man with a cage full of sparrows; he is gesticulating earnestly, and indulging in a strain of remark which WASH. FUDGE is not able to follow, farther than to catch an occasional use of the words '*dix centimes*.' WASH. FUDGE being of a generous disposition advances two sous to the orator, who thereupon takes a sparrow from the cage, and tosses it in the air. WASH. FUDGE watches with interest, expecting to see a series of graceful evolutions, and a return to the man's thumb: he is surprised to find, however, that the bird, after a few pleasant parabolic curves around the obelisk, soars away out of sight. He ventures in timid French an inquiry as to the probability of the captive's return.

'*Pas si bête, Monsieur,*' exclaims the orator, as he sets loose another sparrow; '*une fois libre, un oiseau y reste : mais, pour nous autres — dam !*'

A man in a cocked hat here puts his hand upon the shoulder of the orator, and orders him away. Poor WASH., wondering what the joke can be, saunters up through the avenue of the Champs Elysées. He presently encounters a vivacious talker, who invites him, in the blindest manner, to try a shot or two at a revolving company of clay images. WASHINGTON being, as I said, of a liberal nature, advances half a franc, which is good for four shots, and counts on securing one of the prizes in the shape of a paste gew-gaw for his old friend of the *conciergerie*. He fires his successive discharges without damaging in the least the little plaster Cupids, who continue their quiet revolutions as before.

His next venture of the morning is in pistol-practice upon the heart of a very brigand-looking figure, which traverses a wild scene of canvas and pine-boards, at five sous the transit. WASHINGTON having failed as before, continues his entertainment by gazing over the shoulders of two short soldiers, at the extraordinary tricks of an accomplished juggler, who picks up pieces of two sous with a staff, and who suggests a farther trial upon silver coin; which being offered by Mr. FUDGE, is at once transferred in a graceful manner to the juggler's pocket, amid the plaudits of the two short soldiers.

Mr. FUDGE is farther attracted by the saltambic feats of a young lady in an exceedingly short blue velvet dress, who is surrounded by a ring of admiring soldiers, and accompanied in her *poses* by fiddle and clarinet. WASHINGTON patronizes the performance by a liberal cast of small coins, and is rewarded by a gracious smile from the young lady in the short velvet dress.

At this juncture he recalls an engagement with his Professor of the English and French languages. The Professor has rooms at the top of a house in the *Rue St. Honoré*. He keeps a parrot and a cat — maltese

color ; and has farther graced his apartment with two or three lively statuettes of famous dancing characters. He is sixty years, or thereabout, and takes snuff liberally ; although he still wears varnished boots, and talks freely of his brilliant intrigues. He furthermore instructs Mr. FUDGE in execrable English about his connection with the various revolutions of France, and his hair-breadth escapes. He indulges in a strain of political and philosophic reflections which satisfy WASHINGTON FUDGE that the Professor has been a man sadly overlooked in the distribution of the administrative functions. He hints as much to the old lady in the porter's lodge, who shrugs her shoulders, and says, '*Possible ?*'

The Professor listens kindly to such confidential disclosures as Mr. FUDGE is pleased to make in regard to his friends and family ; all which familiar chit-chat is followed up by a pleasant exposition of the future tense of the verb *aimer*, and an invitation to pursue the study, at the same hour, two days thereafter.

Mr. FUDGE prosecutes his acquaintance with the French language and character by a very vigorous conversation, actively sustained during the rest of the day with an American friend, with whom he dines at the 'British Tavern.' He addresses the English waiters in bad French, and justifies his pronunciation by an appeal to the bill of fare. He feels inspired by his progress in the language, more especially after finishing, with his friend, a bottle of *Mouton*.

At six, he smokes a cigar over a small cup of coffee, outside the Rotunde of the Palais Royale ; ogling meantime, through the window, the very bewitching young lady who presides over the tables, the spoons, and the sugar. He afterward luxuriates, in company with his friend, in a cab-drive along the Boulevard and the Quai, terminating at the brilliantly-illuminated entrance of a hall in the Rue St. Honoré. Upon the payment of two francs, he is here ushered into a scene of bewildering magnificence. A band of eighty performers is discoursing music from a gay pavilion, decorated with tri-color, in the centre of the *salle*. Gas-lights are casting through orange and purple reflectors, hues innumerable. The floor is trembling under the tread of a hundred coupled waltzers, and the galleries above and below are swimming with eyes, fans, and feathers.

It is needless to say that young Mr. FUDGE pursues his habit of observation in such quarters, with all his accustomed alacrity ; he even addresses one or two brother Americans, whom he encounters in the course of the evening, in French ; but, upon being pressed in that language, recovers his recollection, and resumes his native tongue.

Mr. FUDGE observes, from the habit of his companions, that the young ladies present are not averse to wine — if mingled with water ; he farther observes that they do not resent, with any air of disdain, such attentions as strangers may be disposed to offer, in a spirit of kindness ; they also courteously relieve the foreigner of those embarrassments which naturally belong to one unacquainted with the customs and language of the country.

In short, Mr. FUDGE is delighted with the adventures of the evening ; and having made engagements with his companions for an equally instructive series of observations the next day, he avows himself, to himself, on the way home, '*par-par-tik-e-lar—ly de-delighted (hiccup) with*

PARIS! (strong emphasis on Paris) — partik-larly — tik-larly — tik-ly — tkly! (Sounds dying away in the corner of the coach.)

It is my opinion that this day's experience of my young friend WASH. FUDGE is quite similar to that of most of the very young men who are sent to Paris with a view of completing their education, and establishing a position in polite society. It is my opinion that many such stolid papas as Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, wrapped up in an impenetrable sense of their own foresight and prudence, are meantime cherishing the confirmed belief that their hopeful sons are acquiring a large acquaintance with the language and public policy of the country, and are reaping such advantages from foreign travel as will advance highly their interests in the commercial or political world.

And it is my farther opinion, that many such aspiring mothers as Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, indulge in the pleasing reflection that their darling WASH. FUDGES are equipping themselves with every polite accomplishment, becoming absolute masters of all Parisian fizesse, whether of language or manner, and disturbing cruelly, by their various charms and playful *equivokes*, the tender affections of all the marriageable daughters of all the titled ladies of Paris.

So every ambition, which is not tempered by a modest reserve and by a pursuit of duty, strides over itself, and wastes to nothing.

The mother will live long enough yet, to find her poor pride cut to the quick by the children on whose training she poises her worldly — and only — hope. And the stately SOLOMON FUDGE, with all the dignity of his past honors crusted on him, and the stiffness of his stock-list, and his haughtiness of look, may yet find that the worldly and golden armor he wears, with such clanking and glitter, has in it weakly jointures, whereat the arrows of sorrow and of mortification may drive, (possibly from a filial hand,) and pierce through to his old, seared heart, making his high manhood wilt, like grass that is cut in June!

To return, however, to our friend WASHINGTON, we find his attachments to the city on the increase. He communicates with his father: his father exhibits the letters as specimens of 'terse and vigorous correspondence, showing close attention to new objects.' He expresses himself as 'pleased with the metropolis; is making advances in the language; also formed some acquaintances, desirable ones; has left a card upon the minister; the minister left a card upon him; is an agreeable man — so said to be. Meats in Paris are done remarkably brown. The standard of morals is not high: has seen instances of Sabbath-breaking, to which hitherto he has been unaccustomed. Admires St. Cloud, and suggests that Congress should buy Mt. Vernon as a Sabbath residence for Mr. FILLMORE. Is not quite sure whether he prefers a monarchical form of republic, or a democratic form. Likes the fixed fares for cabmen, and thinks the dead-house a desirable, but disagreeable institution. Is glad to see that Dauphin-stock is on the rise, and hopes they have declared a fat dividend. Hopes WILHE. is well, and sends a Schottisch by express.'

In an even more genial and flowing humor, Mr. FUDGE communicates with an old boon-companion of the city: 'He is *not* disappointed in the masked balls — not in the least. They are quite up to his mark; altogether splendid affairs. You have to fancy, BEN., all the orchestras of your

city tuning together to a 'tip-top polka;' and the polka sliding off upon a floor swaying with a thousand figures, more or less, in brown, gray, blue and gold spangles; young and old ones; big noses and little ones; every thing hobgoblin and ghostly; and all of them polking as if the devil was in them. Such tidy grisettes, too! and such pretty figures as they show *en garçon*! Have not indulged much myself upon the floor: they have an awkward way of tossing their feet into one's face, which is embarrassing; beside which, had my hat once or twice crushed over my eyes — supposed to be done by a tall *Pierrot* in steeple-crowned hat and long sleeves, who looked very sanctimoniously.

'Kept mostly to the *foyer*, among the better class of ladies; is fully satisfied that some among them were of quite a superior order; indeed, as much was hinted to him by the ladies themselves; is obliged to keep very dark; French husbands are an excessively jealous people. Held some intensely interesting conversations; is naturally improving in French — quite at home indeed. Having a rendezvous at the Grand Opera at nine o'clock, must close hastily. Hopes the boys are well.'

Under such pleasant auspices, Mr. FUDGE finds the winter slipping away at a very comfortable pace. He is expressing as much to himself, in a consolatory way, over his egg and roll, on a fine February morning, when the old lady from below taps at his door, and hands him a very delicate-looking note, slightly odorous of a very subdued and lady-like perfume. The hand, too, is fair and graceful — wholly unknown to Mr. FUDGE; and surprises and delights him with the following challenge:

'M. FUDGE *est prié de se rendre ce soir, au bal masqué, à minuit et demi, à la rencontre d'un domino noir.*'

To say merely that Mr. FUDGE determined to be present at the masked ball at the time designated, would convey but a small idea of the ardor and enthusiasm of his character. He elaborated his toilet to a degree that to most men would have been painful. His coiffeur surpassed himself. Mr. FUDGE fairly languished for the hour to arrive.

It is needless to add that he was punctual. He encountered the Domino. He passed up and down the corridors, and through the foyer, with that graceful figure leaning upon his arm: nor was it the grace alone that fired him, but the piquancy of her talk — catching his broken sentences, and rounding them into fulness; anticipating his thought; unriddling his half-expressed surprises; provoking him with her knowledge of his history and family; lifting her finger in warning against all his eagerness to solve the mystery; discoursing philosophically upon the scene before them; dropping half sentences of English, and complimenting his French, in a way that set poor WASH. FUDGE altogether beside himself.

To make the matter still worse, his new acquaintance, contrary, as he believes, to all precedent, insists that Mr. FUDGE shall make no attempt to track her from the ball: her reasons for all the mystery are so vague and shadowy as to pique his curiosity the more.

Finally, at three of the morning, after a half-exacted promise to appear again, she glides away from him into the throng of Dominoes, and is lost.

To Mr. FUDGE this is a new and delightful experience; indeed, on

comparing it with the past experience of Parisian acquaintances, he regards it as altogether unique, and appreciates his success and good fortune accordingly. He reëxamines very scrutinizingly their very brief correspondence. It is clearly a lady-like hand—a refined hand, so to speak. He ventures to submit it to the eye of the distinguished gentleman, his professor of languages. The Professor is curious, very; he thinks Mr. FUDGE fortune's favorite, (which Mr. FUDGE privately confirms,) and is satisfied both of the station and dignity of his correspondent. He farther remarks that Mr. FUDGE is a dangerous fellow; and he doubts if he is doing his duty in perfecting him to any greater degree in the finesse of the language. Which compliment suggests such a pleasing train of remark to Mr. FUDGE, (in English,) that the hour is consumed (much to the relief of the Professor) without any lesson whatever.

The knowledge which the unknown lady appears to possess of Mr. FUDGE's history and family somewhat surprises him; not that such things might not very properly and naturally be known to the European world; but since he has found that in the majority of instances such facts were *not* known. His banker, being a bachelor, is relieved of the suspicion which might otherwise attach to his wife or daughters. The family of the American minister would scarcely have presumed upon so slight an acquaintance as existed between the parties.

In this connection, however, the thought of young Mr. FUDGE reverts suddenly to the once admired but now neglected Miss JENKINS. Miss JENKINS is still in Paris; Miss JENKINS' figure corresponded well with that of the domino; Miss JENKINS' interesting manner might easily be thought, under the excitement of the masquerade, to ripen into that coquettish tenderness which he had found so beguiling. Miss JENKINS, moreover, was familiar, to some extent, with his family history, and with his aims in life. He had been cruelly inattentive to Miss JENKINS: Miss JENKINS was now taking the revenge of an affectionate and injured woman.

With this thought fastening itself by degrees firmly upon his mind, Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE, without the least touch of pity for feeble hearts in his air or manner, throws back his coat-collar upon his shoulders, inserts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-coat, and placing himself in a fancy attitude before the mirror, indulges himself in a long, low, cheerful whistle!

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

SQUIRE BODGERS AT HOME.

'He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE village of Newtown is as pretty a place as one can find in a ten days' drive around the city of New-York. It smacks of the old and quiet times when gossips herded at the village inn, and when, once or twice in the year, the whole country around thronged upon the green to some travelling show. It has its deacons and squires: it has its branch-

ing elms, throwing their trembling shadows across the village street: it has a humble parsonage-house, all embowered with many cherry-trees, and a gigantic butternut: it has its country-store, with its black-topped posts, where the farmers' wives 'hitch their colts;' and with its strange variety of crockery, calicoes, teas, and molasses. There is the head clerk, with a pen behind his ear, deeply immersed in calculations and with fingers sticky with keg-raisins. There is the store-keeper himself, a stout, bland man, with wrist-bands turned up, who tries his groceries upon the tip of his fore-finger, and wipes his finger upon that portion of his dress which is shaded by the tail of his coat; until his pantaloons from the hip to the knee have become cheerfully glazed with a shining and unctuous mixture of lamp-oil, rosin, lamp-black, spirits of turpentine, and New-Orleans sugar.

The town has its tailor — over the store, with a sign-board on which is a gilt pair of shears, and a last year's plate of the fashions in the window. He possesses a ready disposition to have his customers' work done Saturday night, except 'his girls' are taken sick — which usually happens. There is also the shoe-maker, in a quiet, small, rather close-smelling shop, by himself, who 'taps' for half the city price, and who always keeps his word, except he is out of 'luer' — which sometimes happens.

Beside, there is a small hatter, whose yard-fence not unfrequently has the untoward appearance of a long file of men 'half-cocked.' There is a grave-stone maker, who plies his saw with a very wan and ghostly face, except (it pains me to make the exception) when 'steaming it.' Two attorneys, who once did business under the general firm of BIVINS AND RIP, have, by mutual consent, dissolved partnership; and henceforth attend to the law-business in all its details, such as drawing of writs and leases, collection of moneys, etc., at their respective offices: TIMOTHY RIP, first door to the right above Miss DOOLITTLE's millinery-store; and EBENEZER BIVINS, at the old stand on the meeting-house corner.

There are also sundry old-fashioned houses scattered through the little town: houses with gamble-roofs, and mossy, mouldy-looking dormer windows; houses with gray-stone chimneys, on which some ancient date is inscribed in the quaint-shaped letters which you see in old primers; houses with clambering vines that seem as old as the houses, and ready with their weight of leaves to crush the walls they cling to, or if need be, to bury them under a cloak of green: there are houses in out-of-the-way places with strange-shaped hipped roofs, about which lurk old tales of Dutch or Puritan wrong; floors spotted with blood, (not to be washed out with the hardest scrubbing;) haunted houses, pointed at of school-boys, and romantic misses in gingham aprons.

The village is old, as I said, and lying out of the reach of rail-way enterprise, has fallen sadly in the wake of modern progress. Two saw-mills upon the brook above the village have stopped. The long-store is positively closed. Squire BIVINS' practice has fallen off, they say, at least one third. But two house raisings have been known within the town-limits in the last three years; no new barn has been erected, with the exception of an addition to SMITH's livery-stable. Even the tan-works, belonging to the gentleman on whose account solely I have entered upon this long digression — I speak of TRUMAN BODGERS,

Esquire — are in a dilapidated condition, and exhibit undoubted evidences of dissolution.

Squire BODGERS is owner and occupant of one of the houses to which I have alluded. His house is an old house, and a gambler-roofed house. Hollyhocks and red roses are growing (during summer) beside the path that leads to his door. Ancestral trees hang over the mossy roof. Although living in such a quiet, decayed town, Squire BODGERS has had the shrewdness to perceive, and to avail himself of the commercial drift of the day. He has had the courage — for the want of which many such old-fashioned men have become poverty-stricken — to withdraw his capital from the old, narrowing channels, and to bestow it upon the growing enterprise of the cities. The result is, that Mr. BODGERS is a rich man; richer than most people suppose him; and far richer than Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, amid all her condescension of manner, has for one moment imagined.

Upon the day on which this chapter of the FUDGE record is supposed to open, Mr. TRUMAN BODGERS is sitting before the fire, in a comfortable high-backed chair, in what he calls the library, under the roof of the antique mansion I have briefly described. Two portraits are hanging on the wall, over which the eyes of Mr. BODGERS occasionally glance, with a pleasantly mournful expression. One of them is that of a hale old gentleman, long since gone, who was the builder of the mansion, and the father of the present occupant. The other picture shows a kindly old lady's smile, which was half ruined by blindness twenty-odd years ago; and which only went out finally twelve months since, when the old lady (Mr. BODGERS' mother) died.

Being blind, she loved greatly to listen to pleasant voices, reading out of pleasant books; and KITTY FLEMING, having such a voice as made even dull books pleasant, won her way deeply into the old lady's regard, and at the same time into the affections of her son. She was as dear, I am sure, to the old lady as would have been any grand-child, and had grown as dear to the son as any daughter; perhaps she was even dearer.

I have said that these two pictures hung upon the walls of Mr. BODGERS' room. There was a third picture, much smaller than the other two, in a little drawer of the antique secretary which stood just at his elbow. It was in a morocco case, and few ever opened it, save Mr. BODGERS himself. It was the miniature of a sweet-faced girl — not KITTY, or KITTY's mother.

Mr. BODGERS even now is dwelling on it mournfully. An old affection lingers about that picture of a beauty long since gone to the world of spirits. Even Squire BODGERS, under that rough exterior, has his tender places, and his affections flowing like a river — widely and vainly. The world is altogether too apt to consign the withered hulk of the bachelor who has seen his five-and-fifty years to the tomb of all passionate feeling. It is my honest opinion that bachelors, thoroughly ripened in years, are the most kind, tender, affectionate, hopeful, self-denying, and calumniated creatures that are to be found in the world.

Good Heavens! did people but know the seared hopes and brimming expectancies which struggle, 'fierce as youth,' in the breasts of such men, they would judge more wisely. PROVIDENCE has dealt kindly

with us all. And as the fountains of hope dry up along the straitened waste of the years that are to come, deep wells of holy and sainted memories gush to the light behind us, and freshen us—to tears!

There is a packet of faded letters in a pigeon-hole of the antique secretary, which, if run over in the careful way in which our friend Mr. BODGERS runs them over on some late nights of winter, would unfold the history of the miniature. It is after all only the old story of love, blighted by the Destroyer long ago, and sometimes carrying back the manly heart, by desperate leaps, over the wide gap which thirty years open in life.

It is not often, however, that the practical Mr. BODGERS wanders back so far; it is not often that he looks over, so wistfully as now, the faded packet of letters; it is not often that he lingers, when the sun is shining so cheerfully as it is, by his desk and his fire-side.

The truth is, Mr. BODGERS has met this day with one of those little accidents which might easily have been a large one, and which wakens the thought of Fatality; and makes a serious man balance the remaining weight of his days. Therefore it is that the shattered arm, in a sling, has kept Mr. BODGERS by his desk, and by the old letters and pictures, with half-mournful thought. And in virtue of the same mishap, his reflections have turned upon old testamentary documents, and upon his list of rentals, and upon the chance—perhaps a sudden chance—that all he now calls his own will lie bound up soon in some short testamentary parchment. And therefore it is that such old parchments have come under his eye this day; and with the parchments, the cherished letters; and with the letters, the pictures; and with the pictures, the vague and shadowy memories; and with the memories—that moistened eye!

Then the eye falls upon the parchments again, as if for relief; and Mr. BODGERS thinks—of his own Will.

‘It must be drawn,’ says Mr. BODGERS, talking to himself.

‘As well now as ever,’ says Mr. BODGERS, thrusting his papers into a pigeon-hole.

‘It shall be done this very day,’ says Mr. BODGERS, giving emphasis to the remark by three consecutive taps upon the lid of his snuff-box.

A half-hour after, and the careless spectator might have observed a solitary individual, with a brown surtout thrown over his shoulder, and his right arm slung in a yellow bandanna, marching with a resolute step into the office of Squire ‘NEZER BIVINS, at his old stand, upon the meeting-house corner.

S P A N I S H P R O V E R B S .

If you a gentleman would know,
’Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.

What fathers miserably acquire,
Their sons will throw into the fire.

With spectacles and locks of gray
Love seldom can be made to stay.

A word’s a thing that flies away,
But writing may be made to stay.

T H O M A S O F E R C E L D O N : A B A L L A D .

BY CLAUDE HALORO.

THE Earl of MAR much sorroweth on
The yellow drought of late;
So bids THOMAS of Erceldon
Be called unto him straight:

‘Good THOMAS! by thy deep-blue eye
And hoary head of gray,
I ween thou well canst prophesy
The weather of next day.

‘My pastures, they are scorched and brown;
My fountains all are dry;
My flocks and herds roam up and down,
And brazen glares the sky.’

Out spake the blue-eyed seer: ‘My Lord!
Nor rain nor dews shall fall;
But on the morrow, list my word,
While noon is over all,

‘A wind, a swift, fierce wind, shall blow
On crags and daisied plain;
So swift and fierce, that none shall know
Its like on Scotia’s main.’

Around their liege the vassals stand
Within the court-yard wide;
The eldern seer at his right hand,
In stern prophetic pride.

‘Ha! ha!’ laughed loud the good old Earl;
The vassals laughed, ‘Ho! ho!’
And jest and jeer all ribald hurl:
‘Why doth thy wind not blow?’

‘False prophet, with the blue eye deep,
That seest thus afar!
’Tis noon, and yet thy fierce winds sleep:’
Quoth thus the Earl of MAR.

‘My liege! a thoughtless spirit shun;
Beshrew thine ill-timed jeers;
Noon hath not past, for see, the sun
Yet overhead appears.’

Then, all the future in his eyes,
He silence bade the band,
And slowly to the blazing skies
Stretched forth his long white hand.

The chains of lowering draw-bridge creak ;
Swift hoofs are on the plank ;
The arches of the gateway speak,
And iron foot-steps clank.

And thundering on the court-yard's stone,
A steed and rider spring.
'Stand ! horseman, ho ! thyself make known ;
What news to me dost bring !'

'The King of Scotland sleeps in death !'
The Earl and vassals groan ;
The blue-eyed seer in whisper saith :
'The swift, fierce wind hath blown.'

S H A D O W S O F S T E A M - B O A T L I F E .

THE winter of 1832 will long be remembered for its severity by many goodly citizens of Cincinnati, but especially three classes: the poor and lowly, 'earth's unfortunates,' for the increase of their misery and the greater intensity of their sufferings; the steam-boat men, for the unprecedented destruction of their 'floating houses;' and the insurance offices, two or three of which disinterested institutions, in consequence of the immense loss incurred by the sudden break-up of the ice, were compelled to go through, or into, that mysterious process called 'liquidation.'

Immediately opposite to Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side, there empties into the Ohio a pretty little stream, called 'Licking,' whose praise the author of the 'Song of Steam' has not deemed it unworthy of his muse to sing. Running back through an extended valley, with hills on each side sloping to its shores, traversed on their sides by innumerable springs, it is subject after heavy rains to very sudden rises of water to an extraordinary height. Insignificant as it seems, as seen at its mouth, it was destined to play an important and destructive part in the aforesaid memorable winter of 1832.

After a long, dreary, and unusually severe winter, the river being frozen over from shore to shore, one morning the vast, compact mass gave premonitions of a general movement. With grievous groaning, grinding, cracking, swirling, and churning, it finally started, and floated slowly by the wharf, crowded with people to see and rejoice at its going. The river being low, the progress of the ice was arrested by a 'bar' below the city, and the succeeding floats, piling over the already fixed 'bergs,' built up an icy barricade that extended all across the river, and caused the waters to swell alarmingly. At this stage of affairs, the hitherto gentle Licking, its deep current swelled with rains, suddenly poured out its accumulated waters and ice of incredible thickness, which, finding no outlet below, and eddied up stream by the gorged waters, dashed across the river, and plunged into the boats that lay clustered

against the wharf, like a fierce pointer among a covey of water-fowl, tearing, crashing, grinding, and throwing them hither and thither, like

‘LEAVES that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.’

A *very* memorable winter was that of 1832; and from that time forth the Licking, asserting her power for destruction or good, assumed her position among streams of larger volume, and was henceforth known as ‘Licking River;’ and with the name will ever be associated memories of that memorable ‘break-up.’ A popular local poet of ‘that ilk’ and time endeavored to commemorate these thrilling events in measures which, while preserving the solemnity and majesty of the ‘epic,’ should yet descend far down to time as a correct historical account in detail. I can now remember only one of the verses:

‘THE ice came down with a rushing din,
And stove the ‘Jersey’s’ cabin in;
It raked the ‘Fulton’ aft and fore,
And slung her cook-house out on shore.’

As if in literal confirmation of a theory advanced by some philosophers, that the weather moves in increasing and decreasing phases of temperature in cycles of twenty years, it was destined that, after four or five preceding winters of gradually-increasing severity, the year 1852 should be like unto its predecessor of twenty years ago. The river closed again in the middle of December, and remained so three weeks. There was much the same dreary stagnation of business and suffering as in 1832. The appearance of the deserted wharf was the same. The abrupt transition from activity, bustle, excitement, unloading and loading, boxes and barrels flying about as if alive, to silence and moody impatience, was striking enough. The steam-boat captains (than whom Lady Wortley says she met in her travels no more gentlemanly class of men) stood gloomily on the hurricane-decks of their boats, gazing anxiously out on the vast fields of ice that had so unexpectedly arrested them on the very eve of their departure, and wondered when the sun would shine. The good citizens of Newport and Covington rejoiced in a bridge ‘firm and free;’ and that worthy and benevolent order called ‘under-writers,’ who for a consideration had guarantied the safety of all the cargoes in the imprisoned boats against every thing but ‘piracies and acts of God,’ walked the wharves intent, ‘with pensive steps and slow’ and anxious mien, ‘uttering never a word,’ but pondering and fearing the repetition of the times of 1832, when

—— ‘ICE mast-high
Came floating by,
As green as emerald!’

and devastated their strong boxes, and made naught their dividends.

Their fears were groundless. A few days of rain, succeeded by mild weather, finally started the ice, which floated slowly by without doing much damage, (sinking a barge or two, and tearing sixty feet out of the side of a new boat which lay too far out in the current,) and, without gorging, went on. The Licking added *her* tribute very modestly to the total, which, not now estopped, as was the case before, by the ‘gorge’ on the bar, went booming by; and in a day or so the ice was gone, and

to the dreary silence and quiet of the wharf succeeded the bustle and confusion, 'hum and shock of men,' incident to a steamer's departure from port. Streamers floated from the 'jack-poles,' announcing departing boats; drays rattled and hacks rolled; barrels bumped and boxes jumped around; last bells were rung, and unsteady elderly gentlemen quickened their pace, as they heard the order, 'Let her go;' and the frank and good-natured captains smiled, more urbane and bland than ever, as they gallantly escorted the blooming daughters of the aforesaid elderly gentlemen on board their 'floating palaces.'

Among that fleet of steamers, thus arrested and released from the 'Ice-King,' was the good steamer 'Childe Harold,' Captain John Scott, one of nature's noblemen. During her detention, the spirit on board of her had fretted and chafed fully as much as did the hero after whom she was named under restraint; and it seemed to me, when she 'backed,' and, 'rounding out,' went majestically past the wharf, as if her *own* iron heart throbbed more wildly, and the 'scape of her steam shrieked more vehemently; as if she was impatient to burst loose from her icy fetters, and already snuffed the scent of the orange-groves and balmy airs of the 'sunny South,' whither she was destined.

It is not my intention to detail all the incidents that befell the steamer on the downward progress of her voyage; overtaking and leaving behind, to the intense satisfaction of all on board, the icy memorials of her imprisonment; gliding past cities and villages, embryo future metropolises of the country surrounding them. Nor shall I attempt to describe the varied lands and diversified scenery of bluff, prairie, 'waving wood,' or 'upland lawn,' past which she thundered, till one bright morning came to our ears the mingled noises of 'rolling wheel and rapid car,' betokening the nigh vicinity of the vast city, to whose wharf she was soon after safely moored. Nor will I stay to describe the startling contrast of European and American life presented so strikingly to the eye of the stranger, who might fancy, when walking along some 'Rue de street,' (as Titmarsh says,) in the 'French quarter' of the city, that he was realizing some description in Sue's works; or speak of the 'St. Charles,' (now being rebuilt,) the new custom-house, the old 'Calabosa,' the cemeteries, those 'silent cities of the dead,' or any of the many other 'memorials and things of fame that do renown this city.'

A few days were sufficient to enable the boat to deliver her cargo; and, with a large freight for her return-voyage, and new occupants for her state-rooms, filling the places of those who had departed to fulfil their various destinies on the broad tide of life, she again steamed gracefully out of port, booming by the vast forest of masts from the assembled shipping of all nations, lining the wharf for two miles in extent, 'homeward bound,' in the buoyant hope and confident belief that, from the time elapsed and moderate weather since experienced, all impediment of ice would be melted away, and nothing would intervene to prevent our speedy return to the place of departure.

For several days every thing seemed to confirm these hopes, and increase the cheerfulness of our numerous passengers. Gliding swiftly by the beautiful plantations that clothe the banks of the river for two hundred and more miles above the city, with their vine-trellised porches

and many-balconied villas, embowered among magnolia-groves and relieved by the dark foliage of the gigantic 'live-oak;' the scent of orange-groves and tulip-trees wafted to us with every breeze; the sunshine and air calm and serene; it was simply a luxury to exist: and the term 'Côte Joyeuse,' 'Joyful Coast,' given by the Creoles in their pride to this portion of the 'sunny south,' none were disposed to deny.

But 'a change came o'er the spirit of our dream.' We passed the coast; and with every fifty miles traversed, the country became less beautiful and more thinly settled. The weather, too, underwent a change:

'It grew a-cold, and hail came down,
And a sharp and numbing breeze,
As if from desert continents
Of ice, in arctic seas!'

Below Natchez, (a thing unprecedented,) we met floating ice; and from that time forth our voyage was but a dreary and tedious recurrence of all the 'désagréments' and dangers of Mississippi-river travelling: mist, fog, dark nights; 'no moon nor star;' storms, the suddenness and terrific force of which no one who has not witnessed would hardly realize or credit. Wearily and slowly we made our way, every returning day presenting us with the same dead, leaden sky, the same monotonous shores and turbid river, bearing on its bosom white heaving masses of ice, and the drift and débris of the 'rise.' There are leagues and leagues of the bank of this mighty river that show no sign of habitation, where all is

— 'GLOOMY from the dearth of man,
And old trees nod a welcome stately slow.'

No gloomier picture of loneliness do I desire ever to see than can be seen here. Dickens 'nothing extenuated' in his picture of 'Eden,' and the dreary river upon which it was situated. Similar dreary-looking future capitals *we* stopped at occasionally to put out a forlorn-looking deck-passenger, or sallow, aguish trader; but sometimes for a day together we would see nothing but the rolling, boiling river, covered with ice; a swift current sweeping in alternate curves of three or four miles in extent; the channel cutting into the loamy, crumbling bank, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high, wooded to its very edge by that least picturesque tree, the 'cotton-wood,' draped with that peculiar gray moss hanging in festoons, giving the whole scenery so funereal an aspect.

As we advanced, the ice became harder and more abundant, and the weather colder. We passed, day after day, boats that had preceded us, and had succumbed to the difficulties in their way and given up for a time; and from the occasionally descending boats we would meet at long intervals, we heard gloomy accounts of our chances of proceeding, and terrible details of disasters that had occurred. The 'George Washington' was reported sunk, with many lives lost; and by a singular coincidence, her consort, the 'Martha,' we heard soon after, had exploded at nearly the same place and on the same day.

With such 'dangers of navigation' to brave and overcome, the 'Childe Harold,' with her living freight, proceeded steadily on, her fleshless arms whirling untiringly, and churning the ice from her course. On a dreary morning, six days after leaving New-Orleans, we came to

the foot of a long 'reach' in the river, six or seven miles in extent; and far up in the deep shadow of the 'bend,' standing out in relief from the dark woods, and just emerging over the ice-ridges between us, we saw something that seemed like a steam-boat aground. After an hour's plunging through the ice, which had accumulated in such masses as almost to 'gorge,' we came to where it lay; and, descrying a signal or hail, crossed over, and found it was the 'De Witt Clinton'—a boat we had met a day previous to our arrival at New-Orleans, literally swarming with deck and cabin passengers—sunk, and a total wreck. She had encountered ice a day or two after we had met her, and, being rather slow in speed and very heavy-loaded, had only advanced so far in safety, when, on the afternoon of the previous day, at four o'clock, as she was slowly coming up the 'bend' she was in, a concealed snag or stump, and part of the trunk of a tree—one of those gigantic cotton-woods growing to the very edge of the crumbling and precipitous banks, which even then threatened at every wave to fall in and complete the wreck—had penetrated the hull forward, and she had sunk in two minutes' time, in the position in which she lay; her whole forward part, as far up as the pilot-house, lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the remaining part submerged in the water over her cabin-floor, the ice dashing through the cabin-doors and windows.

The cabin-passengers (of whom none were lost) had gone on in a boat that had preceded us; and we were hailed to take some remaining deck-passengers, and also for some provisions, of which they were destitute. As she lay only twenty feet from shore, and had sunk in 'broad daylight,' it was the general idea of all of us that no lives had been lost; and it was only when, in consolatory reply to the lamentations of the clerk, who told us that under these waves lay seven years' labors and toils, I mentioned this alleviating circumstance, that we were undeceived. 'Alas!' said he, (and the tears stood in his eyes as he spoke,) 'we have not that consolation. I cannot tell now how many are lost, but our deck was crowded with Irish and German emigrants, families of slaves, and moving families from Arkansas; and although it *was* in day-light, and so near shore, it was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that few made their escape. There were at least thirty-five drowned. When the first shock and fright were over, the boat settled down within a foot of the cabin-floor, and all who had hurried upon the 'hurricane-deck' were horrified at the cries of wailing despair that, mingling with the roaring of the waters, came up from the deck immediately below the ladies' cabin. We hurried down, and with such means as we could get—broken tables and torn-up stanchions—tore up the floor, and rescued from that struggling pile many alive; some apparently dead, but afterward resuscitated by the ministrings of their relatives, continued long after there was seemingly any hope. Twenty-one dead bodies were taken from thence, which lie now on the bank awaiting interment; and the search is still going on, for many more are missing. The persons you see in the shadow of the wood are remaining to bury those who have been severed from them, or are yet 'hoping against hope' that their relatives 'who are not' will yet be.'

Horror-struck at these tidings, in common with all the passengers, I went upon the bank. The day was damp and dreary. The dense

woods, draped with the funereal moss, seemed dark and sombre. Around a camp-fire were grouped some of the passengers and hands employed about the boat; among them the engineer, whom I partially knew. He was on watch at the time, and to his presence of mind was it attributable that to the horrors of whelming waters were not added the still more awful and destructive effects of an explosion. He remained at his post (the water up to his waist) till he had discharged all the steam, and then swam out of the engine-room and got to shore. Heroism such as this should not go 'unhonored and unsung.' His name is DAVID SINNOT; a name that will be recognized by many in Pittsburgh, where he resides. He told me the scene in the cabin when the floor was broken up, the shrieks and strugglings of the drowned, were agonizing beyond description, and would haunt him till his dying day.

Together we walked into the deeper recesses of the wood, the moist rank vines wetting our faces, and our feet sinking into the dark mould at every step as we advanced. At about two hundred yards from the bank we came to where the dead lay. There were two groups of them. All those who had left behind no relatives or friends to mourn (and in this group were one or two families *every one of whom was cut off*) were laid in one spot, to be interred in one common grave. They were mostly the slaves spoken of, and some of the emigrants. And there they lay, the freeman and the slave—all free now—their faces covered, but each with his right arm stretched forth, stark and rigid, toward heaven, betokening the agony and frenzied struggles of their death.

In the other group were men, women, and children, whose calm and serene appearance betokened that to them death had come quickly and painlessly :

' No knitted brow to tell of death,
Or mock the circling daisy wreath ;
No limb convulsed, or lip compressed :
All meek, all child-like, all at peace !'

A little child lay there with a toy in its hand ; and one elderly German lady, mayhap from ' Kreishiem's bowers of vine,' or mayhap 'sweet Bingen on the Rhine,' with the gray hairs stealing from under her cap, lay there with a thimble on her finger, and a pair of scissors in her right hand, open as in the act of cutting ! Probably in the very 'hour and article of death' shaping some quaint dress for the yellow-haired child which lay beside her.

Around this group were gathered the stricken mourners. There were fathers weeping their loss of wives ; wives, their husbands ; parents, their children ; children, their fathers ; and one was a brother wailing the loss of a brother. There were some who had recovered the bodies of their 'loved and lost ;' many who had not, and lingered till they could. One man related to me that when the boat struck he was on the 'hurricane-deck,' having just left his wife and child asleep on deck in a high berth. He hurried down, and, in water to his neck, had grasped his wife and child, and was in the act of springing toward shore with them, when four Irish women, frantic and desperate, sprang also upon him. 'We all sank together,' said he, 'and I came up alone. There are my wife and child,' he said, pointing to them ; and he spoke with such a crank voice and stony face as would have made us shudder, had he not added, on seeing the moistened eye of my companion, 'I can't cry yet, you see.'

While we stood there, groups were flitting like shadows through the dark old trees, digging graves. One young man came and bore away a little boy that we had been gazing at. It was his only child. He had buried the mother yesterday; and having no farther tie here, went with us, with all others who could go, upon our own boat.

After rendering to them all the assistance we could, sparing our provisions, etc., the bell tolled the signal for departure. The passengers slowly returned, with all those from the wreck who desired, and had performed their melancholy duties; and again we were breasting the fierce waters. But few there were of the passengers in the 'Childe Harold,' as she 'rounded out' from that dreary place, and the shadow of night fell darkly upon it, that listened to the sad and sorrowful details from the survivors as they sat gathered around the stove, but were impressed with the conviction that all who 'go down to the sea in ships and do business on the great waters' have need of the protection of Him who has said to all who have faith and trust, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' And murmuringly, like voices from the 'spirit-land,' to the ear and heart of the writer hereof came the melody of a chaunt, almost prophetic in its words, sung in trustingness and fervent faith by one near and very dear to him, on the eve of a dreadful morning that ushered in the 'wreck and death' so like unto what we had so recently witnessed, in which 'one (the singer) was taken and the other left:'

'ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For THOU, O LORD! hast power to save.

'I know THOU wilt not slight my call,
For THOU dost mark the sparrow's fall:
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

'And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Waked me from sleep to wreck and death.

'On watery wastes still safe with THEE,
In hope of immortality:
So calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'

Steamer 'Childe Harold,' Mississippi River, January 26th, 1852.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR A MONUMENT TO TWO ENGLISH CHILDREN IN THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND AT ROME.

Two pilgrims for the Holy Land
Have left our lonely door;
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight
Through floods of drowning tears,
And felt, in woe's bewildering night,
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
Which called them both to God.

Rome, 1852.

J. T. F.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter: pp. 276. Boston: **LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY**, Washington-street: New-York: **CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY**.

THERE are but seven articles proper in the present number of the 'North-American,' and only two of the briefer 'Critical Notices.' In their order, they are upon the following works: **MACKAY**'s 'Progress of the Intellect;' **BRISTED**'s 'Five Years in an English University;' the Works of **DANIEL WEBSTER**; Lord **MAHON**'s History of England; **PAULI**'s 'King *ÆLFRED*;' **TAYLOR**'s 'WESLEY and Methodism;' and **STEPHEN**'s 'Lectures on the History of France.' The two short critical notices are of **TRESCOT**'s 'Diplomacy of the Revolution,' and **WHATELY** on 'Synonyms and Reasoning.' Of these papers we have only found leisure to peruse four: those on **MACKAY**, **BRISTED**, Lord **MAHON**, and **DANIEL WEBSTER**. The first two are not handled as gingerly as perhaps they would have desired; but we can answer for our correspondent 'CARL BENSON,' that he is as thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, and is held impervious to the sharp arrows of adverse criticism. But, as old Mr. **RIKER** used to say, in sentencing the victims of the law, he must 'suffer some.' The paper on the works of **DANIEL WEBSTER** is a noble tribute to the genius of that consummate orator and greatest of all our American statesmen. It is an elaborate review of the six superb volumes of his works, lately published by Messrs. **LITTLE AND BROWN**, Boston, and noticed in a late number of the **KNICKERBOCKER**. We quote a few passages from this able article; the more willingly, that we scarcely consider our first notice to have done justice to so excellent a contribution to the standard literature of our country, as these six volumes of Mr. **WEBSTER**'s works, compiled with characteristic care and faithfulness by so eminent and accomplished an editor as Mr. **EDWARD EVERETT**:

'**MR. WEBSTER** is no declaimer, no rhetorician, not even, in the common sense of that phrase, a popular orator. His aim is not to please, but to convince. He never rises in flights of prepared rhetoric, he makes no studied appeals to the feelings. His most successful efforts have been made when he had least opportunity for preparation. In the course of a vehement and rapid discussion in the Senate, when great interests were at stake and fierce passions excited, when every weapon of attack and defence needed to be used at a moment's warning, his vast resources of thought and argument are most successfully developed. He needs the excitement of such a scene to stimulate his powers and give vehemence and energy to his logic. Not that he is by any means a mere gladiator in debate, prompt to give or take offence, and enjoying personal controversy. On the contrary, he moves in too lofty and calm a sphere to be affected by the angry passions of the moment, and a consciousness of power gives a sustained dignity to his manner, which is usually an effective shield against the assaults of his opponents. On the few occasions when the rashness of an adversary has overstepped the limits of courteous debate, Mr. **WEBSTER**, without descending to vulgar invective, has yet retorted with a terrible severity, that has left no inclination to repeat the experiment.

'The rigid method and practical, business character of Mr. **WEBSTER**'s speeches appear not only in the exclusion of mere ornament and rhetorical devices, but in avoiding all affectation of profound remark and philosophical reflection. He seldom generalizes, uses none of the technical terms of philosophy, and deals not in brilliant apophthegms. Yet it is not from lack of resources in this particular that he is so chary. On the few occasions which have afforded him scope for broad remark on the philosophy of history and the polity of states, as in the Centennial Oration at

Plymouth and in the debates in the Massachusetts Convention for revising the Constitution, many passages, for profundity and comprehensiveness of thought and sagacity of observation, rival the wisest sayings of MONTESQUIEU or MACKINTOSH. In the Oration, the reflections on the vast, but silent, political influence of laws regulating the descent of property, contrasting the English system of primogeniture and entail with the equal distribution that is enforced in France and is customary in America, and terminating with the bold prophecy, that if the French 'government do not change the law, the law in half a century will change the government,' are not surpassed in political sagacity by the most striking things in BACON or BURKE. This prophecy was uttered ten years before the revolution of 1830; the convulsions of 1848 followed; and the remark of a letter-writer quoted by Mr. EVKRETT is perfectly just, that 'Mr. WEBSTER's prophecy seems still to be in the course of a portentous fulfilment.'

PERHAPS the best specimens of Mr. WEBSTER's vigorous and comprehensive reasoning, which becomes really eloquent only from its compactness and strength, may be found in his diplomatic correspondence. The qualities of his mind and the general character of his composition are admirably adapted to this class of papers. His grave and elevated tone, rising with the magnitude of the interests that are discussed, and with the dignity of the nation of whom, for the time, he is the accredited representative, seems to add greater precision to his masterly statements of the points at issue, and additional weight to the arguments with which he supports his country's cause. When the circumstances require some affront to be noticed, or some injurious imputation to be repelled, the sheathed sarcasm or lofty rebuke falls with merciless severity on the offender. His recent correspondence with the minister of Austria became famous almost by accident, through the casual direction of popular sympathy toward the cause which it was here Mr. WEBSTER's duty to defend; there was a general thrill of pleasure when the chord of public feeling was so skilfully touched, and the sentiment of the nation obtained dignified and fitting utterance. Yet the letters to M. HULSMANN, ably written as they are, can hardly sustain comparison with many other communications which the writer has made to foreign governments; with the letters to M. DE BOCA-NEGRA, for example, or the whole correspondence with Lord ASHBURTON, or the decided rebuke administered to one of our own ministers for arrogating to himself the right to interfere in that correspondence. In these, there was a right to be vindicated, or a pretension to be repelled, upon the principles of international law, and amid a crowd of conflicting authorities and national jealousies. Mr. WEBSTER's share in this correspondence has commanded the applause of the civilized world; there is nothing in the records of diplomacy to match it. He has not only vindicated his country's claims upon particular points that had been disputed for half a century, but has enlarged and perfected the code itself that regulates the intercourse of nations, by harmonizing its provisions, and establishing, on an immovable basis, some of its doctrines that had nearly lost their authority. The great principle, especially, that every vessel is a part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs, and carries its sovereignty along with her, upon the high seas, or even into a friendly foreign port, so far that the rights and obligations of all on board can be determined only under the jurisdiction and by the laws of that nation, without any interference of the local or foreign law, may now be regarded, thanks to Mr. WEBSTER's exertions, as permanently established in the law of nations. It can never be impugned but by the exertion of arbitrary will and superior strength.

'We have placed most stress upon the argumentative power displayed in Mr. WEBSTER's speeches and papers, not because they are deficient in the other attributes of eloquence, but because these other attributes are always made subservient to the reasoning and to the great purpose which it is the object of the speaker or the writer to advocate and defend. Strong and even passionate feeling produces on him its usual effect on every mind of large powers and comprehensive culture, by stimulating the fancy and the imagination, and calling up all the stores of memory to the illustration of his subject. Sometimes, a trope, conveyed in a single word, flashes a broad light over the whole theme which he has been laboring to inculcate. Oftener, the fancy ceases to dwell on separate points in a description, and brings up, by a few bold touches, a whole picture to the mind's eye, which stirs the feelings as strongly as if the real scene were stretched out to view in all the amplitude of its details. Still a severe taste governs the selection of the particulars which are to be communicated; nothing is overwrought, and all that might shock the sensibilities, or create mere disgust, is carefully suppressed. The kindled imagination of the hearer is left to supply the details that must not be spoken.'

A single passage more must close the present notice. It includes a portion of Mr. WEBSTER's own description of an orator, in which he has unconsciously depicted himself:

'MR. WEBSTER's eloquence is more remarkable for fervor of sentiment and depth of feeling, than for richness of imagery or imaginative power. No one has a greater contempt for the barren shows of oratorical and poetic phraseology, or for the mere illusions of fancy. If the imagination is ever allowed to take wing, as in the magnificent description — which we do not quote only because it has been already quoted a thousand times — of the vast extension of British power, under the image of the martial music of England following the sun around the whole circumference of the globe — it is but a momentary flight of the poetic feeling which pervades all true eloquence, and the firm tramp of the argument is resumed as steadily as if it had not quitted the earth for an instant. The characteristics of Mr. WEBSTER's most impassioned manner can be described only by himself, in the celebrated passage on true eloquence, which will be remembered as long as the English language endures:

'WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities that produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be

brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.''

'Lord MAHON's History' is a very long and elaborate article, which will both invite and reward perusal, but we have no space left for its consideration at this time; being compelled to take our leave of the Review with a simple commendation of its matter and manner to the attention and admiration of our readers.

LITTLE PEDLINGTON AND THE PEDLINGTONIANS. By JOHN POOLE, Author of 'PAUL PRY,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 481. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE publishers of these capital volumes have done well to include them in their 'Popular Library,' for 'popular' they have already become. Our readers have known, long ago, what *our* opinion of the 'Little Pedlington Papers' is; for in past volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER we find that we have quoted something less (and only a little less) than a third of the whole collection. It is a satire as keen and sly as that of PAUL PRY itself; which the variety of characters, and their marked individuality, set forth to the very best advantage. We must give the author's account of his visit to the studio of Mr. DAUBSON, the great Little Pedlington artist:

'USHERED into the presence of the great artist. As it usually happens with one's preconceived notions of the personal appearance of eminent people, mine, with respect to DAUBSON, turned out to be all wrong. In the portrait of MICHAEL ANGEL you read of the severity and stern vigor of his works; of tenderness, elegance, and delicacy in RAPHAEL's; in REMBRANT's, of his coarseness, as well as of his strength; in VANDYKE's, of refinement; in all, of intellectual power. But I must own that, in DAUBSON, I perceived nothing indicative of the creator of the 'Grenadier.' Were I, however, to attempt to convey by a single word a general notion of his appearance, I should say it is *interesting*. To descend to particulars: He is considerably below the middle height; his figure is slim, except toward the lower part of the waistcoat, where it is protuberant; his arms are long, and his knees have a tendency to approach each other; face small, sharp, and pointed; complexion of a bilious hue, the effect, doubtless, of deep study; small, gray eyes; bushy, black eyebrows; and head destitute of hair, except at the hinder part, where the few stragglers are collected and bound together pigtail-wise. Dress: coat of brown fustian; waistcoat, stockings, and smalls, black; silk neckerchief, black; and, I had almost added, black shirt, but that I should hardly be warranted in declaring on this point upon the small specimen exhibited. Manners, language, and address, simple and unaffected; and in these you at once recognize the GENIUS.

'Having told him, in reply to his question whether I came to be 'done?' that I had come for that purpose, he (disdaining the jargon common to your London artists, about 'Kitsats,' and 'whole-lengths,' and 'Bishop's half-lengths,' and 'three-quarters,' and so forth) came at once to the point, by saying:

'Do you wish to be taken short — or long, Mister?'

'Told him I should prefer being taken short.

'Then get up and sit down, if you please, Mister.'

'I was unable to reconcile these seemingly contradictory directions, till he pointed to a narrow, high-backed chair, placed on a platform elevated a few inches above the floor. By the side of the chair was a machine of curious construction, from which protruded a long wire.

'Mounted, and took my seat.

'Now, Mister, please to look at that,' said DAUBSON; at the same time pointing to a Dutch cuckoo-clock which hung in a corner of the room. 'Twenty-four minutes and a half past four. Head *stiddy*, Mister.'

'He then slowly drew the wire I have mentioned over my head, and down my nose and chin; and having so done, exclaimed: 'There, Mister, *now* look at the clock — twenty-five minutes and a half. What do you think of *that*?'

'What could I think, indeed! or what could I do but utter an exclamation of astonishment! In that inconceivably short time had the 'great DAUBSON' produced, in profile, a perfect outline of my bust, with the head thrown back, and the nose interestingly perked up in the air. 'Such,' might HORRY well exclaim, 'such are the wonders of art!'

"Now, Mister, while I'm giving the finishing touches to the pictur' — that is to say, filling up the outline with *Inky*-ink — I wish you 'd just have the goodness to give me your *candid* opinion of my works here. But no flattery, Mister; tell me what you *really* think. I like to be told of my faults; I turn it to account; I improve by it."

"Can a more agreeable task be assigned to you than that of delivering to an artist, an author, or indeed to any body, a *candid* opinion of his productions; especially if, in the excess of your candor, you temper a hundred weight of praise with but one little grain of censure? Let mine enemy walk through the rooms of the Royal Academy arm-in-arm with an exhibitor, and try it — that's all."

"Looked at the profiles hanging about the room. Said of them, severally, 'Beautiful!' 'Charming!' 'Exquisite!' 'Divine!'"

"So, so, Mister," said DAUBSON, rising, "I've found you out: you are an artist."

"I assure you, Sir," said I, "you are mistaken. I am sorry I cannot boast of being a member of that distinguished profession."

"You can't deceive me, Mister. No body, excepting one of us, can know so much about art as you do. Your opinions are so just, it can't be otherwise. But these are trifles not worth speaking of — although they may be very well in their way, Mister — and although, without vanity, I may say, I don't know the man that can beat them. But what think you of my great work — my 'Grenadier,' Mister? Now, without flattery."

"Encouraged by praise of my connoisseurship, and from so high a quarter, I talked boldly, as a connoisseur ought to do; not forgetting to make liberal use of those terms by the employment of which one who knows little may acquire a reputation for connoisseurship among those who know less; and concluding (like the last discharge of rockets at Vauxhall) by letting off all my favorite terms at once. 'Mr. DAUBSON,' said I, 'I assure you, that for design, composition, drawing, and color; for middle distance, fore-ground, back-ground, *chiar'-oscuro*, tone, fore-shortening, and light and shade; for breadth, depth, harmony, perspective, pencilling, and finish, I have seen nothing in Little Pedlington that would endure a moment's comparison with it.'

"Where could you have got your knowledge of art, your fine taste, your sound judgment, if you are not an artist? I wish I could have the advantage of your opinion now and then — so correct in all respects; I am sure I should profit by it, Mister. Now — there is your portrait; as like you as one pea is to another, Mister."

"Yes," said I, "it is like; but isn't the head thrown rather too much backward?"

"DAUBSON's countenance fell!"

"Too much backward! Why, Mister, how would you have the head?"

"My objection goes simply to this, Mr. DAUBSON. It seems to me that, by throwing the head into that position —"

"Seems to *you*, Mister. I think I, as a professional artist, ought to know best. But that is the curse of our profession: people come to us, and would teach *us* what to do."

"You asked me for a candid opinion, Sir; otherwise I should not have presumed to —"

"Yes, Mister, I did ask you for a candid opinion; and so long as you talked like a sensible man, I listened to you. But when you talk to a professional man upon a subject he, naturally, must be best acquainted with — Backward, indeed! I never placed a head better in all my life."

"Reflecting that DAUBSON, 'as a professional man,' must, consequently, be infallible, I withdrew my objection, and changed the subject."

"How is it, Sir," said I, "that so eminent an artist as you is not a member of the Royal Academy?"

"D — n the Royal Academy!" exclaimed he, his yellow face turning blue: "D — n the Royal Academy! they shall never see me among such a set. No, Mister; I have thrown down the gauntlet and defied them. When they refused to exhibit my 'Grenadier,' I made up my mind never to send them another work of mine, Mister; never to countenance them in any way; and I have kept my resolution. No, Mister; they repent their treatment of me, but it is too late; DAUBSON is unappeasable: they may fret their hearts out, but they shall never see a pictur' of mine again. Why, Mister, it is only last year that a *friend of mine* — *without my knowledge* — sent them one of my pictur's, and they rejected it. They knew well enough whose it was. But I considered that as the greatest compliment ever paid me; it showed they were afraid of the competition. D — n 'em! if they did but know how much I despise 'em! I never bestow a thought upon 'em; not I, Mister. But that den must be broken up; there will be no high art in England while that exists. Intrigue! cabal! It is notorious that they never exhibit any man's pictur's unless he happens to have R.A. tacked to his name. It is notorious that they pay five thousand a year to the 'Times' for praising *their* works and for not noticing mine. D — n 'em! what a thorough contempt I feel for 'em! I can imagine them at their dinners, which cost them thousands a year: there they are, PHILLIPS, and SHRE, and PICKERSGILL, and WILKIN, and BRIGGS, laying their heads together to oppose me! But which of them can paint a 'Grenadier?' D — n 'em! they are one mass of envy and uncharitableness, that I can tell you, Mister."

"Happily, Mr. DAUBSON," said I, "those vices scarcely exist in Little Pedlington."

"Unheard of, Mister. I don't envy *them*; I envy no man; on the contrary, I'm always ready to lend a hand to push on any rising talent that comes forward: although, to be sure, I'll allow no man to take profiles in Little Pedlington whilst I live: that's self-preservation. But they! they'd destroy me if they could."

We recollect asking DICKENS, when in the sanctum on one occasion while in this country, whether the Little Pedlington journals did not suggest to him the 'Eatonsville Gazette' and 'Independent,' and he frankly admitted that they did, and that the copy was altogether unequal to the models. Again we commend 'Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians' to all lovers of trenchant satire, and sly, quiet humor.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. In one volume: pp. 229. A new Edition. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

HALLECK is receiving his bays while 'he is alive to wear them.' In the maturity of his prime, he finds his poetry thoroughly 'endenized in the national heart,' and his fame even brightening instead of growing dim. With health and leisure; country air, and an equable spirit; and enough of this world's gear for all reasonable desires — this strikes us as a condition to be envied. Nor is his high reputation confined to his own country. He is scarcely less known or less favorably appreciated abroad than at home. Doubtless the poet ROGERS recently spoke the opinions of his contemporaries in England as well as his own, when he said of certain of HALLECK's poems that they 'could not be excelled by any living writer.' The present volume contains much matter that has never appeared in book-form before, including the admirable poem entitled *Connecticut*, contributed by Mr. HALLECK to a late number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We must say a single word in commendation of the manner in which the publisher has acquitted himself in the execution of the volume. The paper is fair and white, and the printing excellent. One only attraction is wanting; and that is, the fine engraving of the author's likeness, from the portrait by ELLIOTT, which once embellished a somewhat larger and more expensive work.

SECOND SERIES OF VOYAGES TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD, made between the Years 1802 and 1841. By GEORGE COGGESHALL. In one volume: pp. 335. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE present and preceding volume were selected from a carefully-kept manuscript journal of eighty voyages made by the author to different parts of the world. The first work was noticed in these pages, and commended for the graphic directness and simplicity of its descriptions, and for the great amount of valuable historical and other information which it contained. To the work before us the same praise may honestly be awarded. While the records of these voyages will excite the interest of the general reader, they will be of still greater interest and value to the younger portion of the community, who will by them be enabled to trace the progress of our growing commercial marine during the last half-century. The first voyage of this series was made in 1802, and the last in 1841, consequently they extend over a space of more than thirty-nine years. 'I have been travelling and voyaging about the world,' says our author, in his brief and modest preface, 'for a period of fifty-two years, and have kept a regular journal from the commencement of my career until the present time. I have, of course, passed through many perilous and exciting scenes not given to the public, but I have related enough to prove the hardships and trials of a seaman's life, and also to show that mine has been a checkered one. In narrating these voyages it has been my constant aim to do justice to all, and needlessly to hurt the feelings of no individual named in my work. Still I have strictly adhered to the truth under all circumstances, and have never called good evil, nor evil good; and as I am now drawing near the close of life, I hope to die at peace with God and all mankind.' The present volume, like its predecessor, is exceedingly well executed, upon large, clear types, and fine paper, and is embellished with a fine portrait on steel of the venerable author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR PUBLISHER ON HIS TRAVELS. — The following letter to the EDITOR from the PUBLISHER will be found to contain a succinct and graphic account of an extended trip over a very interesting and important section of our 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry.' Our own acceptance of two courteous invitations to join the excursion in question was prevented by a previous engagement, which took us, at the same time, into the lovely and picturesque region of the Chenango and the Susquehanna.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'MY DEAR SIR: When you kindly transferred to me your invitation to join the excursion to celebrate the *Opening of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road through to Chicago*, you made me promise to keep a few notes by the way, that on my return I might give some account of my journey. I am sure our readers will feel that you, as well as they, have lost much by the previous engagement which prevented you from joining the party; but as your loss was my gain, I proceed, in accordance with my promise, to give some brief impressions of that admirable and most liberally-planned excursion from NEW-YORK to CHICAGO.

'Since the completion of the Erie Rail-road, I have been anticipating the time when I should be able to go over it, and see with my own eyes the magnitude of that great work of which I had heard so much. On the morning of the twenty-first ultimo, as bright and beautiful a June morning as one could wish to see, I was on board the ferry-boat at the foot of Duane-street, with a number of our fellow-travellers. Our attention was attracted, until we were partly across the river, by the new and elegant steamer, FRANCIS SKIDDY, giving notes of preparation for her departure on her first trip to Albany. A comparison between the steamer and the locomotive came involuntarily to mind, as I thought of the one hundred and fifty miles this new floating palace was to go in a few hours, and the four hundred and sixty our iron horse was that day to accomplish with a steam-boat load behind him, before he would be allowed to hush the quick pulsations of his fiery nostrils, and cool his glowing sides. While thinking of this, we were at Jersey City, and soon over the Paterson Rail-road to Sufferns, where we exchanged our cars for the more commodious, roomy ones, which I have only met with on the Erie road; and now we feel as if our journey was fairly begun.

'You have frequently travelled over, and often described, in the KNICKERBOCKER, many of the most interesting objects on the Erie road. I shall therefore not make any attempt to depict it, but refer those who desire a full description, to HARPER'S Erie Rail-road Guide. I do not think the scenery on the banks of the Delaware equal to that on the Connecticut, although to another mind its air of wildness may be far more pleasing.* But as you approach Binghamton, and ride along the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, you find scenery unsurpassed for beauty, and you only regret that the rapid motion prevents any thing like a proper enjoyment of it. I was surprised to

* We are sorry that we forgot to advise our friend to take the right-hand side of the cars that go west, on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, and the left-hand side in returning. Riding on the left he lost all the magnificent views as you approach Port Jervis; the sleeping vale, the white village, the distant mountains, the gleaming river; the awful 'Glass-House Rocks,' with the rushing Delaware below; and the exquisitely beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, as it first greets the sight. Scarcely any of these objects can be properly seen save from the right-hand windows of the cars, as you journey westward. Our traveller reversed this order in going, and he returned in the night.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

see that the road lay through lands which appear to have been but very recently cultivated : through a great part of it, beyond Elmira and Owego, you find new settlements, the towns new, and a great deal of land for the first time brought under culture ; an aspect I should have looked for in Michigan rather than here. The advantage of getting easily to market will of course induce settlements near the road, and will tend to increase its business, which is already so large as to make a double track indispensable. I see this is being laid as fast as possible. Who can estimate the business of this road in ten, twenty, or thirty years from this time ? There cannot be a doubt but this great thoroughfare, with all its branches, and all the other routes to our great lakes, will have as much as they can do.

'To go over the whole of this road in one day is rather an arduous undertaking, as you are allowed but little time to get out and extend the stiffened muscles and limbs. The hasty manner in which you are obliged to bolt your food is a nuisance which should be abated. Twenty minutes is about the longest time for eating, and if they get behind time they will stop only ten. I observed sometimes that when the passengers would get about half through their meal, the locomotive (a most dissolute fellow, by the way, who was all the time smoking and drinking) would commence backing and filling, and uttering unearthly shrieks, so as to make us think he was about to be off, until there was a general rush to the platform, and then the animal would be as still as if he was holding his breath to chuckle over the trick he had served us.

'We arrived at Dunkirk about midnight, and the next day about two P. M. we embarked for Monroe, Michigan, on board the new and splendid steamer Northern Indiana, Captain ROBERT WAGSTAFF. I cannot say whether the captain is a relative of the Editor of the Bunkum Flag-Staff or not, but he looks as if he could do his own fighting. On board the boat we found a large party of ladies and gentlemen, some from Buffalo, and others who had just arrived in the train due at one P. M. Among them were ex-Governor MARCY, Rev. Dr. TYNG, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, SHEPHERD KNAPP, Esq., Hon. A. C. FLAGG, JOHN B. JERVIS, Esq., Chief Engineer, CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., Chief Justice BRONSON, Mr. Comptroller WRIGHT, Judges PARKER and RUGGLES, BENJAMIN LODER, Esq., the energetic President of the Erie Rail-road Company, Col. BLISS, President of the Michigan Company, Col. MURRAY, Hon. Mr. BEACH, Mr. LITCHFIELD, O. V. BRAINERD, Esq., of Watertown, Mayor BARTON, of Buffalo, Rev. W. H. BIDWELL, Mr. WILSON, of the *Daily Times*, Col. CLAPP, of the *Buffalo Express*, and many others, and about one hundred ladies. There was a fine fresh breeze, making the lake quite rough, and creating apprehensions of sea-sickness among the fair portion of our passengers, if not among the gentlemen themselves. My own fears on this subject were at an end as soon as I felt the steadiness of our noble craft. The Northern Indiana and the Southern Michigan are both new vessels of the first class, equal in every respect to the first-class steamers on the Hudson, but of course very much stronger. They were built last winter by the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road Company, to run in connection with their road ; and they, with the Empire State, form a daily line from Buffalo and Dunkirk to Monroe and Toledo, connecting in this way Chicago with New-York.

'Our boat was furnished without regard to expense, and all her arrangements were convenient as well as elegant. The dinner on board was sumptuous, and entirely satisfactory to those more appreciative of the art of dining than I am. Not having a lady with me, and not knowing any whose hand I could solicit for the occasion, I was, with many others equally fortunate, obliged to wait for the second table, as it was utterly impossible to seat four hundred people at once, ladies of course having the preference. It required considerable patience to control our appetites two hours or more, but we bore our fate like philosophers, and did ample justice to the dinner when our turn came.

'You will of course know that in the night our boat ran into and sunk a schooner, by which exploit she bit her own nose off, or rather, more literally, split it open, for she sprung a leak, and it was at one time feared by the officers that we would not be able to get to land. I was asleep, and did not know of the accident or danger till next morning, when we were alongside the wharf at Cleveland. I suppose it is as well, if people are to be drowned, that the officers of the boat should keep them ignorant of such an interesting fact. 'Where ignorance is bliss,' you know. Had our good ship gone down, I should probably have never made much fuss, for in my position, stowed away below, I could not possibly have got a chance even to swim for my life. I rejoice and feel thankful that no lives were lost. There were many noble souls on board that vessel for whom God has a work yet to do in this world, and He saved them from this peril by the sea.

'I had made a voyage about seven years ago from Chicago to Buffalo around the lakes, and from Detroit I had taken the Canada-shore route. I had therefore never seen the Forest City of Cleveland. I was glad to have the opportunity now. It is situated, as you know, on an elevated plateau, high above the lake, and is a most delightful and thriving city. It was my good fortune to have met in New-York a gentleman who recently filled the office of Mayor of Cleveland with the most marked acceptance, whom I called upon with my friend Mr. A. The ex-Mayor gave

us a cordial welcome, and finding we were like pilgrims cast upon the shore, and had but a few hours to remain, he, with true western hospitality, got out his carriage and drove us all over the city; first up one wide and beautiful avenue, and then down another, till we had explored the whole place. We admired the good taste which has preserved so many of the native trees of the forest in this beautiful city. It is well built, has many spacious and elegant dwelling-houses, and is such a place as almost any one would wish to live in. Our host is the son of one of the first settlers of the place, who has become very wealthy, principally, I believe, by the rise in property in Cleveland. His worthy son, who is, unfortunately for himself, a bachelor, though not an old one, has of late years taken a great interest in rail-roads. He has a controlling interest in some of them, and in these great and useful enterprises he is doing much for the commercial and social improvement of his native State and the city of Cleveland. May he live long to see and enjoy the fruits of his labors!

'When it was found that we must spend another night on the boat, (and after the leak had been stopped,) the Committee of Arrangements determined to proceed to Toledo, one hundred miles west of Cleveland, and remain there all night. Our run to this point was delightful. The lake had become calm as one could wish to see it, and the scene, as we ran by the light of the declining sun into the beautiful Maumee bay and river, up to Toledo, was one of that calm, placid loveliness that soothes the care-worn spirit, and gives it a foretaste of peace. Toledo is connected with Chicago by the Erie and Kalamazoo road to Adrian. It is a place which has still room to grow, and we were not long in making a tour of its principal streets. It is destined to become a very important point, being at the head of Lake Erie, and being also the terminus of the Wabash and Erie and Miami canals. It is here, too, that the Lake-shore road, now being made from Buffalo to Dunkirk and Cleveland, connects with the Southern Michigan, thus forming an unbroken line from New-York to Chicago.

'After supper, our party assembled in the upper saloon, and at the suggestion of some of the guests a meeting was called to express a sense of their obligations to the Directors of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail-road for the polite invitation extended to them, and for the unceasing attention so bestowed as to give to every one the greatest amount of enjoyment. Judge BRONSON was called to the chair, and Mr. MAYNARD, of Buffalo, and Mr. DANA, of the *New-York Tribune*, who overtook us at Cleveland, were appointed secretaries. A committee was selected to prepare resolutions, who retired for that purpose to the captain's room. While they were out, Gov. MARCY tried to induce some of the ladies to express their opinions, but there were no leading members of the Woman's Rights Convention present, or else they preferred to be silent. The Committee soon returned, and presented two resolutions, appropriate and expressive, which were unanimously adopted. The Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, of the Reformed Dutch church in New-York, was then called upon, who addressed the meeting for a few minutes on the social importance of internal improvements. His remarks were very happy, entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, and were received with great approbation. Rev. Dr. TYNG, who had almost hid himself in a corner, as far as possible from the scene of action, was called upon so long, that he was constrained to come forward. He, like Dr. VERMILYE, spoke of the social and religious bearing of these great highways. He said, quoting, I believe, from Kossuth, that the locomotive was the true Democrat, an engine which will ride over all parties, cliques, and sects. I cannot give his words, but the great idea was, that these iron bands would soon become so multiplied that there would be no North, no South, no East nor West: strong ties of kindred would unite the people of these States: the telegraphic rail-way would make communication and intercourse so rapid and easy, that a feeling of estrangement would be impossible. Their influence in cementing our glorious Union, in making it 'one and indissoluble,' will be every day more appreciated, at least by those whose business or pleasure inclines them to travel. Mr. BENJAMIN LODER, the popular President of the Erie Rail-road Company, being called upon, spoke of the great enterprise with which his name had been connected. He alluded to the great obstacles the Company had to encounter, which at times seemed insurmountable, but which had at length been overcome. He stated a fact in relation to himself which surprised me. This was the first time he had ever been west of Dunkirk; his duties at home had so entirely occupied him that he had been unable to make the journey. I think that his confidence in 'Erie' must be greatly increased (if any thing was needed to increase it) by his recent visit. I have often wondered that our leading merchants do not travel more. I was a short time since in conversation with one of our leading shipping-merchants, who has for years been largely and successfully engaged in the foreign and southern trade, who has ships and steamers leaving New-York almost every day, and to my surprise he told me he had never been as far south as Charleston. It struck me that such a man had much to learn.

'But to return. After some other speeches, CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., of the Committee of Arrangements, made some interesting statements respecting the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana road, in the construction of which he had taken an important part. He also alluded

to the responsibilities of the committee in providing for so many guests for such a distance, and particularly to the accident the night before, when the apprehension of a most fearful disaster was so great as to compress into an hour the anxieties of a life-time.

'The meeting soon adjourned, and the company proceeded to the forward saloon, where some impatient musicians were awaiting them, and many of the younger portion of the party enjoyed themselves in dancing till a late hour.

'Between six and seven the next morning we ran round to Monroe, where the cars were waiting to convey us to Chicago. The party were received here by military and fire companies, with firing of cannon, beating of drums, etc. There were also here some other directors of the road, among whom I noticed the Hon. HUGH WHITE, late member of Congress from our State. Mr. WHITE, after becoming tired of political life, has been for some time devoting himself to more congenial and I should think far more useful labors than President-making, which seems to be the principal occupation of members of Congress, for this year at least.

'After our reception on the shore of Michigan, the party seated themselves in the cars and went on from the landing to Monroe, where we were again received with a military salute by companies that compare favorably with those of our Empire City in dress and military bearing.

'The most interesting feature in our welcome to Monroe was that extended to us by the young ladies of the Monroe Female Seminary. They were out in full force, 'armed and equipped.' My friend and myself were in the second train of cars; and I see some writer who was in the first has boasted of the lavish manner in which the bouquets were thrown upon them by the fair hands which had so carefully and tastefully arranged them. I assure you, Sir, we had abundant reason to be satisfied with our share. I saw one young gentleman, as the flowers began to come into the car windows, who seemed to be felicitating himself with the idea that his beautiful moustache had captivated at least one of the young daughters of Michigan, until he saw that he was not alone in his glory, for the favors of these young beauties were so general that none of us could boast of any advantage. The idea of receiving us in May-day attire, and loaded with flowers, could only have originated in the refinement of female taste; and the beautiful manner in which they fulfilled their part will not soon be forgotten by those who were honored with such a compliment. One of the cars in our train being nearly empty, our conductor politely allowed the young Misses of the Seminary to accompany us as far as Petersburg, where we met a returning train, when we reluctantly bade them farewell.

'Our route was now through southern Michigan, stopping first at Adrian, a very pleasant and rapidly-improving town. The road passes through Hudson, Hillsdale, Jonesville, Quincy, Coldwater, etc., to White Pigeon, a place apparently about six months old, where we were to dine. The spacious dining-halls were in the large unfinished dépôt, and we were pleased to find awaiting us a dinner, not only substantial, but embracing many luxuries of the season. The wishes of the guests were anticipated by the young ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity, who were in attendance in large numbers, making a gala-day of the occasion. Our party were so well pleased with their entertainment here, that on the departure of the cars, they expressed their approbation in enthusiastic cheers for the ladies of White Pigeon.

'Soon after dinner we crossed the line dividing Michigan from Indiana. Our first stopping-place was at Elkhart; we passed through the towns of Mishawaka, South-Bend, Terre Coupée, Laporte, Holmesville, Baileytown, and Ainsworth, to Chicago. Our view of Laporte made us regret that we could not see more of that pleasant and thriving town. Great interest and satisfaction were manifested by those who, for the first time, looked upon the beautiful prairies of the west. Those on our route were not so large as the vast plains in Illinois and other parts of Indiana; but the stately forests interspersed with openings, on which the rank grass in its rich green waves in undulating motion to the breeze, formed a landscape on which the eye rests with unmingled pleasure; while to the agriculturist the virgin soil, all ready for the plough, gives promise of a rich return for his labor. It only needed the Northern Indiana road to bring a market to his very doors.

'It was near sunset when we approached the shores of Lake Michigan, the first view of which, as it suddenly broke upon us, attracted all eyes to that side of the cars. Lovely was our ride along the low shore, where the calm waters lay like a sleeping ocean in the still twilight of that summer evening. The cool and invigorating breeze, with the quiet scene before us, was so refreshing as to cause us to forget the fatigue and weariness unavoidably attendant upon a journey of two hundred and forty-six miles in the cars.

'Our train reached Chicago about nine P. M. A gentleman of the city met us at the cars, and told us there were carriages waiting to take us to the city; that the best hotels were full, but that a committee of citizens were then together to provide lodgings for us at private houses. Mr. A. and myself preferred such accommodations as we could still obtain, rather than impose on the kindness of strangers. The next morning I called on Mr. S., a gentleman who has for many years

been a resident of the place, whom I saw on my former visit, and with whom I had occasional business correspondence, and he insisted that Mr. A. and myself should at once have our baggage sent from the hotel to his house, and consider ourselves his guests for the day, as we purposed turning our faces homeward that night. As he would take no denial, we accepted his invitation, so kindly given, and, after strolling through the city, making several calls, and among others a short but very pleasant one upon the Editor of the *Chicago Daily Journal*, we went to the residence of our friend to dinner. His house is delightfully situated on Michigan Avenue, which bears the same relation to Chicago that the Fifth Avenue does to New-York, being *the* street for residences. It is directly on the lake, and apparently only a few feet above the water, which spreads like Ocean's mirror in all its grandeur before you. We were on this street several times, and during my first visit here I had many times passed along it; and I then and still think, I should never tire of looking out upon this great lake. I have never seen Lake Michigan lashed into tempestuous waves by the unchained fury of the winds, where there are no mountains or hills to impede their course; and at such a time, when Michigan Avenue is washed by the spray of the dashing waters, I might receive a different impression of its beauty.

'We were received by Mrs. S. with a cordial, unaffected welcome, which made us at once feel at home with her and her lovely children; and we soon sat down to a sumptuous dinner, to which we did ample justice. A part of our dessert consisted of strawberries and cream. Yes, Sir; *fine*, ripe, juicy strawberries and *real* cream, a thing Gothamites know only by the hearing of the ear. Some of their ancestors may have known it; those who, like myself, were *raised* in the country may have tasted it; but to the modern New-Yorker it is a substance entirely unknown. After allowing our dinner a little time to digest, my friend procured a carriage, and, with Mr. S. to accompany us, he drove us in every direction around and through the city, pointing out all the chief objects of interest on the way. Chicago has now a population of about forty thousand, and is increasing more rapidly than ever before. It has several large and commodious hotels, the most extensive of which is the Tremont, where I did *not* stop, except to ascend to the cupola, from which I had a fine view of the city, the prairie, and the lake. There are several fine churches, of which the Second Presbyterian church, recently erected, is the finest. It was open, and was visited by most of the excursionists, who all admired the beauty of its architecture and its commodious and neatly-finished interior. I noticed several large and well-filled book-stores, and learn that they are well supported, a fact which speaks highly for the intelligence of this part of our great west. When the numerous rail-roads now being constructed, which will lead to and from Chicago, are completed, it will have commercial advantages over any other city in the north-west.

'I wished to return by Detroit, and was politely furnished with a ticket from Chicago to Buffalo by Colonel HAMMOND, the active agent of the Michigan Central Rail-road. As I purposed being in Detroit on Saturday, I was obliged to go over this road in the night, and of course could see nothing of the country. The Central road is two hundred and eighty-one miles long, is well built, and all the arrangements are as perfect as on any of our eastern roads. The company have three steamers, the *May-flower*, *Atlantic*, and *Ocean*, which form a daily line from Detroit to Buffalo. We stopped for our morning meal at Marshall, where we found an excellent breakfast. A friend who has just come over this route says he had the best dinner at Marshall, with more time and comfort in eating it, than on any road he has been over in his travels.

'I arrived at Detroit about nine A. M., and went to the Biddle-House, where I met some New-York friends, who introduced me to Colonel DIBBLE, who, with his worthy son, do the honors of their fine establishment in such a way as to make their guests feel entirely at home. Perfect order and quietness prevail through the house, forming a very pleasant contrast to the disagreeable bustle and stunning sounds of the infernal gong, etc., which are so often met with in hotels. Detroit has greatly improved during the past seven years, and must undoubtedly continue to do so. It has important commercial advantages, great beauty of situation, and to the other modes of communication with the Atlantic cities, will soon be added the rail-road along the Canada shore to Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

'After spending the Sabbath in quietness here, on Monday morning I bade adieu to the Messrs. DIBBLE, and took passage on the *May-flower*, which for the last three years has been the 'crack boat' on Lake Erie. Mr. H. S. NICHOLLS, the worthy and accommodating clerk, had made me promise to go over the lake with him, in case I should be in that vicinity this summer. I was therefore happy to meet him and Captain GEORGE WILLOUGHBY, the commander, who combines the experience of the sailor with the true gentleman, and is deservedly popular. Quite a number of the 'solid men' of Wall-street, with their ladies, who were of the excursion party, had come over from Chicago on Saturday, and went down the lake on the *May-flower*. The day was fine, the lake smooth, the dinner superb, and nothing wanting to make the passage as agreeable as it could be. In the evening, I found the ladies and gentlemen in the after-saloon gathered about a young colored man, who seemed to possess very considerable powers as a ventriloquist.

He held an amusing dialogue with an old man under a chair, and then in one of the state-rooms; and lastly, wishing to show some of the ladies still more of his skill, he asked some gentlemen to stand up. As they seemed rather backward, SHEPHERD KNAPP, Esq., offered himself for a 'subject,' when the artist made us hear the old man in Mr. KNAPP's interior, as if struggling to get free, and then he seemed to be full of chickens, whose chirping was received with roars of laughter by the company. After a delightful passage we arrived at Buffalo, and the next morning went down the Niagara river to the Rapids, in the Canada steamer. We had there to change to some cars drawn by horses; and this part of the journey is detestable: all the arrangements are behind the age, and such as would not be tolerated in the States. But we soon arrived at the Clifton-House, and a view of the falls allayed every remnant of indignation at the old fogies who manage the rail-road.

'I should be guilty of presumption if I were to undertake any description of Niagara. After tiring myself in the delightful walks on both sides of the river, I was lulled to repose by the roar of the cataract, and it was the first object presented to my waking vision. My friend Mr. A., who is an Englishman, felt his loyalty stirring his soul at being again in the QUEEN's dominions. He considers the falls a *great institution*, which will bear seeing more than once. We went over to Goat-Island the day of our arrival, and saw the falls from almost every point of view, and the next day enjoyed the never-tiring scenery again. In the afternoon we returned to Buffalo, and thence to Dunkirk, and over the Erie Rail-road home.

'Thus ended the most extensive and pleasant excursion ever given by any rail-road company. I regret that I have not been able to give you a better account of it. When we see how much has been accomplished in twenty years in the infancy of rail-road enterprise; when we take a glance at the great lines now being built, we cannot but look forward, and think what will be the result of twenty years' farther progress in the ratio of the past. Why, Sir, if I am permitted to live ten or fifteen years, I as much expect to be able to go from New-York to San Francisco by rail-road in six days, as I do that the time will roll around. When I see how much has been and is being accomplished in these great commercial improvements, I am thankful that I live in *such a country* and in *such an age*.

Most truly yours,

' S H '

THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM. — The death of this distinguished citizen has created a void in the metropolitan bar, in society, and in circles of private friendship, which will not soon be filled. Mr. GRAHAM was one of the oldest of our personal friends: a warm-hearted, genial man; of accomplished manners and profound acquirements; who attached his friends to him without effort, and preserved them to the end of his life. He was an affectionate son, husband, and father; and by all who were capable of appreciating him, he was esteemed and beloved. Had WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK been living, few deaths would have so touched his heart as that of his life-long friend and constant correspondent, DAVID GRAHAM. It is gratifying to know that no 'stranger hands' were required to minister to his last wants. An affectionate and devoted brother, who had watched over him with the most assiduous care, closed his dying eyes in a foreign land, and accompanied his embalmed body back to its native soil. The following particulars in Mr. GRAHAM's history we derive from sources entirely authentic: He was born on the seventh day of February, 1808. At an early age he entered Columbia College, leaving which, he entered the office of his father, DAVID GRAHAM, Senior. In 1827, at the age of nineteen, he was admitted to the bar, and before attaining his majority, argued cases in the highest courts in the State. In 1831 he was a leading member of the National Republican Convention, which nominated HENRY CLAY for President, and JOHN SARGENT for Vice-President, and was a warm personal and political friend of the great statesman through life. In 1832 he published the first edition of his 'Practice,' which became the standard work on that subject in this state, and, until the passing of the new 'Code,' was the lawyer's '*vade mecum*.' In 1838 he was elected a member of the Common Council, and served for three consecutive years. In 1839 he published

his work on the Jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The same year, he defended the celebrated case of EZRA WHITE, for murder; and although his client was convicted, through the assiduity and professional skill of his opponent, a new trial was obtained, which resulted in a conviction for manslaughter in the third degree. This was one of upward of fifteen exciting capital cases, including MARY BODINE'S, AUSTIN'S, and DONELSON'S, in this state, and the celebrated case of SPENCER, in New-Jersey, which resulted with success to his clients. In 1841 he was nominated for the Mayoralty by the Whig Convention, but declined. In 1842 he was appointed Counsel to the Corporation; and published the second American edition of SMITH'S Chancery Practice, (a work of great merit on the Chancery Practice of England,) with copious and valuable notes, adapting it to our courts. In 1844 he was associated with the late D. B. OGDEN in the defence of Bishop ONDERDONK, and made one of the ablest and most eloquent arguments in his behalf ever made before any tribunal. In 1846 he was appointed one of the Commissioners to revise and simplify the Practice of Pleadings of this state; and in 1849 he prepared the ordinances organizing the Municipal Departments of this city, under the new charter. Mr. GRAHAM'S health began to fail nearly two years ago, and for the last year he was wholly unable to pursue his professional avocations. At length, during the past winter, he was persuaded by some intimate friends to visit the south of Europe, in the hope that his disease might yield to the gentle influences of Italian skies and complete immunity from the cares and anxieties of daily life. The hopes that led to this resort were disappointed. Mr. GRAHAM hardly reached Italy before his brilliant and too brief earthly career was brought to a close. He died at Nice, among strangers, and his last look was on scenes unfamiliar to his closing eyes; but the admiration and love of ten thousand saddened hearts will long hold his virtues and talents in grateful remembrance.

ANOTHER 'LETTER FROM UP THE RIVER.'—Again we commend to our readers another of the pleasant letters of our 'up-river' correspondent, from whom they have heard in more ways, and more frequently, than they have any idea of. We are promised a continuance of the correspondence:

'Up the River, July 5th, 1852.

'THIS year, by a freak of the calendar, the glorious Fourth falls upon 'Sabbath,' and the large amount of patriotism in the country has to be bottled up until Monday morning. When this occurs, the clergy get the start of the prophets of the groves by a single day, and, wrapping themselves up in the American flag, supersede the legitimate 'orators of the day' by a little pulpit eloquence. Principles of '76, star-spangled banner, forefathers of the Revolution, blood-bought freedom, together with a liberal allowance of gunpowder-flashes, illuminate the track of sermons, while the Fourth-of-July Committee attentively listen, and the little Sunday-school boys sit underneath, their pockets already filled with Chinese crackers, which seem expressly made for the barbarians. Are the citizens of this free country going to be cheated out of their only holiday (Thanksgiving excepted) by the intervention of a Sunday? Certainly not! Toward sun-down a little of the effervescence begins to escape, and you hear the popping of occasional guns in the hands of young men of a defective piety, and stray sparks steal into a few Chinese packs. Before sunrise the banging and bell-ringing are incessant, and soon the demand on horse-flesh is unparalleled

with any day in the year. It is the festival of livery-stable keepers, and the blistering heat makes it the very purgatory of horses. Villages to whose turn it does not fall to 'celebrate' soon look as solemn as the grave, while the highways are thronged with both sexes going to the *fête*; and the display of white trousers and gay bonnets is immense. Were I in New-York, I should eschew the affectation of flying to the country to the imaginary pleasures of troublesome pic-nics, and would stand the disgusting racket of gunpowder-explosions for a sight of the 'sogers' and martial display, which fills me with ecstasy. But not having a fancy for the fussification made in small towns, I shall 'keep quiet,' and write a letter to my friend, the 'Old Knick,' no doubt at this moment in the shady retreats of Dobbs' Ferry, unsealing packets of the aforesaid diabolical crackers for the patriotic and juvenile young Knicks.

'Herein I may adventure perhaps a little advice. Though brimstone may be appropriate enough for one of your *cognomen*, for mercy's sake don't train up the young to be familiar with the smell. I was standing by the Park Fountain some few years ago, waiting for the fire-works in front of the City Hall to be let off, when a diminutive 'loafer' fired a heavily-loaded, hard-rammed pistol at my very ear. I thought I should have gone out of my skin: I was deaf, dumb, blind, nearly choked for the instant, and my next feeling was one of revenge. What was my satisfaction then to see an elderly clergyman, whose nerves had been alike shattered, single out the offending urchin, box his ears soundly, and though I was sorry to hear him swear, apply his foot with a hearty good-will to the juvenile rear! It did me more good than the 'Battle of Navarino.' If it were worth while, I could write an essay full of detestation for Chinese crackers. Yet if you say a word about them in this country, you are put down. I was on one Fourth-of-July evening sitting on a quiet piazza, afar from the noise and smoke of the day, as I thought, speaking of this very nuisance to a very staid and religious man of family. I said that there were some things connected with the observance of this day which ought to be repugnant to a Christian people. The reading of the Declaration of Independence, beside being a great bore, because nearly all were familiar with the document, was an unnecessary trumping up of old grievances, which ought to be forgotten. It was the rekindling of animosities with those toward whom we now entertained the sentiments of peace and good-will. And beside,' I said, for my Christian friend was an officer of the American Peace Society, 'indulging the young with pistols and gunpowder ——'

'Oh, pa! pa! *do* let us have one pack more! We won't set fire to any thing, indeed we won't.'

'The delegate of the Peace Convention thrust his arm into his coat-pocket, drew out a string of red crackers, flung them to the boy, and told him to fire them in the barrel. So the argument was ended.

'Since my last to you, some little progress has been made in house-keeping, gardening, and so forth. I have had my lawn shaved, and got a load of hay, so that I shall be ready for horses, or ready for asses. The first are more useful, the latter more amusing. I look forward with high aspiration to keeping a cow. A degree of comfort and satisfaction is involved in having one on your own premises. To notice her meek look as she stands in the barn-yard of a summer evening letting herself be milked, and chewing the cud;* the kneeling

* How much better than chewing the *quid*!

form of the dairy-maid by the side of the polished, brass-girt, maple pail; the hollow sound of the snowy cataract covered with bubbles and effervescence, and the squeezing out of the last rich drops! Occasionally she will be vicious, for some cows are undeniably born for condemnation; and I don't know in the course of my rustic observation a worse animal, and one more possessed by the devil, than an ill-disposed cow. She is stubborn, heady, high-minded, will have her own way, open gates with her tongue or her teeth or her horns, eat up your cabbages, and kick over the pail. Tie her by the horns to the fence and whip her well with a long stick: don't heave a paving-stone against her side. Vaccine matter alone should make us grateful to the whole herd. Above all things, never sacrifice your temper to crooked horns. Think of the satisfaction of sitting down at your tea-table, with your elegant hereditary silver milk-pot, (or if you have not silver, one of Britannia metal, like ours, will do on a pinch,) containing undiluted milk. (We have no pumps in this neighborhood.) Go into your deep-dug cellar, and look at those shallow dishes whereon the rich cream gathers, and oh! the golden butter, the cheeses, the streams of butter-milk, desiderated by pigs, the high enjoyment of the frozen pyramid on a sultry night! Can you tell me where I may obtain a good Devonshire cow?

'I told you of losing my canary, did I not? At any rate, I will furnish the particulars now. My friend LEMON, going out of town, gave me one by name DICKY, an accomplished singer. I walked round to ARCHIE GRIEVES's, in Barclay-street,* and bought a package of rape-seed; and that afternoon we bundled ourselves into the coach, with a deal of bother, for who likes to carry a cage on his lap? I got the troublesome trunks on board, took the carpet-bags and cage, and hung the latter on a hook under the deck of the steam-boat 'Armenia,' which was soon on her way to Newburgh. Got the bird ashore with much trouble, and after getting packed somehow or other into a crowded coach, held the bird again with much inconvenience. Let him out for an hour or so on Sunday morning, when he seemed much at home. Put him in again, and then placed the cage on the piazza. We have no cat. I do not keep a cat. I had not seen one near the premises. In less than ten minutes a nasty black-and-white one came creeping and skulking along the fence, while my back was turned, knocked over the cage, and let out the bird; and as I ran out, nothing could be seen but a glimpse of his yellow wing and the tip end of the tail of the retreating cat. I found EVELINA in tears, but for my own part have no tears in the socket for misfortunes of this kind. I have the cage still on hand. Don't you know where I could procure a good canary?

'To make up for the loss of our canary, we have a thousand swallows in the chimney, who keep up a continual twittering and chattering by night and by day. There is a round hole in the fire-place, through which a stove-pipe was wont to go. The other morning I found one of these birds sitting therein, dressing up his blue wings with his beak, and looking into the room most unconcernedly. It is a pleasure to see them every evening, glancing about with the rapidity of electric flashes, and diving down at last into the square-mouthed cavern, from which they are not at present in danger of being smoked out. They keep their

* ARCHIE's is the place to go to. It is a perfect museum of four-footed beasts and fowls of the air: dogs, of all descriptions, big and little; monkeys, foxes, rabbits, squirrels; all kinds of singing and other birds, including that *rara-avis*, a veritable black swan. We took 'Young KNICK.' there one morning, and 'by'r Lady' 'twas as much as we could do to entice him away. He wanted to 'see the monkeys more!'

feathers in excellent order, and look as if they had been curried and rubbed down by ZEPHYR. We have a nest of wrens near by. This bird, who allows you to come near enough to put salt upon his tail, is very musical, singing constantly, but in short snatches immediately repeated, and not drawn out like the notes of a canary, which are sometimes enough to make you stop your ears with wax, and hold your breath. The other day, several birds in my enclosure, Sir ROBERT LINCOLN, ROBIN, etc., the whole conducted by Signor REDHEAD WOODPECKERINI, followed one another in a curious succession of notes which very closely resembled the well-known air in *Robert le Diable*:

• **TR-TUM** — te tum-te tum — da-da-da-da.

‘**TUM-ra, ra, ra, radadada-de.**

‘**Te RUM-ra ra,**’ etc., etc.

‘At this season of the year a great many birdlings, with none too many feathers on their wings, in their first attempts to fly, fall on the grass and chirp long and loud, in answer to the call of the parent-bird, in consequence of which you easily take them. I yesterday caught a young robin, but he pecked my hand so severely that I flung him back into the lilac-bush, considering a bird which would act in that way as not worth a cage. Sitting in my quiet study in this valley, which is remarkably cool, (because the air perpetually draws through from the river like a funnel,) and the birds continue to sing as vivaciously as ever at mid-day, I was just thinking, as I listened to the wren, the boblink, and the cat-bird, of the superiority of nature to art. I have heard JENNY LIND when the ears of five thousand were literally fed on the most impalpable and attenuated notes of that divine voice, as the same number of people were once miraculously fed on a mere morsel of bread. What is LIND to LINNET!

‘**THERE** sings with glee, upon the tree
Before my chamber-door,
The sweetest bird I ever heard
In all my life before.

‘The trilling note which shakes his throat
Is rich, and ripe, and round;
Not JENNY's voice has to our choice
More melody of sound.

‘In wood and dell, I know full well,
Where nightingales are heard,
She learned in part her blessed art
To imitate the bird.’

‘Perhaps you may wish to know my success in gardening. Never was the head of a neglected boy more *scratched* than my enclosures have been by my neighbors' fowls. If I have worked an hour to put seeds in the ground, they regularly undo the work by scratching them all up, and then making sundry round holes to deposit their vermin-covered bodies in the cooling earth. Confound them! if I kept such a thing as a loaded gun I would scatter enough *down* over my garden to make a feather-bed. But I won't do it, because I consider *peace* better than *peas*. These delinquent chickens are perfectly conscious of guilt. In a barn-yard, where they are legitimately scratching on a dung-hill, they let you approach within a foot; but in a garden, when they see you twenty yards off, they turn tail, put their heads down, and run as if they expected to be peppered with shot. Notwithstanding these provoking poachers, who have materially diminished my enthusiasm for the hoe and spade, I have managed to raise a few radishes. What more refreshing and delightful, especially in early spring, when sated and disgusted with grease and animal diet, than a tumbler

full of short-top, scarlet radishes, placed upon your tea-table, to be accompanied with sponge-like bread and grass-butter! How fresh, crisp, crackling, sparkling they are, as you take them out of water! How you do love to snap them in two like brittle glass, dip the ends in a little salt, and crack them to pieces in your feverish mouth! Such indulgence is a harmless epicurism, which the present state of sumptuary laws does not forbid. I do hope that radishes may be spared, although I foresee that the days of *salad* are numbered, because lettuce contains opium, as is well known. On Sunday last we enjoyed a simple and delicious dinner, which did not keep the cook from church, and did not take half an hour in preparation. I *cannot* say that I *regret* to say, that it was neither the triumph of my own garden, nor of my own larder; but what is pleasanter, it was the proof of neighborly kindness: a mess of Windsor beans, and of juvenile peas, with a head of lettuce of the very tenderest and most crackling description, dressed according to the recipe of SYDNEY SMITH, accompanied with a ruddy slice of broiled ham, and some new potatoes. For these, and all His other benefits, God's holy name be praised.'

'POSTSCRIPT: JULY 14. — In my last, in the course of some desultory remarks upon fowls, I stated my wishes with regard to a Shanghai hen, not supposing that many of that breed cackled on this side of the Himalaya Mountains. This day, at the hour of three, while dining very frugally on some marrowfat peas, young beans, a salad, and a few slices of bacon, while at the same time the refreshing rain was falling upon the parched earth, and the fogs drifted over the mountains, I observed a carriage at the gate. Presently there was deposited a basket well covered with canvas; and on peeping in, I discovered a cock and hen of the Shanghai breed! A polite missive accompanied the same, and on the card which contained the donor's name was written in pencil, 'BEHOLD THE SHANGHAIS!' This was the considerate gift of a gentleman who has a charming seat near the banks of the Hudson river, to me at present a perfect stranger. I put the fowls in the corn-crib, and they have kept up the most prodigious cackling, drumming of the wings, and crowing, ever since. The Shanghais crow very *strong*. I am now going into the business of raising fowls in earnest, and will bring you a basket of eggs when I come again. The oysters which I promised you when I lived on the water-side, I could not well send, because when I had them ready, a party of friends arrived, and we ate them up.

'SUN-DOWN. — The neighbors have been over to look at the fowls.'

HENRY CLAY IS DEAD!

THE above sentence, brief as it is, is in itself, at this moment, the national symbol of a nation's sorrow. It expresses all that the booming of minute-guns; the funeral processions, slow moving through towns and cities clad in solemn gloom; and eloquent orations—it expresses *all*. The simple record is itself an eulogy upon the consummate orator, the renowned statesman, the noble patriot, the whole-hearted American, who has 'gone hence, and will be no more seen.' May his example and his memory sink deep into the hearts of his countrymen!



SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.—Sitting solitary and alone the other evening in the sanctum, with no sound to illustrate the silence, save the faint stir of the 'night-wind' among the leaves of the Alanthus and Linden-trees before the open windows; sitting thus, and thinking of 'diverse things fore-done,' and also of the future, there came suddenly from underneath the table on which we do but scribbling, three distinct noises: *rap! rap! rap!* We started up, and took a hasty glance beneath; fancying that belike 'Young Knick' or little Joak, had quietly hidden there, to startle us into a sudden jump, for their amusement. But there was nothing to be seen; and all again was still. Just at that moment, '*Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu who-o-o!*' echoed

through the apartment. We looked around; and from the branching antlers of a 'stag of ten times' peered down upon us THE OWL, with eyes of a preternatural brightness. Slowly he raised his wings, closed them again, winked deliberately once, and then, opening his bill, said, drily:

'The *Rap-scallions!*'

'The thing was out!' We had been reading the '*Spiritual Telegraph*,' and there was a 'medium' somewhere about the house. We gave full 'head' to the gas, and left the sanctum to scrutinize other adjacent apartments; but there was no clue to the 'mysterious rappings'; only upon our return, there lay on the table before us, in a fair and transparent 'hand-of-write,' the subjoined celestial communication, which we give *verbatim*:

At a convention of Spirits held in Third Circle, No. 9999 Dome *Bolak*, Upper Department, on the Fifty-third *Chiliad*, BENJ. FRANKLIN was called to the chair, and JOHN HANCOCK appointed Secretary.

The meeting was very fully attended. The Patriarch ABRAHAM declined to come, owing to great distance, being many billions of miles off, and it would cost him a couple of hours in the transit; which, owing to pressing business, he could not spare. Mr. WILBERFORCE also declined, from the peculiarity of his position, being in ABRAHAM's bosom.

BENJ. FRANKLIN briefly addressed the meeting, which was very fully attended.

GEORGE WASHINGTON came from the planet Washington, which has never yet come within range of earthly glasses; but it probably will. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was present from the planet Mars. A number of the literati were on hand 'on mighty pens': HAVIZ from Jupiter, ANACREON from Venus, and EDGAR A. POE from the Milky Way. The latter gentleman, as usual, was a little 'tight' on fifth-proof ambrosia, as was facetiously remarked, and tumbled out of the eight hundredth story window in a swoon; when he was picked up by the watchman, kept all night, and sent back to the Milky Way next day. He was very disorderly; in fact, his habits only fit him for the outskirts of creation, where he now is.

BENJ. FRANKLIN, in his peculiarly succinct way, (after the disturbance occasioned by Mr. Poe's departure had subsided,) stated the object of the meeting. He

declared that while he was upon the earth, it was a maxim of his, or one which he had adopted, that 'honesty is the best policy.' Owe no man any thing. Do not be cheated in turn. With respect to the present distinguished attendants, they had left their bones on the earth, which had kindly purified them with their sinews and integuments. The places of their sepulture were pure. The flowers of the field grew over them. Their reputations acquired on earth they left in the hands of men. Beatified as they at present were, it was enough to make their bones rise out of the grave, and their spirits, which, although sublimated, had a regard for their earthly fame, to have them both ransacked and violated, and abused.

'Every respectable spirit,' said Mr. FRANKLIN, 'adapts himself to the sphere in which he is. When he is on the other side of Jordan, he attends to the duties which bind him to the earth: when he is on this, he does not recur to that bourne to which no reasonable traveller desires ever to return. Since we came here, strange things have come to pass in the lost planet, which we all know, gentlemen, is composed of the grossest and most material dirt. (*Applause.*) The spells of those who mutter, poor imbecile witches, magicians, *et id omne genus*, had for a long time been dispelled, and the explosion of the Salem witchcraft had put an end to the same.'

COTTON MATHER (*without rising from his seat*). 'Good! — good!'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'In our own day on the earth, and it was an era of considerable importance, gentlemen, (*long and continued applause,*) we thought that the folly of magnetism and metallic tractors, for any practical purpose, had been exposed to the satisfaction of sensible men.'

LA PLACE. 'Undoubtedly.'

'Nevertheless the old humbug is revived, and the DEVIL and all his angels are at work to destroy the living, and to defame the dead. (*Tremendous rappings under foot.*) That sublimated spirits *can* go back to earth, any fool knows. But for what purpose to the sons of men?'

DEPARTED MISSIONARY. 'If they believe not MOSES and the PROPHETS, neither will they believe though one rise from the dead.'

DR. JOHNSON. 'That is true.'

BOSWELL. 'That is true.'

DR. JOHNSON. 'I used to desire for more light and knowledge, and now wonder at my weakness.'

BOSWELL. 'The same with me.'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'The Doctor will allow me to proceed. I say that no elevated spirits would so demean themselves as to descend to hob-nob with a set of fellows on the earth whom they would not associate with while living.'

APOSTLE PAUL. 'And who, the more spiritual they pretend to be, the more gross and earthly they become.'

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'To come to the point, gentlemen, our signatures have been forged to a piece of writing.'

(BENJ. FRANKLIN *here held up a copy of the 'Spiritual Telegraph,' with a fac-simile of the signatures of those present.* JOHN Q. ADAMS *smiled benignantly when he looked at his, and said that his 'hand used to tremble in that manner during his old age in the flesh, but that in his present immortal youth he wrote a good stout hand.'* JOHN HANCOCK *said that they had done full justice to him. The members of the Convention declared that the signatures in general were remarkably correct, and calculated to deceive.*)

BENJ. FRANKLIN. 'Our time is valuable. I have an engagement in Mercury to-night. I hold in my hand a set of resolutions.' He here unfolded a shining, transparent parchment-sheet, like gold-beaters' skin in a balloon, seen against the declining sun, inscribed with characters of light, from which he read:

'RESOLVED: That I, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and others, have had no hand in this piece of writing, but that it has been manufactured out of whole cloth by evil spirits convicted of forgery on the earth, and who still carry on their nefarious practices.

'RESOLVED: That we are perfectly satisfied with our present condition, and have no desire to return to earth.'

'RESOLVED: That brother SANDS be an angelic minister, to carry these resolutions to the earth, to be there imprinted in the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, to warn our fellow-men against a set of vagabond spirits, who still hover about the swamps of the earth, by which their wings are too saturated with damp to enable them to rise; and that we defy the DEVIL and all his impa.'

These resolutions were unanimously carried; and it was then

'RESOLVED: That we adjourn.'

As the meeting rose to retire, a tremendous rapping was heard on every hand, and the DEVIL, standing in the midst, put his thumb to his nose, and described the whole circumference of the heavens with his fingers' ends.

OUR OBITUARY LITERATURE. — They have a practice, in some of our sister cities, Baltimore and Philadelphia especially, of publishing long 'strings' of elegiac doggerel, at the end of almost every announcement of juvenile deaths; and these are very often repeated, *ad nauseam*. We have already given some examples of these, and here are two brief extracts from two more. The one is from a tribute to a child, the other to a father:

'DEAREST JOHNNY, thou hast left us,
We thy loss most deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.'

'YET round his grave the birds will chant
My father's praises who there reposes;
For every spring I'll come and plant
Around his grave the most delicious roses!'

The friend who sends us these waifs from the sea of obituary literature observes: 'Should not this matter be reformed altogether? I know that grief is expressed in various forms; that the waters of sorrow do not always flow through the same channels; but ought not the common sense of mankind rebuke funereal antics calculated to awaken laughter instead of exciting tears? Has any member of the human family the right, and if so, should he be permitted to exercise it, without the remonstrance of others, to bury a relative with a cigar in his mouth, for instance, or an old pipe? — or engrave on his tomb-stone what could not fail to make a reader hilarious? I do not advocate the investment of death with unnecessary, hopeless, lingering grief. I like to see the sun and the shade blended together on the new-made grave. And if all 'afflicted relatives' were MILTONS, or could command the services of MILTONS, and pour out their griefs in LYCIDAS-like monodies, it were well enough; but I object to such rhymed sorrow as that I send you. I desire to see death and doggerel divorced at once. Will not you raise up a remonstrating voice for my sake against this 'crying evil,' which makes me laugh? By-the-by, speaking of the various forms in which grief is manifested, reminds me of something I heard a day or two ago. A servant-girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained in the death of a devoted husband. 'Poor MARY!' said she, 'though GEORGE has been dead near six months, yet she *grits her teeth* (!) *even now* whenever she thinks of him!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — In a late number we mentioned the existence of a manuscript collection of literary or cognate papers, read each month before a metropolitan club, embracing a large number of our most eminent and gifted citizens; including prominent members of all the learned professions, authors, painters, sculptors, editors, etc., with men of intellectual mark and standing in the higher walks of commercial and mercantile life. Hereafter, under the separate and distinct title of

'The Century Papers,'

we shall present a choice selection from these communications, which will be found to be not only very various, but attractive in no ordinary degree. Some idea may be formed of the character of these papers, from the specimens already given in these pages: 'The Battle of Bunker-Hill,' by RICHARD HAYWARDE, the letters from DICKENS and CARLYLE, etc., to say nothing of the two ensuing brief extracts, in prose and in verse, from a recent 'issuo.' Our readers will seldom find in '*The Century Papers*' any thing that will not richly reward perusal. But pass we to our present extracts:

'An old friend and correspondent writes us: 'The enclosed little legend, which I have translated from the Spanish, may be of service, as it reflects some light upon the modern school of art we sometimes meet with out of Cordova. No personality is intended; but should any one chance to think himself aggrieved, I will give the name of the author with a great deal of pleasure. It was written two hundred years ago:

THE LAY-FIGURE.

'In the ancient city of Cordova, in one of its narrowest streets, (the Calle de San Pedro,) there formerly lived an aged artist, by name Don DIEGO GONZALEZ. The two things he most prized in the world were his daughter and a lay-figure, the latter being at that time the only one in the city. And sooth to say, his passion for his lay-figure was such that it was produced in all his pictures, which made them to be sought after as those of an original and unique school, different from any thing in nature; in fact, so much enamored was he of this thing of wood, canvas, and sawdust, that he scarcely thought of his daughter, whose eyes were like brown garnets, her waist like the stalk of a lily, and her lips like the cleft in a rose with the early dew on it. Truly the fable of PYGMALION was revived in Calle de San Pedro, in the ancient city of Cordova.

'Not far from this studio there lived a young painter, who had often seen the beautiful ISADORA, (for such was the name of Don DIEGO's daughter,) as she went to mass and confession, and oftentimes he had sought in vain to pierce through the gloom of her lattice with his eyes, or meet her in his visits to the old man. But all his efforts ended in disappointment, until, by dint of laying siege in regular form, that is by sonnets and sighs, accompanied by cat-gut and wire, he succeeded in ensnaring the bird; I mean, he gained her heart completely. The old man took no notice of these tender affairs, so much occupied was he with his lay-figure. But for all that, Don JUAN DE SIEMPREVIVA knew very well there was no hope of obtaining Don DIEGO's consent, the old man's experience with artists being such that I verily believe he would almost have burnt his beloved lay-figure before he would have given his daughter to the best of that profession in Cordova. Knowing, however, that kindness of heart was a prominent trait in Don DIEGO's character, Don JUAN laid a plan to gain his ends. It was, to get the loan of the lay-figure; and by dint of perseverance, not unmingled with flattery, he succeeded. Now, as it was the custom of Don DIEGO after breakfast and prayers to sit in his studio absorbed in his work until siesta, and as most of the time the head of the lay-figure was covered by a cloth to keep it from the flies, it was agreed, that ISADORA should adopt the dress of the figure, cover her head with the cloth, take its place some morning, and thus be carried off by four stout porters to the lodgings of Don JUAN, where, the priest and all things being ready, the knot could be tied, and a trip to Madrid, followed

by penitence and forgiveness, would make a very pretty little romantic affair, without doing harm to any body.

'The expected morning came at last, and you may be sure Don JUAN waited with some impatience for his prize. At last the porters entered, bearing it upon a narrow platform, and as soon as their backs were turned, he drew with impatience the cloth from the face, and beheld not the beautiful ISADORA, but the waxen features of the *lay-figure*! ISADORA not being able to effect the change in time, the lay-figure was borne away, and I assure you the old man could not have vented more lamentable groans had it been in reality the body of his own daughter.

'Now, surprising as it may seem, soon after, Don JUAN became as much enamored of the lay-figure as Don DIEGO had been. It was the subject of all his studies, and the ideal that found a place in all his productions, so that the connoisseurs of Cordova were puzzled with every new picture, some pronouncing it to be a genuine GONZALES, while others as stoutly maintained it to be a SIEMPREVIVA. In the meanwhile the beautiful ISADORA, utterly neglected, pined alone within her chamber, without so much as a word or look from the faithless Don JUAN. And the end of it was, there arose a deadly hatred between the two artists concerning the lay-figure; and there was a hostile meeting in the Paseo, outside the walls, in which Don DIEGO was killed; and soon after, Don JUAN being apprehended and executed, the beautiful ISADORA died of grief. Her tomb is in the burial-place behind the great cathedral, with this inscription:

'Joven, Bella, de todas adorada ~
Dejó la tierra por mejor morada.'

But the lay-figure still remains; and to this day you can find copies of it in all the pictures of Cordova.'

THE SEASONS.

'AROUND, around, around, around,
The snow is on the frozen ground;
River and rill
Are froze and still;
The warm sun lies on the cold side-hill,
And the trees in the forest sound,
As their ice-clasped arms wave to and fro
When they shiver their gyves with a stalwart blow.

'Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly
Comes the Spring,
Like a maiden holy;
Her blue eyes hid in a wimple of gray,
But a hopeful smile in her face alway:
Through the rich brown earth bursts the pale-green shoot
From the milk-white threads of the sensitive root,
Like a joy that is fragile and fleeting;
And the little house-wren in his plain drab coat
Holds forth, in a plaintive, querulous note,
Like a Quaker at yearly meeting.

'Of Autumn, gorgeous, sombre, and sere,
I shall probably write at the close of the year,
But at present the jubilant Summer is here;
All in love, with her half-bursting boddice of green,
Just disclosing that RASSKIAS valley between,
And her farthingale purpled all over
With violets, strawberries, lilies, and tulips,
Intermingled with mint-sprigs, suggestive of juleps,
And suggestive of living in clover;
Of a lid-shutting breeze in the shade of the trees;
Of love in a cottage, and lamb and green peas;
Of claret and ice, chicken-curry and rice,
And lobster and lettuce, and every thing nice;
Of fresh milk, and a baby,
And butter and cheese,
And a thousand affnative blessings like these.

'The Summer, joy-bringer! is warm on my cheek;
It blooms in the blossom, it breathes in the rose;
And if nothing occurs, in the course of a week,
I shall be where the pond-lily blows:
Where the wild-rose and willow are glassed in the pool,
Where the mornings and evenings are fragrant and cool;
Where the breeze from old Ocean sweeps over the bay,
And the board is six shillings a day!'

IN 1796, the author of the pamphlets entitled '*Common Sense*' thus wrote in one of his letters to the immortal WASHINGTON. And well might that great and good man commend the patriotic fervor of the writer's stirring essays, as 'a powerful agent in effecting and sustaining our infant liberties:' 'A thousand years hence America may be what England now is. The innocence of her character, that won the hearts of all nations in her favor, may sound like a romance, and her inimitable virtue as if it had never been. The ruins of that liberty, which thousands bled to obtain, may furnish materials for a village tale, or extort a sigh from rustic sensibility; while the fashionables of that day, enveloped in luxury and dissipation, shall deride the principle and deny the fact. When we contemplate the fall of empires, and the extinction of the nations of the ancient world, we see but little more to excite our regret than the mouldering ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent monuments, lofty pyramids, and walls and towers of the most costly workmanship. But when the empire of AMERICA shall fall, the subject for contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass or marble can inspire. It will not then be said, 'Here stood a temple of vast antiquity—here rose a Babel of invisible height, or there a palace of sumptuous extravagance;' but here—ah, painful thought!—the noblest work of human wisdom, the grandest scene of human glory, the fair cause of FREEDOM, rose and fell!' The heart of the man who wrote this passage was full, and tears, born of true patriotism, bedewed his eyes. - - - At a church-meeting in Connecticut, for the purpose of filling a vacant deaconship, some diversity of opinion, strange to say, appeared to exist among the brethren as to who should fill that very pecuniarily profitable office. After a deal of talk, and no progress, brother B——, an honest, straight-forward farmer, having in mind the Democratic Convention, probably, thought that a third man might 'unite the party,' and made up his mind to propose the thing, although he had never made the attempt to speak in public. Rising with caution and hesitation, he delivered himself 'to the point' thus: 'Gentlemen, I am not used to public speaking, but in my opinion, DAN BAXTER would make *an all-fired good deacon!*' It is superfluous to say that 'DAN BAXTER' was 'elected.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT sends us from Albany the subjoined touching incident: 'Although we are unacquainted, I cannot well resist communicating the following circumstance to you. Mr. S——, whose residence is next to mine, had a son six years of age last winter; and we, a daughter of the same age. So fond were the children of each other's society that the commands of the parents were all that prevented them from being in each other's company both night and day. About a month since the boy was attacked with the scarlet-fever, and soon after died. The next day I took our 'FANNY'—who mourned, and mourned deeply, her loss—to see the remains of her former play-mate. I think I never saw mental agony so strongly depicted in one so young; until, after gazing perhaps a minute at the remains, she turned calmly to Mrs. S——, and with a tremulous voice asked her if she might 'pray for poor WILLIE;' but without waiting for an answer, she kneeled beside a chair, and, with clasped hands and face turned heavenward, recited audibly the LORD'S Prayer. There were about a dozen persons present, but not one with unmoistened eyes. Friend CLARK, that child is *loved*; but with all the love her parents bear her, I cannot believe she is loved on earth as she is loved in heaven.' May good angels watch over her! - - - NEXT to wiling from the wimpling brook

'THE lightly-jumpin', glowerin' trout,
That through the waters play,'

commend us to *Trolling for Pickerel*. You should have seen 'the pair of us,' two as happy fellows as breathed that day, set off in the cool of the morning from 'Sh'nanng Pint' for 'Quaker Lake,' or 'Derwent Water.' We were 'fresh and vigorous with rest, and animated with hope.' Also, we had good store of simple potables and edibles; and our road gave us at first the loveliest backward views of the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Chenango, and the large and beautiful village of Binghamton nestled in the 'Happy Valley' where the betrothed join their waters, and flow on lovingly to the sea. Anon we were in the midst of pleasant forest-odors, screened from the sun by tall pines rising two hundred feet above our heads, their 'shaggy tops fretted by the winds of heaven.' Presently we reached the little lake, distant some nine miles, and, with an oarsman to row us, commenced business on our own 'hooks.' As our line went out, say some three hundred feet, and the 'spoon' began to swim slowly through the water, there was a 'strike,' which thrilled to the end of the line like an electric shock. It was a two-pound pickerel, as ravenous as a shark. And thus we went coasting around the lovely little lake, occasionally chaunting, in a low voice, that affecting ballad, commencing:

'ALL round my hat
I veers a green villow,
All round my hat,
For a twel'month and a day;
And if any body axes me
The reason vy I v-e-a-rs it,
I tells 'em 't's for my true-love
That's fur, fur away!'

or 'talking and laughing and telling stories,' until the day was well-nigh spent, and the night was at hand. Fifteen stout pickerel dangled from a birch twig when we departed thence, the result of some two hours' sport. Very memorable, O 'KING!' will be that pleasant day in the annals of 'Old' as well as 'Young KNICK.' Want some more such! - - - We have heard of the term 'bluffing off,' but we remember no better instance of it than was mentioned to us a few moments ago in the sanctum. A would-be 'blood,' whose confidence in his horse *seemed* unlimited, was offered, successively, several wagers against other animals, standing at the door of an out-of-town resort, all of which he at once accepted, but from each of which he gradually 'backed out,' on some pretence or other. At length a by-stander said to him: 'Come, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll bet you ten dollars that that pig,' pointing to a frisky little porker in the road, 'will beat your horse two rods in going a mile!' 'Done!' said the other, taking out his porte-monnaie; but as he was fingering his bank-notes, he seemed to hesitate; and turning to a friend, he said: 'I don't *know* about taking that bet, after all: there's no knowing what the d——d pig *might* do!' The last time our informant saw this courageous 'backer of his opinions,' he was endeavoring to 'get a bet' on the approaching Presidential election, but 'aperiently' with very little success. - - - PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the motion of the earth is equal to seventeen miles in a second; so that if you take off your hat to a friend in Broadway, you go seventeen miles bare-headed, without catching cold! 'Curious, is n't it?' Some how or other, this odd thought came into our mind, while riding bare-headed on the locomotive with Engineer BOLLES between Binghamton and Owego. Good gracious! how we did 'z-i-p!' Seven miles, at one time, in less than seven minutes; and, as the hackman told one of the TUGGS at Ramsgate, 'surrounding objects rendered invisible by the hextreme welocity.' We know what it is, now, to be killed on a rail-road, to all necessary 'intent and purposes;' for look you, when we were going, as on the very wings of the

wind, some twenty Irishmen, working on the track, a mile or so ahead, seeing us coming like lightning, scrambled down the bank, leaving a big stick of wood lying directly across the rail! We beheld it with gradually-distending eyes, knowing full well that if it were not removed, our 'time had come!' The backward thoughts of a life-time were crowded into that moment! But a finger was providentially pointed to the timber; a hand was stretched out toward it; and as we thundered by, the group of laborers flitted into the backward distance, with our preserver standing alone by the track, holding the stick of wood by his side. Save us from such a 'living death' again! - - - THOMAS OWEN, Esq., the entomological NIMROD, who once drew a 'Bee-line' straight to the goal of literary popularity, gave us in the sanctum the other night the following illustration of the coolness of your true Yankee, under all circumstances: As one division of General Scott's column was passing leisurely along in some portion of Mexico, during the late war, there came down, just at twilight, from a convent that crowned a neighboring height, a procession of cowled monks, the leader upholding in his hands a contribution-box, on which stood a lighted lamp. As the column defiled by, many soldiers dropped small coins into the aperture provided for that purpose. One man, who seemed searching for some larger testimonial of his pious regard, fumbled in his pocket, and at length drew out what looked to be a roll of bank-notes; opened it; took from it a — paper of chewing tobacco; filled a short, rusty pipe, lighted it by the sacred lamp, and with 'Much obleeged to yeöu, Square!' passed on. 'It took just a Yankee,' said Mr. OWEN, 'to do such a thing in a Catholic country.' - - - We came across the following beautiful lines, the other day, in an album of a lady at Binghamton. They were prefaced by the annexed remarks of the modest, self-doubting author: 'From a torn leaf of my memory, I have transcribed the first two of the succeeding verses. Their application is just; and I have ventured to inscribe them to you, as a feeble tribute of friendship. I hope you will not deem them less expressive of my sentiments for not being original.' We incline strongly to the belief that *all* the stanzas are 'original.' It was only the sentiment that informs them, which the writer had 'got by *heart*,' and quoted as from *memory*:

'THERE needs not that lip, though sweet music be in it,
To tell me thy bosom is gentleness' shrine;
For I saw all thy soul the very first minute
I met the soft light of that blue eye of thine.

'I praise not thy cheek, though in beauty not wanting,
I praise not thy brow, though thy ringlets be there;
'Tis the grace of the *heart* renders *thee* so enchanting,
And makes me forget that thy form is so fair.

'When years have rolled by, like waves on the ocean,
And the book of remembrance is open to me,
Fond mem'ry shall read, with delightful emotion,
The bright page in the volume that telleth of thee.'

For a paragraph penned in the 'melting mood,' during such weather as we 'in populous city pent' know well how to appreciate, we consider the annexed, from the 'Springfield (Mass.) Republican,' most alliteratively felicitous: 'Yesterday was *hot*. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sap-heads as stirred in the sun. Babies bawled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed-time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a severe task of alliteration became exhausted in the

middle of a weather-paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot! Our eastern neighbor should have had our public-spirited GENN in his flourishing town. Then would the face of every glowing pedestrian have been cooled by a fan, given to them by one who, whatever he does for himself, never fails, at the same time, to do good to others. And rightly pondered, there is a valuable lesson in this. - - - If it so chance that you journey westward, by the New-York and Erie rail, (stopping mayhap at 'Sir CLIFTON's' Lewis-House, Binghamton, on the way, where is much elegance, comfort, and the true 'welcome of an inn,') tarry for a night at the lovely village of Owego, if it be only to see the perfection of a hotel, in the '*Ah-wa-ga House*,' kept by Mr. CHASE, and even his 'better-half,' (professionally speaking,) the landlady. We have been no farther on this route than Owego; and what the houses, of which we hear so much in praise, may be, at Elmira, Corning, etc., (although we should be willing to 'swear by' PIKE and DENNIS,) we know nothing personally; but it seems impossible that there should be a better house, out of New-York, than the '*Ah-wa-ga*.' It was built by a company, without stint as to cost; is very large, and most admirably arranged, in every respect; with halls of palatial dimensions, and rooms, high, airy, and spacious, with *suites* of parlors and bed-rooms for families, etc., and sleeping apartments that could not, or at least need not, be surpassed. The table reminded us, in its variety and abundance, of SHERRILL's at Lake George. The hotel is an honor to the enterprise and good taste of the town which it ornaments; nor can we doubt that its patronage will be commensurate with its high deserts. - - - 'I WANT to engage you to *mow* for me this haying,' writes a friend from one of our interior counties. 'Remember now,' he adds, 'that I have spoken first: so consider yourself engaged. Wages, you know, are no object. I'll furnish scythe and whet-stone: lunch twice a-day.' This proposition is quite too indefinite. Mowing (like wrestling) is *an art*, only to be acquired by careful study of its principles, and the practice of the same; neither of which the citizens of Syracuse or of Tarrytown — so far as our experience goes — properly understand. To ask an 'artist' to come and mow upon undefined terms is ridiculous. - - - A FEW rough sheets from a work now nearly out of the press of the Messrs. APPLETON, entitled '*Up-Country Letters*,' enable us to predict that our readers have a very pleasant treat in store for them. So far as we have perused these letters, they have most favorably impressed us, by their simplicity, faithfulness of external description, and their very discriminating and well-contrasted daguerreotypes of character. Moreover, there are in them touches of tender pathos, and scenes of quiet humor, the first the offspring of true, deep feeling, and the second the result of the way in which the writer 'looks at things,' which to our fancy make them especially attractive. Pending a more extended notice of the work when it shall have appeared, we present one or two passages, which will indicate, in some degree, the pleasant characteristics of the author. '*A Country Sunday*' contains this graphic picture of the 'father' of 'Pundison-House,' on the morning of 'Holy Day:'

'EARLY in the morning every one has put on the distinguishing look of Sunday; a look which has great variations. In my father's face it is severe and inflexible. Having shaved on Saturday, he appears by no means later this morning than his usual hour, and always in a ruffle-shirt, white cravat, and a shirt-collar so high and firm, that to look on either side he is obliged to turn himself carefully around to that quarter. As my father seldom removes his hat, he changes his old one on Sundays when he feels quite well, for one that is comparatively fresh and new, but worn however with entire ease.

'Having breakfasted by candle-light, the day begins early with him. By eight o'clock he is seated in his big chair before his comfortable fire, reading the '*New-York Observer*.' But SCOTT's Commentaries is usually seen on the sofa — the old folio loose sheets which have never been bound; and DWIGHT's Sermons, with perhaps the *Life of Newton*.

'I have said that his look is severe, but it is only so in the presence of others. It is as much as to say, 'Do you know, Sir, that this is the Sabbath? Let me hear no idle talk, but reflect, Sir, that you are in the presence of the King of kings.'

'But when the house is all still and deserted, and he is left alone with his Bible and his far-travelling thoughts—the dogs perhaps stretched at his feet, and no sound any where but the picking of a mouse in the cupboard, or the creak of a door in some distant and silent chamber; then it is, in his unconscious moments, there is to be seen upon his face a sunny look of peace and calmness, and lordly hope, which takes at least twenty years from his life. Disturb him not then, for he is looking over into that land where he must shortly go. He is communing with the happy dead. From his earliest years, his companions have been going away one by one, till now he has passed his threescore and ten and is left alone, while they have been silently gathered into the kingdom of CHRIST. All the years, as they roll by, pause upon that shore; all the kind wishes, all the prayers, all the aspirations of a long life, they have gone on to that blessed land. Ah, Sir, it is not sleep which keeps him so still and calm, but a true vision of the life to come!'

There is a wide scope of thought in the subjoined passage from '*The Late Morning*,' which finds the writer in bed, but, as Sir WALTER SCOTT says, 'letting his thoughts simmer' to some purpose, nevertheless:

'Was I dreaming this morning, or am I dreaming now? So still is it, and my brain so light from fasting thought floats away and leads me captive. My will goes from me, and I am as a man in some enchanted land. Is it more life now, I ask myself, than it was last night, in among those steep dream-mountains, and by that strange waterfall?

'It is well that not all the world are so idle. Doubtless, all this day throughout the wide land, (and to roll on all through the long night,) the iron trains have been glancing over valleys, and around and through mountain-spurs, stopping for a moment here and there, and then pushing on again with their hundreds and five hundreds of men and women, all bound for some where, and up for the day. Up and down the streets of the great cities, has pressed on, and still presses on, the crowd; busy, busy, and for ever busy: not dozing in still chambers, but up for the day. Out on the deep, the sailor-boy has been aloft, walking upon the broad arms of the ship, and plunging in the foam; and all over the land, people have been up and about, threshing out something, whether in golden dreams or the golden wheat. High in the arctic seas, ships are riding in the ice-fields, with the pale sun glimmering every where upon the white expanse; and afar away in the western wilds, here and there among the jagged mountains, small companies of haggard men and women, half crazed, half starved but still with bright dreams of a home over the mountains, are struggling on to the land of gold: and so crazed are they with this brilliant to-morrow, they would hardly exchange with me for my warm rooms and my up-country repose.

'The night comes. Slowly, slowly, over all: the rail-car and the steamer, the hurrying citizen and the sailor-boy aloft, the ice-bound ship and the starving emigrant—slowly, slowly, comes the night. Mother of all beautiful imaginings, home of all fantasies, weaver of things brighter than all precious stones; welcome, welcome the night!'

Speaking of correspondents and letter-writing, the author says, in another place, in an epistle to his friend: 'We have a few friends here and there, in this world and the old, who are in the habit of sending us an occasional 'Good morning.' Once in six months or so, we look about to see if any are missing, sending out the usual inquiry, and if we get an 'All's well,' we make but little pause, and plunge on in the great stream of life. By and by, as we look about us, one and another are gone. There comes no reply; but a few lines from a friend of our friend will tell us that he has finished his correspondence here: his hand is palsied: it is dust!' - - - The following 'sell,' as we gather from a correspondent, was effected about the time of the passing of the Maine Liquor Law in Massachusetts: Two young gentlemen, their joint finances reduced to precisely six cents, proposed a glass of ale each. For the sake of appearance, 'Tom proposed that 'CHARLIE' should take all the money, and invite him to drink. CHARLIE was delighted with the honor. At the first 'saloon' they came to, CHARLIE walked in, followed by Tom; nodded to the bar-tender, and asked Tom 'what he'd have to drink.' 'I'll take a brandy-smash,' (price sixpence, 'York currency,) said Tom. 'Yes, Sir,' said the bar-tender. 'And what will *you* take, Sir?' addressing CHARLIE. 'I guess I won't drink *any thing*,' said he, as he caught the twinkle of Tom's eye over the edge of the tumbler, and slowly pulled out the six cents. 'CHARLIE hasn't asked Tom to drink since!' - - - 'HAVE you ever been across to Paris?' asks 'THE GIPSEY' of the EDITOR hereof; to which we reply, 'No.' 'I have,' he continues; 'and one day I entered a restaurant on the *other* side of the Seine, and ordered a rabbit. I was green; verdant

as the first cucumber — even as early peas — or I should not have done thus. The rabbit came, and I offered the 'Moniteur' to an old Frenchman opposite, whose eyes were fixed upon my 'plat,' but he bowed a negative. The bow puzzled me. All French bows are polite, but this was more — it was *compassionate*. I stuck my fork into the quadruped before me. It was too much. 'Monsieur has not been long in Paris?' 'No: I have just arrived.' 'Monsieur is going to eat *that*?' 'Yes: may I offer you a slice?' (*A frightful grimace.*) 'Monsieur will allow me to make a small observation?' 'Certainly:' (*a little alarmed.*) 'Monsieur, (*gravely,*) 'That rabbit *once mewed*!!' (*Fugiunt omnes!*) - - - 'Will you allow me,' writes an anonymous friend, 'to answer a 'TOWN-CORRESPONDENT'S' queries in your last number? The beautiful stanza,

'HERE in the body pent,
Absent from heaven, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,'

is by JAMES MONTGOMERY. It is incorporated in the 'Methodist Hymns,' revised edition, 1849, page 563. I enclose a copy of the hymn from which it is taken:

'AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

'FOR EVER with the LORD!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

'Here in the body pent,
Absent from HIM I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

'For ever with the LORD!
FATHER, if 't is thy will,

The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

'So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

'Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the-LORD!'

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever'

is the *opening* line of 'Endymion,' a poem generally attributed to one JOHN KEATS. I marvel at your town-correspondent's not finding it, as he says he '*searched*' But I am glad to be able to quiet his mind.' Of course, our correspondent *didn't* 'search;' his only object being to save himself labor, at the expense of a hard-working EDITOR or his correspondents. We've opened and read fifty letters to gratify his indolence.

'GREAT poets never die: their words are seeds
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds,
The world's sustaining fruit.'

These fine lines form the opening stanza of a poem to the memory of THOMAS HOOD, written by ROBERT S. CHILTON, Esq., now of Washington, for the KNICKER-BOCKER, some three or four years ago. The beautiful sketch of 'The Garret,' concerning which we made inquiry in our last number, is from the pen of Mr. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, of Chicago, Illinois — a young man of decided talent. - - - 'A FEW weeks ago,' writes a town-correspondent, 'I started on a piscatory excursion with a few friends. The Long-Island train of cars bore the party as far as the beautiful village of Riverhead, where we 'sojourned for a time.' Our landlady was a puritanical-looking Yankee woman, whose education had been somewhat neglected in her earlier years; at the same time, she seemed remarkably 'well posted up' in all affairs concerning the temporal and spiritual condition of that interesting section of the country. Desirous of drawing her into conversation, and of obtaining some useful information, I put to her the following questions:

'Numerically, Madam, what is the population of Riverhead?' 'There is a considerable number of Presbyterians,' she replied, 'a few Methodists, some Baptists, and a few Swedenborgers tew.' Enlightened by her direct and off-handed answer, I then asked: 'What is the orthodox and evangelical state of the community in the village?' 'Well! some goes for SCOTT and some for FILLMORE; and WEBSTER, *he's* got a few friends tew, I guess!' Such is the amount of the population, and such is the state of 'matters and things in general,' in and about the lovely village of Riverhead. I think my 'informant' must have been the woman who so bothered the late census-taker.' He gave her up as a very 'difficult case.' - - - PERHAPS, reader, you may remember the reply of the old maid in a stage-coach to a question from 'OLLAPOD' as to where the 'Ridge-Road' was: 'That were the er-Ridge er-Road that we have stricken upon the hill, o'er which the driver have just riz!' Not unlike this pomposity of speech was a request made by a certain careful-speaking 'dandy in words,' who was out fishing upon the Susquehanna, with a couple of not very choice rowing-'blades' to aid him. All at once he paused, pointed to the shore, and said: 'Cease rowing, gentlemen, please; I fancy that I perceive a *tor-toise* bawsking upon the benk!' Looking in the direction indicated, one of the rowers said to the other: 'Hold on, BILL! 'Goy-blamed if there *ain't* a mud-turkle, any how!' The two speakers had come to the same conclusion, but in slightly different terms. - - - We are glad to announce, that a volume of *Poems by William B. Glazier, Esq., of Maine*, is in the press, and will appear during the present summer. Mr. GLAZIER, as our readers have had occasion to know, is one of the few poets who are 'born, and not made.' He delivered a poem on the Fourth of July at Bath, (Maine,) which is pronounced by the journals of that beautiful town to have been eminently effective. 'We looked forward,' remarks the '*Weekly Mirror*,' 'with much interest to this part of the performances of the day, nor were we disappointed. Bright images of beauty, flashes of wit and humor, sweet strains of tenderness, were all mingled, falling in rapid succession upon the ears of the listeners. Such treats are rare to us, and we enjoyed it to the full.' - - - ONE of the most remarkable improvements in the modern *cuisine* are the preserved meats, fishes, soups, etc., of Mr. PETTLER, who has a depository at Number 12, Vesey-street. The soups especially are delicious, particularly the beef-soup; and so easily cooked and served are they, that all house-wives pronounce them a perfect 'God-send.' They are warranted to keep for any length of time, and in any climate. Try these potted 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' and the '*Conservees Alimentaires Végétales*,' and see whether we have not 'spoken sooth.' - - - It struck us, when we heard it, that there was something very 'Bowery-boy'-ish in a question asked by one 'soap-lock' of another, who had been trying his wind on a lung-ometer in Chatham-square: 'Look o' here, BILL, s-a-a-y! w'y didn't yer kem up and see me blow myself up to tw-o-o hundred and forty, be-Jeze!' *There* was 'a blower' for you! - - - Any metropolitan reader, who loves art, while looking through the spacious and fashionable clothing-store of Messrs. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, at Number 441, Broadway, between Howard and Grand-streets, (an establishment so extensive and admirably arranged as to be itself well worthy a visit,) will find in an upper apartment of that large building something that will excite and gratify his curiosity. Mr. JOHN VOLLMERING, an artist of distinguished talent, there transfers to new canvas, with the original colors perfectly retained, the rarest pictures, however ancient, and however much defaced-upon the surface. We saw several examples of the exercise of this new discov-

ery, one of which was from a split panel, which were wonderfully perfect. It is a most important invention, and one which we think is destined to make no little sensation in the world of art. - - - We observe that SAMUEL B. WOOLWORTH, A. M., for many years the efficient and popular Principal of the Cortland Academy, in this State, has been appointed President of the *State Normal School*, at Albany, in place of Professor PERKINS, late Principal. A better selection could not possibly have been made. With a kind heart, a sympathy for the young, great tact and experience as an instructor, a thorough scholar, and a true gentleman, in the best sense of that too often abused term, Mr. WOOLWORTH cannot fail to perform the duties of his new station to the most entire public acceptance. The pleasantest and most 'acquireful' days of our later boyhood were passed at a dear old Academy, then under his supervision; and precious associations, sad as well as joyful, are linked with his name. How different is a man of taste, of feeling, of refinement, and of discrimination, from your mere pedant of the schools! - - - 'Why in L did n't you give a signal?' said a fat English cockney, with his mouth full of sandwich, who ran wheezing after the departing cars at Narrowsburgh, the other day. 'We did,' said the conductor: 'we rang the bell.' 'Oh, ay—the b-e-l-l: I see: but w'y did n't you blow an 'orn, and then one could 'ear it: your blaåsted steam-'orn, do n't ye see!' The conductor put his handkerchief to his mouth to suppress 'skreems of lafture,' and arranged his tickets. - - - STANDING on the top of 'Rockland Tower,' in the twilight of our recent 'Sabbath-Day of Freedom,' with an old and endeared friend at our side, we thought, as we gazed abroad upon the almost matchless view which that scene presents, of these lines, at some time or another lodged in one of the cells of our memory:

'ALL I feel, and hear, and see,
God of Love! is full of THEE.'

'EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: 'God is Love!'

'Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills;
Of the breeze and of the bird

By the gentle summer stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen: 'God is Love!'

'All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: 'God is Love!'

You see we had been spending the day at 'Mount Guilford,' the delightful residence of an esteemed friend, with all the 'little people,'

'Who are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be:'

we had visited the 'Seventy-six House,' at Tappaän, where ANDRÉ was confined, tried, and led forth to execution; had refreshed our patriotism at the Headquarters of WASHINGTON, near by; had seen young men and maidens, from all the country-side, assembled with light feet and lighter hearts, to dance away the hours; we had come up through the woods, redolent of wild flowers and piney odors, to the top of the tower, overlooking 'river, mountain, wood, and vale,' and our hearts were light, and grateful, and joyous within us. - - - CHAMPLAIN is a *lake*, not a '*lakelet*,' we can tell our poetical lady-correspondent at Burlington, Vermont. You might as well call a hen a 'henlet.' We like not such 'affectations, look you.' - - - THREE pages of '*Literary Record*,' and five or six of '*Gossip*,' although in type, are postponed to our next. Sorry: but could n't possibly help it: wrote too much. But twenty-four pages of 'Table' will 'do,' 'guess.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 8.

BY BERRY.

RECENTLY I had been tormented for some days by nervous agitation, when, reclining upon my bed in the hush of the evening, the subdued strains of distant music were borne to my ear through the open casement, ministering to my perturbed spirit a pensive tranquillity. My thoughts straggled from the page I had been fitfully perusing, the book dropped from my hand, and I slid into a gentle reverie. Memory revelled amid the fascinating scenes of early boyhood. The past gave up its dead; joys, glowing anticipations all freshness, truant pleasures, merry laughter, tears, the intensity of early pathos—a glorious resurrection! Once again I was despoiling thy orchards, angling in thy brooks, inhaling thy salubrious breezes, threading the shady arcades of thy woods, and bounding over thy grassy-mantled fields, O familiar of the heyday of my impulses and impressions, pleasant, beloved Byberry!

Near where Delaware rolls his ample flood, in the county of Philadelphia, a hundred and seventy years ago, some families of English Quakers, having built for themselves the rude habitations of pioneers and erected an unpretending meeting-house, proceeded to carve from the forest the fields of their new homesteads. The history of the calm and conscientious colonists was not one of vicissitudes. No outraged and murderous enemy skulked about their dwellings to perpetrate the midnight massacre; no revenging torch gave to the flames the fruits of their industry; they went not armed men to the worship of their God. Their policy had been justice, and its reward was peace. With simple desires and profound religious convictions; with toleration in their hearts and hospitality at their hearths; the consciousness that they were inaugurating an era of beneficence and good-will among men nerved them in their hardy labors, as the stroke of the axe rang through the forest, as the falling tree crashed in its stillness, or the virgin furrow, baring its bosom to the sun-light, followed the speeding share. Thus, secure, serious, and content, did the companions of the illustrious PENN glide placidly through existence; with them no 'fitful fever,' having ful-

filled its noblest duties, as individuals plainly in a plain sphere, but as members of a remarkable body conspicuously, before the world and all time, in laying the foundation of a great commonwealth without the practice of a single fraud, or the sacrifice of a single life. They were gathered to earth beneath a turf innocent of ill-shed blood: side by side were they laid in simple unmarked graves of the ancient burial-ground of Byberry.

Several years of my boy-life (tolerate this gush of egotism, not vanity-prompted) were passed at school, amid these scenes of rural delight. I well remember the chilling wind and driving north-east storm of the eventful day, when with heavy heart I bade good-bye to home on my first pilgrimage in the world to that country-school. It was the earliest grief; real, intense. Adult sorrows are never pure, disinterested; there is ever some alloy. Interests have been sacrificed, projects defeated, self-esteem wounded; and revenge is to be gratified, scorn or hatred to be indulged. It is not thus with the boy.

The school-house was a plain, drab-colored building, overlooking a verdant lawn; the road stretching before it lined by a row of cherry-trees. In the season of fruit, many were the happy hours passed among their breezy branches. There were rotten limbs and solemn warnings, for at some time there had been a fall and a fracture which was made a text for countless cautions; but we were bold and hungry, and knew no danger when from aloft ox-hearts and black-hearts nodded in the passing wind a kindly invitation. There was a garden at the back flanked by a big black walnut-tree; sacred ground never to be violated (save through special permission) by our erratic foot-steps. The thrilling, tell-tale cry which betrayed the adventurous trespasser startles me as I write: 'In the garden!' But one other offence approached it, less by several grades, the penalty restraint instead of flagellation: 'Out of bounds!' The barn, important locality, with its slippery floor and lofty mows, dumb witnesses of many a game at 'hide-and-seek,' (so like the game of life you would almost swear it the same, but that the one is very childish, and the other very dignified, and all that sort of thing;) the orchard with its favorite trees, pearmain and pippin; the creek and its dam, the mimic thunder of its fall, its stages of water, freshets and ebbs, its wheel, its tadpoles, and its occasional starveling of a catfish destined to never more repose in muddy bed; the corn-field invaded (glorious occurrence!) by neighboring cattle, the discovery, the chase, the conspiracy at cross-purposes, the fun fast and furious, and, melancholy catastrophe no longer to be delayed, the expulsion; these are before me now with a vividness in no wise impaired, but mellowed by time.

How I feasted on stolen readings in school-hours on hot, drowsy summer afternoons, when the zephyr crept lazily through the open window, when the only sounds were the scraping of some restless foot on the sanded floor, or the hum of the bee that circled in the sunshine, when the master dozed at his desk! Delicious was it to lay by at noon with Crusoe beneath his island bower; to recline in the shadow of the flapping sail of Cook, lulled by the soft surging of the water, shutting the eyes to the deep, flaring blue of a tropical sky, and dreaming of fragrant groves, the flashing plumage of strange birds, and fantastic, many-colored

shells studding the sea-lapped beach; to listen, in fancy, to the dulcet tones of Scheherazade as they fell upon the eager ear of Schahriar, freighted with the romance of the gorgeous East.

The 'store' was a place of Saturday-afternoon resort. Its contents made a curious *mélange*. Printed calicoes crowded cake-tobacco; shoe-blackening, whet-stones, and Epsom salts stared at you from the same shelf. A very important personage was the store-keeper. Not alone as the minister of commerce was he famous: he was of no mean erudition, and as he was post-master, he was justly regarded in a double sense a man of letters. There politics were discussed; there township matters were canvassed. Weighty discourses were held about manures, and soils, and crops; what bridges should be made, what roads mended, what taxes raised.

It is a bland, bright Sabbath morning, and along the various roads numerous vehicles, raising in their progress clouds of dust, seem converging to a common centre. Soon a large and ancient plain brick building, with conductor-protected gables, rises upon the view, overlooked by poplars and sycamores, and surrounded by rows of wooden wagon-sheds. It is Byberry meeting-house. The interior is divided into two compartments, separated at pleasure by sliding shutters, and furnished with plain wooden benches facing long wooden galleries slightly elevated, occupied by the ministers and elders. What scores of silent 'meetings' have I sat through within its walls, watching, without the open door, bird or butterfly disporting in the summer air, hushed, save when broke upon it the clatter of some restless horse, and the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell; or contemplating the motionless forms, and settled, solemn features of the venerable Friends. Sometimes a few impressive words would be pronounced; sometimes a longer sermon preached. There was the tall, spare figure, there fell the feeble accents of J — H —; there beamed the calm, benevolent countenance, and was raised the persuasive voice of John Comly; there in solemn supplication, M — P — poured forth a fervent spirit.

The 'meeting' over, you mingle with the congregation upon the green, have extended to you friendly accostings, and as a stranger, hospitable invitations, for hospitality is peculiarly a virtue of this interesting people. Before you leave, lean for a moment upon that low stone-wall and regard the thickly-sown, undistinguishable graves. There the relentless reaper has gathered in the generations. The accidental conditions of life are no longer recognized; the sleep of death is a sleep of equality, with no perpetuating marble, no tomb-stone laudation. No sculpture flatters the living; no graven lie unduly exalts the dead. There is a stern and solemn simplicity about a Quaker burial. The gentle lowering of the coffin, the unbroken stillness that for a space prevails, the downward gaze of the surrounding mourners, it may be a few earnest, slowly-uttered words; then the last fond look, and the gradual and decorous departure.

The Saturday half-holidays at that school I cherish as blissful eras of my life. Books were 'put by;' we turned our backs upon the dingy maps; joyously threw off the shackles of our study thralldom. Once, two of us joined in a journey of exploration along the windings of our

creek, resolved to trace it to its source. Very remote it must have been, for we walked until near sunset without success. But who can measure the extent and importance of the discoveries made during that memorable tour? We left our comrades adventurers, of a stature no taller than their own, and returned travellers, brimming with knowledge, and invested by a halo of marvel and mystery. For a time there was no appeal from our authority; we had swollen in our sphere; we were of the brotherhood of Bruce and Clapperton.

There was a quiet, wood-margined pond, where on summer evenings we resorted to bathe; and often, with eager rush and wild halloo, would we burst upon the solitude of the turtle napping and motionless upon its surface, or startle to his bushy covert the gliding snake; while the woodpecker paused from noisy research, to indulge in a curious survey of the intruders. A submerged stump, from which we dived, was the centre of animated contention; and many a graceful leap was converted to an involuntary sousing by the scramble of the disputants. At length, the gathering night giving the signal for departure, we emerged all aglow from our aquatic exercise, and straggled home, buoyant of spirit; or if darkness overtook us, crowded together and told each other stories, as we moved at a brisk pace, such as thrill the young blood with supernatural horror.

With the troop of joyous recollections flits through my mind a sombre memory, of long, hot, weary August days; of stifling, sleepless nights; of a darkened chamber, and soft footfalls, and gentle ministrations. My brain throbbed with fierce pain; I tossed impatiently beneath an agony of heat, and a thirst which could not be allayed. Twice a day a grave man of dignified carriage stood by my bed and questioned me in kindly accents. At regular periods I was softly raised to take the appointed dose. The pain abated; my impressions of surrounding things grew fainter; I ceased to observe. One day I seemed to awaken as from a heavy sleep. A remark had aroused me; it was the doctor's voice: 'I do not despair, but he is very low.' I began to mend, they said, but slowly. I slumbered in fitful dozes; was often startled by distressing dreams. The voices from the play-ground seemed sounds from a world in which I had no interest. I lay with my gaze for hours fixed on some trifling object, a crack in the ceiling, a fly buzzing on the window-frame, with a dull, dreamy satisfaction. I took a little food, at first without relish; then I bethought me of the tasteful dishes I had partaken. They tempted my palate with delicate messes. Soon came distinct longings, and then soon I was feebly tottering about the room; one bright morning upon the lawn, (how refreshing the air, how brilliant the hues of the flowers that morn!) at last at the old desk, bending over the old dog-eared arithmetic. But I was there with privilege, studying for a while according to my volition. Envidable and envied period!

At a neighboring farmer's, distant a short walk — and we often walked it, (for he was a jolly, kind-hearted man, profuse of his lavishments of fruit,) — were a horse trained to surprising feats, and an ancient brindled bull-dog. The horse, it was reported, had been attached to a circus, and had through many years of nightly exhibit figured in the principal parts, with immense credit to himself, and to the unspeakable edification of ap-

plauding audiences. He had borne in his time, through the flying saw-dust, in 'wild career,' humanity in most of its fiery and fantastic shapes. The whooping Camanche had bestridden him; and the fierce Bedouin of the desert had charged upon him the terror-stricken caravan, two wheezy camels, a half-dozen tinsel-covered cavaliers, (costume strictly oriental,) five posturists, the clown, disguised and supernaturally solemn, and a tipsy lamp-lighter; he had sped with vaulting boys and dancing girls; Ichabod Crane had clung cowering to his mane and sides, as he scoured before the headless Hessian. We held him to be only a little less wonderful than Bucephalus or Eclipse. The farmer's son, a good-natured young scape-grace, would bring him into the barn-yard, display his points and tricks, and we mounted and rode in turn. The old dog's disposition had been soured by long intercourse with the world, and perhaps his head a little turned by frequent bayings of the moon. He delighted to bask at length, kept aloof from his species, and did as he pleased, for as a superannuated servant he had his privileges. Upon his kennel was painted, in capitals long grown dim, '*Cave canem.*' They were reputed the work of a famous pedagogue, who, after declining all his life, had found himself incapable of declining its end, and had departed from scholastic sway and rural approbation. At last, one morning, 'Brindle' was discovered dead. His spirit had flitted doubtless to some canine heaven, mayhap the dog-star.

It is a glorious autumn morning. Above, a bright, blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy vapor; around, fields shorn and stubbled, or bristled with the rustling maize, where upon the plump and golden ear regales the watchful crow; and woods with sunny vistas russet-lined. The chestnut-burs are on the ground; among the hickory-boughs frisks the lithe squirrel; through the dead leaves scuds the retreating rabbit; while in the road-side cedar screams the jay. With bounding spirits trudged a little company of pure, fun-loving boys (where are they now?) toward a distant stream, traditionally famous for fish of monstrous size and easy capture. Those never there before, burned eagerly for a first view of this wondrous water. I believe the story of Jonah would have been voted dull in that moment of anticipation. The creek was not yet seen, when was pointed the dingy canvas-top of the miller's wagon, as it crossed the long stone-bridge; that was something! At length, from an elevated knoll crowned with a stunted pear-tree in the hedge, was revealed in all its dimpled glory the aquatic prospect. Not with greater rapture gazed Balboa, from the height of Darien, upon the long, blue swell of the newly-found Pacific!

What unutterable power comes with such renewal of life's spring to 'soothe the weary soul,' and cordial the melancholy spirit! Sailing over this 'solemn main,' we leave the sheltered cove and sluggish water for the rushing current, which, sweeping us from old land-marks, from its velocity denies to us new, save now and then a lofty mountain-top; but although we leave behind the endeared scenery, happily we can carry with us its humanizing impress upon our hearts. A snatch of song, the death of a time-tried friend, twilight, dreams, the winter fire-side, a smiling landscape, make me a boy again.

Genial, sympathizing reader, to thee I need not plead excuse for hav-

ing lingered. Thou fully feelest the truthfulness of the purport, and wilt graciously overlook the lameness of the execution. Thou, too, hast no more power to snatch thyself from the 'momentary bliss' of retrospection,

——— 'THAN the man
That travels through the burning deserts can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half smothered in the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which he himself doth find,
Ere he be slaked.'

BEAUMONT.

But how shall I answer my respected friend Stilts—Lofty Stilts? His is an accusing voice; he blameth for a sacrifice of dignity. Stilts would scorn to gather his attar of wisdom from any thing beneath 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and Puseyite novels. Stilts may be right, for he is an astute man, learned in labor and population questions; of uniformly grave deportment; very respectable. Yet, hold—no, I am *not* convinced. Lofty! I have loved thee, but pass by. 'What does it prove? where is the moral?' chimes another interesting censor. But this, friend: that we are permitted (if we will) to flood the sterility of age with the freshness of youth; that these draughts from the fountain-streams of life not only solace, but elevate and better, morally better us; and that Nature never intended us to feed on the fag-ends of fables, and axioms, and dry ciphers, so long as she furnished a plentiful supply of feeling. But 'What does it prove?' still doubts and sneers. Yet another accosteth me, with a sigh, an orthodox sigh, and a doleful shake of the head: 'Trifling, trifling! let more serious matter engage thy attention.' O man of solemn mien, thou art in the right! It is well in an evil world to be as sad and saturnine as may be. Bring a scourge there! Ho for a shirt of hair! My fingers are upon the beads, the penitential recitations are upon my tongue.

YADESSAC.

San Francisco, July, 1852.

T O A 'S I S T E R' I N B L A C K .

THE moss-rose, with its crimson blush,
Loves in the summer air to bloom;
We hear no joy-song from the thrush
Amid the hemlock's darkling gloom;
All nature that is lovely seeks
With kindred nature to entwine,
And LOVE its sweetest language speaks
Beneath the budding columbine.

But thou, fair sister of the saints!
With lips of crimson, eyes of light,
Art, 'neath thy sables' cold restraints,
Like sun-light shadowed o'er by night!
I saw thee but 'a point of time,'
But in that little moment grew
A thought no change, nor place, nor clime
Can e'er in life estrange from you.

The silent cloister is thy home,
The rosary is on thy breast;
Yet does not o'er thy spirit come
A shadow of the heart's unrest?
Lady, if only for the skies
That form, so lovely, had its birth,
The habitants of Paradise
Had never let thee come to earth.

JOHN OF YORK

T H E W A T C H - T O W E R .

FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.

BY A GERMAN STUDENT.

I.

I saw old Ocean gleaming
In the silvery moon-light,
Where a stately ship came sailing
Through the still and peaceful night.

II.

At the helm a knight was standing,
On the deck a lady gay,
In the damp breeze waved her mantle,
But never a word spoke they.

III.

And I saw the shadows falling
From a regal palace high,
Where a king sat lonely watching
O'er the sea with eager eye.

IV.

And as the ship sped by him,
He threw into the sea
His crown of gold, and the waters
Surged 'round it mournfully.

V.

For he saw the bold marauder
Who had robbed him of his child,
And in madness on his daughter
He hath uttered curses wild.

VI.

And the raging seas have swallowed
The bold robber and his bride ;
And the king, with sorrow pining
In his loneliness, hath died.

VII.

But whene'er the night-storms lower
Will that ship come sailing by,
While the king from his high tower
Looketh forth with eager eye.

R A N D O M L E A F

FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

NEVER shall I forget my first visit to the city of New-Orleans. In the flight of time it was but yesterday ; and yet how changed its aspects ! It is one of the startling evidences of the growth of this western world, that on what side soever we turn our eyes, we behold all full of the vigor of life and progress. Take any point you will and compare its present condition with that of twenty years ago, and Imagination looks bewildered, as if Reality had outstripped her in the race, and put her prophecies in the back-ground. It is but thirty-five years since New-Orleans was only known to the inhabitants of the great valley of the Mississippi through the semi-annual reports of returning bargemen, who measured the fifteen hundred miles of the circuitous windings of the 'Father of Waters' step by step, to trading-posts at Kaskaskia and St. Louis. These hardy sons of toil and adventure, with their barges and tow-boats, formed the only connecting-link in the chain of communication and in the interchange of commodities. I have written fact, and not fable, when I declare that the imagination of that period stands confounded at the thousand floating palaces that are now daily ploughing the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and delivering the weekly papers of St. Louis and New-Orleans in due season to their numerous subscribers, with the same certainty as a modern dispatch-post. In the old world, the dazzled and delighted traveller may satiate his love of the grand and beautiful in the ever-varying display of palaces, and temples, and pyramids, built as it were by fairy hands ; yet the age in which we live is one of thought, feeling, progress ; and the humanity within us is startled at the saddening contrast between the general condition and destiny of mankind in the old world, when compared with the blessings that await him in the new world. In the former, man has reached a culminating point, where the problem of the government under which he lives has been solved ; while in the latter, there is no aspect of old age and decrepitude, but on the contrary, a country just bursting into manhood, with prosperity, power, and glory for its inheritance ; the chosen nation to push liberty and independence to its utmost capacity. Shall it not be esteemed a blessing to dwell in this favored land ? Is it not cause for deep and manly gratitude to the 'GIVER of every good and perfect gift,' that a new home has been found without the pale of misrule and despotism, away from the depressing evidences of hopeless, down-trodden humanity ?

It was a bright, joyous Sabbath morning in the month of December, when I first set foot on shore in the gay metropolis of Louisiana. I had left St. Louis but a few days previously, in drear and hoary winter, and the realization of my escape from the bleak winds, deep snows, and ice-bound shores of Missouri, to the green fields, perfumed bowers, and warm sunshine of Louisiana, was a tangible reality, which exceeded all my dreams of fairy-land. To one who had never visited a tropical climate, whose life had been passed in northern latitudes, no picture of the imagination could equal the reality, and the effect upon my spirits and tem-

perament can be readily conceived. When we enter a new city, a new country, or a new society, with our inner life in harmony with external nature, we are ever ready to find the beauties, and to overlook the deformities around us. We have all felt this truth more or less frequently. Indeed, methinks we might trace most of our prejudices to some ill-timed or irritating cause, or some dyspeptic, bilious, or splenetic condition. I will even go farther, and venture to assert that first impressions are not always the result of instinct, but often of physical condition at the moment, just as courage is a matter of breadth of chest and size of lungs. I was therefore prepared to see the bright side of the picture, and how astonishingly easy it is to find beauties every where in nature when we set out, having obtained our own consent to see them !

The Sabbath in New-Orleans is a gala day ; a day of rest, according to my understanding ; a day wisely spent when spent in the cultivation of the higher sentiments. And here let us make no mistake by judging our neighbor from our point of view, but rather let us beg leave to take his arm, and ask the favor of a glance through his spectacles, and in nine cases out of ten we shall agree with him. To be turned out on a bright day in high health, at peace with all the world, and most especially with one's self, is, after all, no mean, unenviable condition ; at least I did not think so when I found myself on the Levee at New-Orleans, twenty years ago. Like the joyous school-boy with a whole Saturday's holiday, and sundry fips and shillings in his pocket, the difficulty was where to go, and what to buy first, in order to make the best use of the 'little eternity' at my command. But hark ! the spirit-stirring fife and drum, and the roar of cannon on the plaza, announce the hour for morning parade, and who stands still or stops to consider, with a bugle in his ear ? The French legions of honor amongst the volunteer companies of the Crescent City might have drawn a smile from the stern features of a Napoleon ; but to an untravelled young-ster they were grand demonstrations ; and I watched their evolutions, performed, I must say, with French precision and esprit du corps, with feelings of unalloyed admiration and delight. It was a beautiful sight to see 'poor humanity' decked out in holiday clothes, enjoying the bright day before them ; and to the philosopher and philanthropist, it would have afforded a fine field for reflection to trace with the mind's eye this numerous throng to their individual homes ; to see how necessary was this small effort at display, this show of pomp and military trappings, to keep up that equilibrium in the chances of human enjoyment, that leaves the preponderance on the side of life, law, and order. It may be that the pleasure of this one gala day in seven was, to many a poor struggler after an honest living, as the key that winds the monotonous circle of hours that make up his daily existence ; his only incentive to live, and hope, and struggle on in the great battle of life. By way of episode to this tableau, the Catholic cathedral stood hard by, and ever and anon, between the loud thundering of the cannon, the grand and solemn peal of its organ came floating on the air, infusing a religious sentiment, breathing a solemn prayer, and echoing God's blessing upon the assembled multitude. Who shall say there was sincere worship in the cathedral, and not on the plaza ? Who shall decide from which point, church or plaza, the

most human brotherhood and sympathy was awakened? Does worship consist in the pompous ceremonies of priests amongst the dead languages, or in the free and hearty response of brotherly sympathy?

There is nothing which has such a humanizing influence upon our minds and hearts as travelling. We see nature in all its various phases, and become more merciful to each other's faults, and more tolerant of each other's opinions. Once out of the atmosphere of home, and old habits, and fixed notions, in which we have been enchained all our lives, we begin to doubt our own infallibility, and finally discover that some of our time-honored opinions are not as self-evident to others as they have been to us. We lose our bigotry, and learn to see and to appreciate virtue in a Turk as readily as in a Christian; and in this appreciation we make the discovery that the Turk is our brother in the sight of God, and the creation of his hands. We grasp the great truth that God has implanted the sentiment of worship in every human heart, and that the golden rule of 'doing unto others as we would have them do unto us,' is the divine gift of God to every immortal soul. The world is constantly undergoing changes. Men believe according to their consciences. Those who profess to be Christians in the present day are not as intolerant and bigoted as were Christians of former days, and just as surely will not be as intolerant and bigoted as now in days to come. Change and progress are the results of natural laws, and it would be doubting not only the wisdom, but the goodness of God, to suppose for one moment that the world is not now nearer to the golden rule than it was in past generations. Yes! the golden rule promulgated by CHRIST finds a hearty response and a happy home in the conscience of every intelligent being, proving conclusively that true religion does not consist in outward forms and ceremonies, or stereotyped dogmas, but in a universal brotherhood, looking forward with confidence and affection to the sunshine of God's eternal love to perfect us in His own image.

How frequently it happens that a sudden rencontre with a friend changes the whole current of our thoughts and feelings! It was preëminently so with me on this occasion. Hitherto I had been left to my own fancy as to where I should go, and to accident for the channel of my thoughts. But now, on meeting with a friend, a resident of the city, I put myself under his charge for a peep at the lions. A ride to Lake Pontchartrain was the first proposition. We were soon mounted on two 'good ones' from old Kentucky, and dashed away at a gallop. Our road lay along a curving line of high ground, (rather a scarce development in those parts,) which had been macadamized with shells instead of stone, and thus it received the poetical cognomen of the 'Shell Road.' There was but little to see on this road. The pleasure was all in the exhilaration in feeling rather than of sight, and reminded me of the modern philosopher who said, 'he did not drink liquor for the love of it, but because it gave him such princely feelings.' Our road ran through a heavily-timbered swamp, and could lay no claims to scenery, the view being entirely confined to tall cypress-trees that emerged from the murky water decked out in long scarfs, shawls and mantillas of wild moss, which grew in flowing, graceful, and fantastic forms around their ever-green boughs, with here and there an alligator luxuriating in the warm sun-

shine. In half an hour we were at the lake. It was one of those quiet days with scarcely a breeze to win a rippling smile from the placid countenance of beautiful Pontchartrain. There she reposed in conscious beauty, like some winning siren awaiting the passion-storm to make the adventurous craftsman tremble for his temerity in daring to luxuriate upon her gentle bosom. To have seen the lake at that day was to have seen all that was interesting; and a peep at the watch reminded us that the hour of eleven was approaching, and we must put spurs to our horses to be back in time for a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Clapp, than whom few divines have enjoyed a more enviable reputation. Not all the terrific combinations of yellow fever and cholera could drive him from the spiritual consolation of his flock. We reached the church in time to hear him deliver one of the most able and stirring appeals to his congregation that it was ever my good fortune to listen to; and although I had no personal acquaintance with him, yet if this notice should ever meet his eye, he will, I trust, excuse the zeal with which I subscribe to the doctrine of 'giving honor to whom honor is due.'

Nothing could be more marked than the difference of temperament that characterizes the native Creole of New-Orleans, and the nervous, sight-seeing Yankee, in whom there is no repose of character. My chaperon was an acclimated northerner, and in doing the polite and agreeable to me, went at it 'con amore,' and left no grass to grow under my feet. After the sermon, he accepted an invitation to dine with me. Dinner over, I confess it would have been much more congenial to my feelings to have taken a seat out on the balcony of our hotel, with one of those delicious regalias we find in New-Orleans to set one to dreaming as he watches the smoke gracefully curling upward toward the deep-blue firmament. But no; my 'through-by-daylight' friend had no idea of wasting our precious sight-seeing moments in any such quiet visions of happiness. Beside, I had brought him a letter of introduction from his correspondents in St. Louis, and I must be properly attended to; and to wait until to-morrow would resuscitate the time-honored adage, 'Business before pleasure.' He therefore forthwith prepared for a move. Mounting our hats, he ran his arm through mine, and dashed off for a visit to 'Potter's Field,' probably to restrain my rampant fancy, and to whisper a lesson of man's mortality. As we went along, he initiated me in the *modus operandi* of becoming acclimated; and as I presume one case is a fair sample of the majority, I cannot better instruct my readers than by allowing him to tell his own story:

'It is now five years since I waked up one morning to a sense of my own insignificance, in the small town of P., in Connecticut, and concluded that if I ever wanted to make a noise in the world, or a jingle in my pocket, I must plunge into the great world outside of home. I went down to New-York, and had scarcely landed before I saw a huge pile of linen bags, which they said had cotton in them, which a parcel of sailors and men in their pea-jackets and long trousers, with large, curious fish-hooks in their hands, were rolling away from a long, black-looking ship, and piling up higher than their heads, as if they never could get to the bottom. Thinks I to myself, 'It's no use mincing matters; if I want any information it won't come to me, I must go to it.'

This is what they call in Yankee-land *natural philosophy*, and is one of the first lessons they teach their youngsters, as you have no doubt had occasion to observe. I soon got a fellow to point out the skipper of the vessel to me, and thus accosted him: 'I say, captain, that vessel of yours holds a killing lot of them cotton bales, and no mistake. It seems to me you've put more out of her now than you could put back into her, and yet they tell me she's half full yet.' Captains, you know, have the name of being a hard set; but their hearts are as tender as a woman's, if you only touch 'em in the right place. They do say that women always smile when you chuck their babies under the chin. Now for my part I'm a bachelor, and always try to keep away from children; but this much I do know: if you want to make an old 'salt' take a fresh chew of tobacco, and *thaw out*, just praise his ship. This favorable beginning preposessed me in favor of the captain, and in the course of conversation I soon found that he regarded New-Orleans as offering the best opening to enterprising young men, just at that time, of any city in the Union. I shall not stop to sift the matter now, but it did occur to me afterward, when I got to New-Orleans, that the captain might have been giving me advice not wholly disinterested, inasmuch as my taking it gave him another passenger on his next voyage. Mind, I don't assert this for a fact; I merely throw it out as a kind of 'cud' for you to chew on as you go along in the world's experiences.

'Once in New-Orleans, I found it much the same as in all other places. Instead of the demand regulating the supply, there were twenty applicants for situations to one eligible vacancy. And yet I found another general proposition to be equally true, that no man need suffer if he has health and energy. But the greatest difficulty a northerner experiences in becoming permanently located in New-Orleans was now before me in the approaching sickly season, so generally fatal to strangers. As soon as the yellow fever was announced, I began to grow nervous and alarmed; and, as the epidemic was very severe on that occasion, very soon gave up all my chances of preferment in a staunch commission-house, and fled the city, much to the disappointment of my employers. I returned to New-Orleans in the fall, and had again to go through all the uncertainties of finding employment, with my chances materially lessened by the very knowledge that I had not the courage to face the danger. Under this condition of things it required but a short time for me to make the discovery that good business qualifications and good testimonials of character, although necessary here as well as elsewhere, were nevertheless insufficient without the 'sine qua non' of an acclimated citizen. I watched my small savings fade away day by day, leaving me still unemployed; and here, I may say, truly began my battle of life. I must sink back into my former insignificance in Connecticut, or risk all upon the chances of acclimation. I had faith in my courage if I could only get it screwed up. And now was the time or never. The struggle was long and wavering, for, disguise it as I would, it presented but two phases: life with prosperity, or death in the effort. Finally, Pride, Hope, and Ambition, threw their united forces into the crucible, and I came out a man. I returned to my former employers, and promised them I would remain with them the entire year, or perish in the attempt. My former

conduct had established my character for veracity, and they readily closed with me on such terms as have continued to increase, until I am now a member of the firm. The sickly season again rolled round, and was ushered in with more than common violence and fatality. Thousands fled from the city, and hundreds fell victims to its ravages. There were many systems of practice and treatment. Every return of the epidemic brought with it some new feature, requiring a different practice from the last, and it was a part of the difficulty to make up one's decision calmly beforehand, after weighing all the various considerations bearing upon the case; and having made the choice, to meet the shock trusting to his constitution rather than his physician. The favorite dependence amongst the native population was good *nursing*, rather than upon medical treatment. Hence it was necessary to choose between hospital treatment and private nursing. The hospitals were attended by the best physicians, and the nursing was upon a general system. Private nursing involved a private room, either in some Creole family with an attendant physician, or a private room with a quadroon-nurse and physician. I scarcely had a choice. I had a horror of hospitals and crowds of sick and dying about me. I had no Creole family who took an interest in me, and as a consequence was left to the remaining alternative of a quadroon-nurse and physician. If any thing can exceed the panic of a city a prey to yellow fever, with thousands too poor to escape or to procure the necessaries of life, watching the mournful procession of hearses as they pass and repass from hour to hour, from day to day, and from week to week, and at night terrified into intoxication by the dread of becoming the next victims, filling the air with savage yells, and making night hideous, I hope never to witness it. To say that I was not terribly frightened would be to lie outright. Every hair on my head seemed to stand up, and counsel a retreat. But I had passed the Rubicon, and there was no escape. By a strange freak of good fortune, I escaped until a late period in the season, and had all the advantages of the latest experiences in the proper remedies. At length the well-known symptoms of pain in the small of the back and back of the head, and a greenish giddiness ever present to the vision, announced that I must prepare for the ordeal. I shall not dwell upon the painful struggle, nor indeed could I describe it; for in less than twelve hours I was delirious, and remained so during the fearful ravages of the fever, for three days and nights, when the crisis was pronounced over, and symptoms favorable. Thanks to my good, kind nurse, a few more days of her attention and all was well with me. I stood before the world with all the doubts and misgivings at an end. Victory had perched upon my banner; I was an acclimated citizen, and as such, received into full favor in the good city of New-Orleans, where they distrust every body, and call them non-residents, until they become *endorsed* by the yellow fever. And now, Roanoke, forgive this long yarn about myself. It does one good, you know, to live over his great battles.'

The time occupied in the narration of my friend's story brought us to the suburbs of the city and to the threshold of Potter's Field. This was a low, marshy piece of ground, enclosed by a common, dilapidated fence, quite inadequate for any purposes of protection, had any such

precaution been necessary. On approaching nearer, my friend observed : 'You are in luck ; they are just now going to dispose of last night's dead from the charity-hospital, and you will have the opportunity of seeing the ceremony.' A group of some half-dozen laboring men, with queer-looking forks, somewhat resembling harpoons, with here and there a spade and shovel, stood in waiting for the approach of a donkey-cart, in which were sundry wooden boxes, apparently made by one of those 'Handy Andlys' who can do any thing. It was now the wet season, when it was impossible to dig a hole in the ground more than two feet deep any where back from the Levee without the water's rising to the surface. . The object was therefore fully gained when the box containing the body was hidden from view. These boxes were tumbled out like old lumber, and quite unceremoniously chucked into the holes which had been dug to receive them, and were held down under the water with that extraordinary burying-hook, until the grassy sod was replaced. It was a sad sight to look upon, those lifeless bodies thus unfeelingly returned to earth, far away from friends and home, 'unhonored and unsung.'

But New-Orleans is a city of startling pictures and strong contrasts. Scarcely had I recovered from the shock which I had just experienced, when my friend introduced me into the cemetery where the favored few and the cared-for were deposited. This cemetery was surrounded by a high brick wall, into which vaults were inserted, giving the appearance of innumerable tiers of baking-ovens. These vaults were arched, and of just sufficient size to admit a coffin ; and the process of burial was thereby rendered very simple and expeditious, it being only necessary to slide in the coffin and close up the arch. These arches were ordinarily walled up with brick, but here and there slabs of marble were to be seen, with names and appropriate inscriptions. There was an air of security in their method of burial when contrasted with the *floating palaces* to which the poor were consigned, that, while it surprised with its novelty, satisfied, to some extent, my ideas of propriety. The humblest individual might, for a comparatively trifling sum, secure one of these vaults ; but, alas ! no one came inside that wall without a consideration. Scattered throughout the grounds were monuments of various constructions and devices, and the whole air was redolent with the perfume of flowers, that the living had entwined around the homes of the dead. No sound was heard save the roll of the mocking-bird as he warbled his plaintive 'fantasia' over the city of the departed.

We turned to leave the spot with chastened hearts and feelings not easily described, when my eye rested upon one lone woman in the extreme corner of the enclosure, communing with the dead. Never shall the recollection of that Madonna-like face be obliterated from my memory. As she knelt upon a newly-made sepulchre, with uplifted eyes, from which the hot tears were gushing at every pulsation of her heart, and lips breathing in prayer, while her hands (as if unconsciously) were strewing fresh flowers over the tomb of her departed friend, she seemed an angel that had left her starry home to teach humanity the *spirituality* of tears.

It is in devotion like this that the true character of woman is developed, and her great moral power manifested. When the tears of anguish

and despair are congealed into icicles on the manly cheek by the freezing glances of the world, the sunshine of woman's smile dispels them. When the wealthy clasp themselves closer in their mantles and pass the poor man hurriedly, as if to escape a contaminating atmosphere, woman opens her arms, presses him to her bosom, and warms his despondent heart with the pure fire of sympathy. Alas! that there should be those who are discontented with woman's mission, and are struggling to change her nature and vocation.

O N R E V I S I T I N G T H E C O U N T R Y .

BY J. G. HOOD.

ONCE more I visit these fresh woodland bowers,
And wander in this winding, bough-arched road;
My soul throws off its load
Of vexing cares amid the clustering flowers,
And melody of winds that sweep the hills,
Mingling with song of rills.

Yet even mid this scene of Nature's gladness,
Though in my ear the bird's clear silver note
Rings from his mellow throat,
Over my heart will steal a sense of sadness
To look upon the tokens of decay,
Which lie about my way.

These fallen trunks, all shattered, bare, and wasted
From their proud state, the withered leaves around
Thick strown upon the ground,
Recall the thought of one Death's lightning blasted,
With whom so oft I roved these woodlands wide,
Or sought the streamlet's side.

As one who, exiled from his native valley,
In hopeless sickness pined, forgets his pain
To see his home again,
So doth this half-extinct, sad memory rally;
Reviving mid the scenes that gave it birth,
It drives far off bold Mirth.

'Tis hard to look above our present mansion,
And see our earth-lost friends beyond the skies;
Our spirits cannot rise,
'Tis death alone can give our sight expansion:
The only refuge till our days are sped
Is to forget the dead.

West Philadelphia, (Penn.) March 4th, 1852.

H E R C U L E S A N D H Y L A S .

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

NOT for *us* only, NICIAS, as we thought,
 Was born a child to LOVE's immortal sire,
 Whatever god may claim LOVE as his own:
 Not for *us* first do beautiful things look fair,
Us, who may breathe to-day but see no morrow.
 AMPHITRYON's son, with heart of stubborn brass,
 He, that withstood Nemea's forest-king,
 Loved blooming HYLAS, rich in curls of gold;
 And, as a father trains some only darling,
 Whose dawn gives promise of a radiant day,
 He taught him all those arts which made himself
 The first in valor, and the chief in fame.
 The boy left not his side at sultry noon,
 Or when AURORA, with her swift white steeds,
 Scaled JOVE's high realms, or when the murmuring brood
 Went to their rest, what time the parent bird
 Shook her loose wings upon the smoky perch.
 ALCIDES ever toiled that one so dear,
 Bowed to the yoke, nor swerving from the track,
 Armed with great thoughts, and exercised in virtue,
 Might prove at last, in word and deed, A MAN.

But when brave JASON, ÆSON's noble heir,
 Sailed for the fleece of gold, when warlike chiefs,
 The lights of Hellas, drawn from all her states,
 Pursued with him the prize of high renown,
 Then HERCULES, ALCMENA's hero son,
 Went with glad HYLAS to the rich Iolcos,
 And climbed the sacred Argo, that good ship,
 Which failed not, when the stern Cyanean crags
 Closed on her billowy path, but boldly swept
 The dark vexed strait, like some far-swooping eagle,
 And, bidding those black cliffs stand fast for ever,
 Won the deep Phasis through the wrathful main.

When now the Pleiades arise, and lambs
 Feed on the farthest pastures, when the spring,
 Wearing away, must soon give place to summer,
 Those godlike men, the flower of Grecian heroes,
 Are mindful of their voyage. Seated all
 In that swift bark, and borne by southern gales,
 Ere the third sunset dies on hills of Thrace,
 They cleave the long and rock-girt Hellespont,
 And moor their ship within the blue Propontis,
 Where stout Cician oxen drag the plough
 Through deep broad furrows. Landing on the beach
 At eventide, they spread an ample feast,
 Some ranked in goodly pairs, but more have gathered
 About one joyous board, for a smooth mead
 Lies with its grass before them, and presents
 Couches all fresh and sweet. These, mowing down
 The flowering rushes and the tall sharp sedge,

Make of the fragrant heap one festive seat:
But *HYLAS*, pushing back his golden curls,
Hastens, with brazen pitcher, from the shore,
To bring cool water for two mighty chiefs,
For *HERCULES* and *TELAMON*, who sat,
Like faithful brothers, always at one board.
Full of wild mirth, the boy goes bounding on
Through purple flowers, and quickly sees a fountain
Shut in by gentle slopes. Around it crowd
The spreading bent, and dark-blue celandine,
Dry maiden-hair, moist parsley, all green herbs,
That rise on dewy banks; but, in its depths,
The Nymphs have ranged their band—the wakeful Nymphs,
Whom artless rustics dread, *EUNEICA*, *MALIS*,
And fleet *NYCHEIA*, beautiful as Spring.

While now the youth lets down his large bright urn,
Eager to dip it in the sparkling wave,
All these together grasp his out-stretched hand,
For sudden love of that fair Argive boy
Kindles their souls. Plucked from the flowery brink,
He falls at once into the clear still waters,
As some red star drops, from unclouded skies,
Into the cold dark sea. Meanwhile the pilot
Spoke from the broad-winged *Argo's* airy poop:
'Unmoor the ship, make sail, ye mariners,
For welcome breezes blow.' The joyful Nymphs
Then laid their captive on their knees, and strove
To chase with soothing words his grief away;
But *HERCULES*, when *HYLAS* came not back,
Burst madly forth, bearing, as Scythians bear,
In his left hand a bow, while in his right
He swung his own tough knotted club. Three times
He shouted '*HYLAS*,' in a voice as loud
As his deep throat could utter. *HYLAS* thrice
Did answer, but the sounds came faint and low
From the dark waters, and, though close at hand,
He seemed far distant. As a bearded lion,
A fierce and famished lion, that has heard
A fawn's weak cry remote on desert hills,
Springs from his lair to seize a ready prey,
So *HERCULES*, rushing through rough wide brakes,
Sought the lost youth. Alas, for those who love!
What ills he braved, among the woods and mountains,
In that drear search! *JASON* and *JASON's* tasks
Were named no more. In vain the seaward bark
Stood with her sail-yards swinging at the mast,
And youthful shipmen cleaned the decks at midnight,
Waiting for *HERCULES*. He roamed the waste
With torn and bleeding feet. Love, ruthless Love
Bent his great heart, and left him no repose.

Thus *HYLAS*, peerless in his early bloom,
Is ranked among the blest and deathless gods;
But all his mates long deemed the chief of heroes
A false deserter of his ship, the one
Who left, ere danger came, the well-benched *Argo*.
Yet *HERCULES* proved still the first of men,
For, crossing many a rude and hostile tribe,
He reached alone on foot the perilous land,
Where Colchian *Phasis* winds its full pure stream.

S K E T C H E S F R O M T H E C O V E .

—
N U M B E R O N E .
—

IN one of the quietest and most picturesque villages of New-England I have taken my abode for the summer; and I would fain hope, kind and gentle reader, for your company in some of the wanderings and rural excursions that this romantic neighborhood so abundantly affords. I cannot promise you any thing very new or striking, either in nature or in life, but I will give you, as best I may, descriptions of the beautiful scenery which surrounds me; and I can show you touching pictures of humble lives, and recount sweet village histories, which will not, I think, be wholly devoid of interest for even the most worldly. At least I hope to bring the thought of cool refreshing sea-breezes in the hot summer days to the dwellers in the city, and to carry an echo from the sea-side into country-homes.

And first, that you may understand more fully the peculiar charm of this secluded little place, I will try to describe its situation, and by-and-by we will make acquaintance with some of its inhabitants. Those hardy-looking sailors drawing up their boat on the beach yonder, lighting up with their red jackets the cool grays of the sand and the rocks, may well have some wonderful stories of the sea to tell us. And they will be glad, too, to spin their yarns for credulous landsfolk, to whom even the dash of the waves, as they break in regular succession along the shore, suggests something mysterious and supernatural. But all things in their time. My first sketch for you shall be the Cove itself; and of that I will speak as I saw it on my arrival a few weeks ago.

After a long and tedious stage-coach ride through a very uninteresting country, just as I was beginning to weary of the sandy roads and staring white houses, with the invariably accompanying yellow or pink shoe-maker's shop, and to think that I had rather unwisely left my comfortable country-home in search of novelty by the sea-shore, we suddenly turned off from the high-road into a charming little lane, shaded on either side by deep pine-woods, whose fallen leaves made a soft golden-brown carpet, over which even the wheels of our heavy coach passed noiselessly. The road was so narrow that I could almost reach with my hand the blue violets and delicate spring-flowers that seemed to nod a welcome to us from the banks above, as we passed along. The air was soft and balmy, the birds were singing merrily in the woods around, and we were so entirely surrounded by country sights and sounds that I began to think the driver had mistaken my direction. I had imagined that sea-shore scenery was composed of level, barren tracts of land, broken only by huge rocks or an occasional group of poplars. I had anticipated grandeur and awful sublimity, but I was not prepared for the wealth of rural beauty which was lavished all around me. I had wished to go to the sea for change of air, and a kind friend had secured rooms for me at 'Farmer Wilson's at the Cove.' Farther than this I

knew nothing, so I was obliged to content myself with asking the driver if he remembered that I was to be left at the *Cove*, with a strong emphasis on the last word, intending to bring the idea of the sea into his mind. 'Yes, Ma'am, all right; we shall be there in ten minutes,' answered he; and on we went, while I, in a state of delighted wonder, watched for the new developments of beauty which each curve of the winding road brought forth. Deeper and deeper grew the woods, more profuse and varied the flowers, when a sudden turn brought us to the brow of a hill, from whence we gazed upon a view which I shall never forget. Before us lay the ocean, dancing and sparkling in the morning light, too blue and brilliant for the eye to rest long upon it. Two long, beautifully-wooded points of land stretched out their graceful arms lovingly to enclose the little sheltered Cove which lay smiling at our feet, while a few picturesque islands at the entrance of the deep bay thus formed seemed still more to seclude its calm waters. And beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the sea, vast, blue, infinite, dotted with gleaming white sails, and radiant with life and motion.

Just at the head of the curving beach at our feet were gathered together about twenty little cottages. Many boats were drawn up here, and the fishing-nets spread over them to dry betokened the employment of the inhabitants of the little houses. Merry children were playing about on the bright sands; and as we slowly descended the hill, I heard the gentle murmur of the waves as they broke lazily along the beach. In this, my first view of the ocean, there was nothing to inspire awe. Every thing was peaceful and calm, and there was even a certain gayety about the whole scene, bright as it was with the freshness of morning and of spring. As we drove into the crooked little village-street, I wondered greatly at which of the neat-looking houses I was to be left, whether at the brown house with the honey-suckles trained round the door, or at the neat white cottage which boasted green blinds and a piazza. But still we drove on until we had passed through the village, and I saw that our road was gradually winding round toward one of the wooded points which formed the Cove. By degrees the land assumed a more cultivated look, and green fields separated by neat stone walls, and a large orchard vocal with birds, announced our approach to a farm. At last, with much noise and parade, we dashed up to the door of an old-fashioned farm-house, much to the annoyance of a large flock of hens and chickens, which fled away in great dismay at our approach, and evidently to the surprise of the old black house-dog who lay in the sunshine, staring at us with his great wise eyes, as if he were hesitating whether it were proper to attack us at once, or whether he should wait and see how his master received such an unprecedented arrival. 'Here we are, Ma'am; this is the Cove Farm, and here comes Farmer Wilson himself,' said the driver, as a good-natured looking man, with a jolly air and embrowned face, half sailor, half farmer in his appearance, came forward to welcome me. He ushered me into a cool, neat little parlor, where I found Mrs. Wilson waiting for me. She was a plain, simple, motherly kind of woman, who, after the usual questions of whether I was not tired, etc., seemed very glad to show me to my room, while she resumed her avocations in the kitchen. And what a clean, pleasant

room it was, and how glorious was the view from the little white-curtained window! I fairly held my breath as I gazed upon that wide, wide horizon of deepest blue. This room was on the eastern side of the house, looking away from the village far over the ocean. The coast stretched northward, beautifully indented with little bays and projecting rocks, forming coves very much like the one to which my lucky stars had brought me. Lovely green islands sprang like fairy creations from the sea, forming picturesque groups, and breaking the line of the horizon, which would otherwise have been almost painful in its wonderful distance and uniformity. From the porch at the front door the view is far different. There one sees only the peaceful little cove, with its curving beach and quaint village, and the opposite point deeply wooded to the water's edge. This is the place for a sunset, as my window for a sunrise view.

And here I have passed a perfectly quiet, refreshing month, making acquaintance with the hens and chickens, the house-dog Nero, the cows and their pretty little calves, and last, but not least, with Farmer Wilson's eight daughters, the oldest of whom is only fourteen years of age. And wild, wonderful children they are. The two eldest (whose names are Peace and Mercy) help their father much in the farm-work. They ride the horse to plough, dig potatoes, and take the best care of all the live stock on the farm; they harness the horses, yoke the oxen, and make the hay. Their father proudly says that they do more work together than any *man* in the Cove. Last week, the farmer went to the nearest town to buy a saddle, and he brought back a side-saddle, because he said 'the gals were mighty fond of ridin', and when his turn came, he did not mind the horns.'

The people here are very primitive and unsophisticated. They have a holy horror of fresh air and cold water, and my first sea-bath occasioned great excitement at the farm. But their prejudices are easily overcome, and I hope soon to induce Peace and Mercy to take a dip with me. I have found some difficulty in persuading my worthy hostess that I did not like chowder for breakfast, or plum-cake for dinner, or pickled grapes with my tea. Their bill of fare is certainly an original one, and some of their *made* dishes remind one of the doubtful concoctions which the Chinese place before their guests; but then there is always plenty of sweet new bread and butter, rich milk and fresh eggs, and with an appetite sharpened by the bracing sea-air, these make a meal fit for a king.

The farmer himself amuses and interests me very much. He has much real poetry in his nature, and under a rough exterior bears a very tender heart. He will not permit a bird to be shot or snared upon his farm, and the other day he described to me, in a really poetical way, the welcome which he had often seen the birds of his orchard give to the sun. He said that just before the sun rises, the birds, who have been singing merrily ever since the dawn, suddenly become quiet, and fly to the topmost twigs of the trees, where they await the first gleam of the sun-light in perfect silence; but when the first ray appears, they pour forth a flood of melody. This morning-worship I have since seen and heard myself, and I cannot imagine a more beautiful scene than the orchard at the farm, with its silvery blossoms turned to gold by the

alchemy of the early sunshine, and echoing with the glad songs of these earnest little worshippers.

From a true love of nature surely comes the best science. I have studied ornithology, and I thought I knew much of the ways and habits of birds; but the good farmer loved them and lived among them, and much was revealed to him which we should seek for in vain in books.

These Cove people are a strangely-superstitious race, too. We have horse-shoes nailed upon the four corners of our house and barn to keep off evil spirits; and in the village, one evening, I heard a woman tell her son to be sure to turn his jacket inside out when he went to the pasture for the cows, for fear of 'the pixies.' Then, too, Farmer Wilson has told me how, during a stormy night last winter, a poor sick woman wandered from her home in a fit of delirium, and at midnight knocked at the door of one of the fishermen's houses at the Cove. The fisherman, wakened by the noise, went to the window, raised it, looked out, and then immediately went back to bed, saying to his wife, 'It's nothing but a spirit with a baby in its arms.' 'And Sam Pratt's faith in spirits cost the poor woman her life,' continued the farmer, 'for the next morning she was found drowned on the shore, while her child was discovered asleep among the fish-flakes above the beach.'

This and many other as strange stories have I heard since I have been here. And one can hardly wonder that an ignorant people, living so directly upon the sea-shore, should believe in supernatural sights and sounds. The wild, hollow roaring of the ocean, the wailing voices that sometimes seem to rise from among the rocks, the singular, weird-like forms into which the sea-fog is wreathed by the wind, impress even an unimaginative mind with a sense of awe. There must for ever be an inscrutable mystery in the sea. We all feel its solemn influence, and in the minds of these uncultivated but poetical people, it takes the form of superstition.

This morning I set forth for a walk, and having noticed a shady little path leading into the woods at the back of the farm-house, I determined to explore it. Very quiet and pleasant it was, in the bright fresh morning, this little brown path bordered with ferns and low green bushes, with here and there beds of the bright-red partridge-berry, 'making sunshine in a shady place,' and the lofty pines and hemlocks meeting overhead. I love hemlock-trees always and every where: they stand, so firmly and yet so gracefully, their stately aspiring branches all curving upward, while the little green boughs bend lovingly and tenderly toward the earth. There is a wise lesson for God's children taught by these silent ministers of His love, if we could but interpret aright their gentle whispering voices.

But now we must go on through the wood. The little path looks more inviting than even that mossy seat under the hemlocks. There is a charm in exploring the winding path through a wood. The narrow, well-trodden way brings just enough of human interest into the wildness of nature; it suggests pleasant thoughts, and lures you on with a vague promise of new and wonderful developments. And so I wandered on, stopping occasionally to listen to the song of a bird, or to watch the

squirrels at play in the tall trees, or to catch the distant sound of the waves, softened into a murmur like, and yet plainly distinguishable from, the music of the pines above me, until I reached in the heart of the wood a small cleared field, to which the path evidently led, and which seemed to have been the site of a house, for a well still remained, and a broad stone door-step. Among the weeds and grass which grew in rank profusion all around, I saw purple pansies peeping forth, marking where the garden had once been. These sociable little flowers seem to belong exclusively to the haunts of men, and I thought their bright faces smiled up a welcome to me, as if they were glad to greet once more a human face in their solitude. But the most remarkable thing about this place was a sweet-brier bush of great size which bent in luxuriant beauty over the door-stone. It was laden with buds and blossoms, and filled the air with its fragrance. I seated myself on the stone, and fell into deep musings about this deserted home. What was its history? I tried to picture the busy feet that had worn away the door-step, and the loving hands that had planted and trained the rose-tree. But why was it forsaken? In vain I pondered; the rose-tree waved gaily in the morning breeze, but gave no answer to my questionings; only the pines that stood like sentinels around the desolate place seemed, in their mournful sighing, to murmur some sad secret to each other.

I was roused from my reverie by the sound of an approaching foot-step, and through a vista in the wood I saw an old man coming slowly along, bending under the weight of a huge fagot which he carried upon his shoulders. His appearance was so picturesque, and harmonized so well with the whole character of the scene, that I hastily seized my pencil to make a sketch of his figure before he should have passed out of sight. At some slight motion of my paper he started and turned his face toward me, and then dropping his fagot he stood staring at me, fear and dismay painted upon every feature. I instantly rose and went toward him, and as I advanced caught the words, 'Yes, the children are right, it *is* Lucy;' but when I came up to him he recovered himself and said, with a deep sigh of relief, 'Oh, it's only the woman what boards with Skipper Wilson. Beg pardon, Ma'am, but you see I was kinder skeered. I thought you was a spirit a-sittin' at the homestead door. This is a lonesome place to meet a white woman in, and a place as has a good right to a white woman, too. Oh my! but I *was* skeered!' The old man seated himself to recover his breath, while I, perceiving that he had been startled by my white dress and sun-bonnet into believing me a supernatural appearance, was burning with curiosity to know who Lucy was, and what law of nature made it probable that a white woman should appear just at this place. I was aware of the superstitious character of the people, and I had listened to their stories until I was all ready to see a spirit myself, although I confess I was not prepared to act the part of one. As soon as my picturesque old friend had recovered his senses sufficiently, I told him of my strong desire to learn the history of the deserted house, and also to know whose spiritual form I had had the honor of representing. He was only too glad to answer my questions, for these country-people are mighty talkers, but I found it rather difficult to keep

him to the point in question. He was continually rambling off in episodes concerning his own history and that of his wife and children. At last, getting interested himself in the tale, he related, with a kind of rough pathos and much real feeling, the story of the homestead and its blooming rose, which will form the second sketch from the Cove.

S O N G O F T H E B E L L .

'To call the folk to church in time,
I chime:
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring:
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll!

INSCRIPTION ON AN ANCIENT BELL.

I CHIME! I chime!
Bright o'er the hills the Sabbath sun is beaming,
And the broad landscape smiles beneath the glow;
The stately river is like silver gleaming,
Like threads of gold the tiny streamlets flow.
Then from my gray and antiquated tower,
With moss and climbing ivy all o'ergrown,
Gladly my tongue proclaims the sacred hour,
With thrilling sweetness in its every tone:
The hour of worship — ever blessed hour!
I chime! I chime!
Holy time!

I ring! I ring!
In yon sweet cottage there is joyful meeting,
And merry youths and maidens gather there;
For 't is the bridal morn, and cordial greeting
And warm response are filling all the air.
As forth they lead the bride with roses crowned,
And as they near the quaint old Gothic church,
Whose portal, which before like dungeon's frowned,
Is decked with flowers like a triumphal arch,
Then joyously peals out my merriest sound:
I ring! I ring!
Mirth's on the wing!

I toll! I toll!
Sadness like night full many a heart is keeping,
Death is at hand, and human hopes must fail;
Full many an eye is swollen with weary weeping,
And manly cheeks with bitter grief are pale.
The young, the brave, the loved, in death is lying,
And with him many a hope departs for ever;
Can ye then wonder that fond friends are sighing,
Although their parting may not be for ever?
Then solemnly a requiem for the dying
I toll! I toll!
God rest his soul!

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINN.

II.

THE DREAM OF THE AZTEC.

THE Emperor MONTEZUMA retires to his bower in the garden when he hears of the massacre of Cholula, and the determination of the Spaniards to visit him in his own city, and broods over his inevitable destiny. He falls asleep, and QUETZALCOATL appears to him in a dream, the benevolent deity who had long abandoned the country, and of whom it is said, 'When he reached the shore of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan.' Tradition and mythology say that 'under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers' and that 'the air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds.' The awful predictions of the vision, and the dismal apprehensions of MONTEZUMA.

In the vale of Anahuac, like glory's golden crown,
Behind the porphyry mountains the sun is going down ;
While the Aztec MONTEZUMA to his garden-bower repairs,
But his eyes are downward cast, and a troubled look he wears.

On his feet are burnished sandals, on his head a plume of green,
And his feathered *tilmalli* is gemmed with stones of sparkling sheen.
Cascades are leaping by his path, and woodland minstrels sing,
While shrubs and brilliant flowers around delightful odors fling.

What to him are battle-trophies and bannered palace-walls,
Where feast his nobles and his priests in palm-leaf matted halls ?
What to him his jewelled crown and the pageantry of state,
When his mighty heart is crushed, and he bends beneath the weight ?

Pavilioned in his fragrant bower, he seeks a brief repose
From his court-harassing cares and the fear of coming woes ;
The passing zephyrs gently fan the swarthy monarch's brow,
And dreams of dark forebodings disturb his slumber now.

A vision stands before him with a lofty god-like air,
And a dark and flowing beard such as mortals never wear ;
He seems like some good aged seer whose race is nearly run ;
Oh ! comes he from Tlapallan or the region of the Sun ?

'Submission to the laws of Fate a monarch well beseems ;
I am the long-departed god that haunts you in your dreams ;
I come my mountain-land to claim, far from an eastern shore,
To scatter blessings o'er the realm, as in the days of yore.

'What though the sanguine Tlaloc showered no reviving rain,
I ever plenty sent to all throughout this wide domain;
In Anahuac's halcyon days no desert spots were seen,
And clothed were hills, that now are bare, in rich perennial green.

'The air was filled with sweet perfumes, birds ever joyous sang;
With music wild and ravishing the rocks and Valley rang.
Now, a mildew blights the flowers, and a gloom pervades the land,
O'er which I waved in glory enchantment's golden wand.

'You tremble, MONTEZUMA! Why starts the coward tear?
Be worthy of your princely race: the brave ne'er shake with fear.
Your very days are numbered now; from Fate you cannot fly;
And as an Aztec you have lived, so like an Aztec die.

'The pale mysterious strangers in pomp and triumph come,
And yet, unhappy monarch, your oracles are dumb;
They climb the steep Sierra, they march o'er wastes of snow,
And fierce Tlascalans swell their ranks, your most abhorrent foe.

'Showers of arrows harmless fall, and *caciques* in anger frown,
Yet the temples they despoil and the idols tumble down;
Lightnings flash and thunders roar in their victorious path;
They surely are the ministers of HEAVEN's avenging wrath.

'Impervious is the armor of the Children of the Sun,
Who bring a purer faith than yours, and have no gods but one;
They speak of man's redemption and universal love,
And tell of glorious mansions in a happy world above.

'They soon shall reach your city-gates, soon all your treasures claim,
For to those bold invaders no terror has your name:
You cannot stay their onward course, so for the worst prepare;
Where your tasselled thongs are hanging you soon shall fetters wear.

'All your gods shall quickly vanish, and never more return,
And palace and *teocalli* in flames terrific burn;
Ascending smoke shall blacken yon blue and cloudless sky,
And your boasted Tenochtitlan in wide-spread ashes lie.

'The waters of Tezcuca shall be crimsoned with the blood
Of valiant Aztec soldiers, who the brunt of wars have stood;
Your subjects that are spared, with a sad and broken heart,
Shall from fair Anahuac in wretchedness depart.

'In vain you trust your bloody priests, and on your gods rely,
Whose altars smoke with hecatombs that loud for vengeance cry:
The tribes who loathe your very name, yet fear your dreadful sway,
Shall with a hellish laugh behold your empire pass away.'

As gathering mists the mountain hide, the phantom disappears;
The sweat falls from the monarch's brow, whose eyes are bathed in tears;
He weeps, whose royal will is law, who never brooked control;
The vision and his dismal dream sink deep into his soul.

New-York, August, 1852.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

VII.

HOW ONE PASSES THE TIME.

IMMEDIATELY after rising, of course you take a bath. After breakfast, you may lounge away an hour or two very pleasantly in chat on the piazza, and in scraping acquaintance with last evening's arrivals.

If you are a horseman, ride to Bath Alum, and on your way you can visit Prospect Rock, by diverging a little from the road when you reach the summit. One soon acquires a taste for the alum-water, just as people do for any other stimulant.

Or you may ride to the Hot Springs and steam yourself in one of those baths. They are not as agreeable as those at the Warm Springs, not being arranged in the same attractive manner, but rather for the accommodation of invalids, most of whom bathe separately. The water is several degrees warmer than that at the Warm Springs, and, although probably heated in the same furnace, presents a somewhat different analysis. After having seen all that is interesting here, you may take a seat on the piazza of the excellent hotel, and listen to the experience of a group of rheumatic and gouty patients who are sunning themselves. One old gentleman hobbles along with a cane at a very brisk rate, and asks a friend if he has n't improved in his gait. Another details at great length a history of his sufferings; how he was laid up for many months, and what this doctor said, and that doctor did, and how soon the effects of this water made themselves apparent when he was here last summer, but somehow the pains returned again in the winter; still he is encouraged by Doctor Brockenbrough to believe that, as Rome was not built in a day, so this disease is not to be boiled out in a month; and he really thinks he perceives a change in his whole system, notwithstanding the twinges which occasionally dance about from one leg to the other in such a way as to make *him* dance; and how he means to go from here to the White Sulphur, and drink that water until he gets 'the insides all right;' then to the Sweet Springs, and try the tonic effects of *that* bath. Another member of the group begins to relate some astonishing cases of cure he has heard of; and so they discourse ad infinitum, until you begin to think you'll be sick yourself if you listen much longer. So you return in time for dinner and a nap. There is almost always pleasant company at the Warm Springs, although not much gayety. Ladies do not unpack their ball-dresses until they reach the White Sulphur, and a single darkey with his violin supplies music for all the dancing. There was a dark-haired Alabamian with turned-down collars, (Colonel Wilson,) who devoted himself most assiduously to Miss Clara. Mr. Easy ran a tilt with him for her hand in the dance to such an extent that Mrs. Easy became quite nervous, and took occasion to intimate to him in my

presence, in a half-jocular, half-serious vein, that he need not imagine he could play the same game with the young girls which he had performed when visiting the place alone during the previous summer ; for now that he had his wife with him, he could not, with all his ardent looks and smiles, make any young lady mistake him for a single man.

After enlisting all hands in a regular break-down Virginia reel, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen mostly repaired to Charles's headquarters, to await, over some of his mixtures, the stage from Staunton. The moment the twinkle of the lights is seen on the mountain, Charles musters a half-dozen waiters to assist unloading the crowded vehicle, which soon comes clattering up to the door. Steps are planted at the side and a ladder to the roof, and as bundles, trunks, and carpet-bags are passed down from above, the tired passengers descend from below with a gait which indicates that they have almost lost the use of their legs by long cramping. The ladies are escorted up the long flight of steps ; the gentlemen hasten into the office to register their names, and secure good rooms. One face seems familiar ; it is Mr. Williams, who steps in with the air of one who feels at home, slaps Charles on the shoulder, and asks him how he's off for venison about these times ; recognizes an old friend in Colonel Wilson, and tells him, in a voice intended for all present to hear, that it is very lively at Capon : splendid company, some good fellows, and lots of fun ; would n't have left, but for his cousin Sydney, who took a fancy to come over with a party : a very pleasant family, by-the-by ; must introduce you. Sydney's fond of the ladies, you know ; must go up and see what they are doing about supper ; and with that he throws off his shaggy, short sack-coat, and departs to join the others. Having secured a *Baltimore Sun*, I'll retire to my cabin, read the news, and turn in : and so ends the day.

VIII.

P R O S P E C T . R O C K .

I BELIEVE that's the name ; it's a very good one, at all events, for a huge rock on the highest point, in front of the Springs. We started after breakfast, and walking leisurely, came, in the course of an hour, to the toll-gate.

Some flaxen-headed urchins were playing in front of the house, and one of them went in and told 'mammy' that there was a lady wanted some water ; and soon after, 'mammy,' a delicate-looking young woman, brought out a gourd full of water, and a tumbler. She told us that they enjoyed tolerably good health, all things considered ; but it was rather cold there in winter. 'My old man has the rheumatiz then, and the warm spring water did n't seem to help him any, though some folks thinks it's done them good.'

She used the term 'old man' in a figurative sense, as is the custom of the country in designating the father of a family ; for her husband, who soon made his appearance from a neighboring potato-patch, had not much exceeded his thirtieth year. He told us all about the high rock, and said he did not know why there hadn't been a flag put up there this last Fourth of July, as usual. I remarked that perhaps the

people were secessionists. He put a big quid of tobacco in his mouth, and chewed it a while as if a new idea had occurred to him, and then remarked :

‘Wal, no, I reckon not; there hain’t many of them kind of cattle about here.’

We proceeded to ascend to the rock by a well-defined though somewhat steep pathway. The view is really fine, and no visitor should fail to enjoy it. Bath Alum and the Warm Springs, and miles upon miles of mountains and hills in every direction. All that is wanting is water to make it perfect.

As we approached the rock, voices were heard in the neighborhood, but we could see no one. While passing around to find the place of ascent, George Riverman suddenly stopped, and, looking through a kind of cleft which was almost covered by shrubbery, seemed suddenly fascinated by some object which he motioned us to come and see, putting a finger to his lips at the same time. We grasped our canes, expecting to find at least a rattle-snake; but when we came to look, beheld nothing but a foot.

‘A foot?’

Yes, a foot; but such a foot! so small and so exquisitely formed; and such an ankle, set off to the utmost advantage by a nicely-fitting gaiter! The very gaiter alone was enough to have kindled the most lively imagination in the mind of a pedal connoisseur as to the wearer, of whom we could see nothing except the lower part of a silk dress, from underneath which peeped out the lace-edging of a petticoat. The end of a parasol was resting on the foot, which in its turn rested on a rock, and seemed to indicate, by its gentle vibration from heel to toe, that the lady it belonged to was listening to some interesting tale, or musing on the romantic view before her.

A gentleman was heard addressing some remarks to her in a voice which sounded familiar, and on arriving at the other side, we recognized Mr. Sydney, who gave a polite nod of recognition, and moved with his companion a little farther on to join a tall, fine-looking elderly gentleman, apparently her father, who was engaged in rolling huge stones over the side of the precipice, and timing the sound of their fall by his watch. But we had a glimpse of the lady that was enough to run George Riverman wild. Jet-black hair, simply parted on an intellectual but not high forehead, sparkling black eyes, seeming to light up an exquisitely white complexion, and Grecian features of a faultless regularity which Phidias might have copied, with a dimple in her cheek which made her smile absolutely bewitching. She combined beauty, intellect, and grace such as I have seldom seen in one countenance. They commenced descending the mountain, and as we gazed at their retiring forms we jumped at the conclusion that a third party would decidedly spoil company. The father seemed to think so, from his moderate pace compared with theirs.

‘Well, I declare,’ said Mrs. Easy, ‘how you men do run on about a pretty foot!’

‘Exactly so,’ said Mr. Easy; ‘just as if Miss Clara’s was not quite as well formed!’

‘Hush! she hears you, although she appears to be so much interested in Colonel Wilson’s talk. And why do you wish to make her more vain?’

‘Pshaw! I think if she has any fault, she is not vain enough. She cannot believe that a gentleman can find any thing agreeable in her, and rather avoids attentions on that account.’

‘Come,’ said Mrs. Easy, ‘you have flattered her enough already.’

We found on returning that the lady of the beautiful foot was Miss Dalton, daughter of Major Dalton, of North Carolina. During the remainder of our stay, Mr. Sydney gave no chance to George Riverman or any other beau. Mr. Williams didn’t seem to be altogether satisfied, and was constantly urging Sydney to start for the White Sulphur. It is time I should take the reader there.

IX.

THE WHITE SULPHUR.

It is a good day’s ride from the Warm Springs to the White Sulphur, although short of fifty miles. After five miles you come to the Hot Springs. Callahan’s is the next great point on the route, being the principal dining-house for passengers going both ways. They have a fashion of doing up chickens here, by extracting all the blood, and then cooking them with cream, which I never saw elsewhere.

It is up-hill almost all the way between this place and the White Sulphur, as you have to cross two of the Alleghany mountains. We arrived about sun-set, having started from the Warm Springs at eight o’clock, A. M.

The appearance of the place as you approach is certainly very attractive. I can readily suppose that with respect to position it must be, as claimed, superior to any other watering-place. On the slope of one of the Alleghany mountains, three long rows of cottages are to be seen, the two upper ones with a connecting range, forming a kind of hollow square, which encloses many acres of beautiful green-sward, interspersed with majestic trees. The road comes in between the two lower rows. The cottages are in every style of architecture, from plain log-cabins and small brick apartments to stately colonnades, and as you drive up by twilight, the whole has a most enchanting effect. But one’s expectations, formed on entering, are liable to receive a sudden chill when you descend from the stage. Ladies and gentlemen are escorted into a little dirty room with no other furniture than a few chairs. On the opposite side of the entry in another little room you register your names, and then pass through a narrow passage into a long low apartment, redolent of a hundred different smells, where you take supper; after which a procession of darkies shoulder or head your baggage and ‘tote’ it up to ‘Virginia,’ ‘Georgia,’ ‘Carolina,’ or some other ‘row.’ The cabins are tolerably well supplied with what is absolutely necessary, and we had no reason to complain of the attendance, there being a sort of a hole in the basement of one, from which a man of all work emerged whenever he was called upon. Our cabin in Georgia-row was an elysium after our ride that day.

Not being equipped for the ball-room, we went to the piazza of a small frame-house dignified by that name, and peeped into the windows. A thick, chubby little woman was trotting about, arranging the dancers, and acting the part of Mistress of Ceremonies. There was a respectable band of music, and waltzing and dancing proceeded with some life, but we saw no extraordinary display of beauty or fashion. A scarcity of beaux was to be inferred from the number of married men who were enlisted in the quadrilles. Here and there could be seen some well-known southern politician, chatting with the belles, or cracking jokes with fellow-honorables. Among those who seemed to be strolling around, trying to get some lady to take pity on them, was the old bachelor of the Winchester train. His shirt-collar seemed as if it would cut off his ears, and his yellow cravat as if it were fastened to his skin, a diamond pin being inserted exactly at the centre of the knot, while patent leathers garnished an enormously large pair of feet. A widow of about forty, a quiet, lady-like and graceful daughter, formed the focus of attraction, being both of them well known in the fashionable world. It was easy to see that the mother still rivalled the daughter in personal and intellectual attractions. She was perfectly at home in all society, and knew how to adapt herself to each of her gentlemen acquaintance, ministering to his predominant vanity in such a delicate manner that he went away fascinated with her and better pleased with himself. Judges of the court, ex-governors, ex-senators, ex-speakers, were all studiously saluted by their titles, and made to believe that in her opinion, at least, they were great men. A group was constantly around her, listening to her sprightly and witty comments on men and things, for which many years of constant residence in the gay circles of Washington, Newport, Saratoga, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, gave her abundant material. One such person is a host at such a place; and when she arrives, it is surprising to observe what a stylish look even the most stupid place assumes. Mrs. Snubbs, a young married woman, who we learned had been spending some weeks there without her husband, from whom it was reported that she was separated, seemed to excel the young ladies in attracting the beaux. She was not pretty, nor yet plain, with fair, well-formed features, a low forehead, black hair, long eye-lashes, but dull, lustreless eyes, from which she indulged in rather brazen stares, and a somewhat prominent chin and neck. Her pirouettes in the cotillion, and the never-tiring energy with which she engaged in the waltz, the polka, and the gallopade, had already made her so conspicuous that, for the very reason why the ladies rather avoided her, the gentlemen all sought her society.

What a contrast between her manners and those of the refined, aristocratic-looking daughter of a distinguished Virginian judge in the same quadrille! The first has a word for every gentleman as she turns in the jig, and, after the quadrille, you will find her the last to leave off promenading the piazza with two beaux, who both escort her to her cabin, and seem loth to part with her there. After the ball, and having escorted our ladies to Georgia-row, Mr. Riverman and I started off in search of the spring. On inquiring the way, a civil-looking gentleman in the bar-room, with a huge watch-chain of pure lumps of California gold, offered

to escort us, and on the way made many inquiries whence we came and whereabout we were quartered, and, parting with us at the spring, told us we should find an agreeable place of relaxation a short distance beyond. Thought him very polite on short acquaintance, and the next day found him presiding over a faro-bank at the place of relaxation named by him. We heard afterward that there had been a great relaxation of purse-strings, and that some of the bucks were obliged to ask the landlords to take checks for board, having had no idea that a trip to the Springs would cost so much.

I.

THE SPRING, THE GROUNDS, AND THE LIVING.

THE White Sulphur water tastes not unlike that of Avon or Sharon, in New-York, but is not near as strongly impregnated with sulphur. It has consequently less of the rotten-egg flavor, but is nevertheless, I think, not so tolerable to the taste, because it is not near as cold, that of Sharon being always at forty-eight degrees, while this is only about sixty degrees. It is said to be more efficient as a remedy, because of the greater variety of ingredients, such as magnesia, Epsom salts, etc. The most remarkable stories are told of its penetrating and active effects.

It rises in a deep, oblong basin, lined with marble, and thickly encrusted on all sides with a whitish deposit which has to be removed occasionally. Over the spring is a kind of temple for protection from the rain and sun, and in front, a statue of Hygeia. From the spring the water flows into a beautiful serpentine creek, which ought to be the most ornamental feature of the grounds, but which, from a singular carelessness or want of taste in laying out the place, is entirely hidden from view by the stables and out-houses.

The spring is at one end of the beautiful oblong green slope, enclosed on three sides by cottages, and at a short distance from it, on the right, are the two rickety old wooden buildings which are made to serve the purpose of dining and ball-rooms. From these three points diverge broad and convenient paths to all parts of the grounds, and in which one may walk a circuit of two or three miles and find considerable variety, according as he is on the hill overlooking the whole summer-village, or in the valley looking up at the great variety of erections for cottage accommodation, from the stately colonnade-row and the private cottages down to the simple series of small cells, all, however, with piazzas in front, and a cheerful, social look. Then there's no lack of life. Ladies in morning-dresses, lounging on the piazzas, or strolling toward the different cottages to exchange calls; and gentlemen seated on the benches under the trees, discoursing of ladies, horses, politics, and sporting — all sorts and conditions of people.

This cabin-system is very pleasant for small parties who have company enough in themselves, or for those who, from their location, or previous visits, are likely to meet with many acquaintances. They are very cosy, save all necessity for ascending stairs, are less disturbed by noise, and more free from dangers by fire than a large building. They are also decidedly more aristocratic, giving you a chance to be as exclusive as you please.

But, on the other hand, the cabins are liable to be very hot in the day-time, and very cold at night, so much so that all of them are provided with fire-places. Not unfrequently a fire is necessary to keep out the dampness. They are somewhat of a draw-back on that sociability and gayety which is to be found generally where a large company is collected in one house. This is more peculiarly the case at the White Sulphur, because there is no common parlor where the company can assemble. The ball-room brings together most of the ladies at night, but its accommodations are too limited for a large number; and were it otherwise, there is nothing about it which renders it an inviting place during the day-time: no tables, chess-boards, or other conveniences for passing the time, such as are to be found in all the northern watering-places, and some others of Virginia. If a person comes there unacquainted, it will be a long time before he will feel otherwise than among strangers. And this is not from any want of disposition, for the southerners congregated here are proverbial, as a body, for their cordiality, but from want of opportunity. The cabins make many separate circles, and ladies and gentlemen are not brought as constantly in contact as they are in the United States at Saratoga, the Pavilion at Sharon, or the Ocean House at Newport.

The arrangements for feeding (a most appropriate term here) have long been somewhat notorious. At the sound of a large bell the company assemble on the piazza of the dining-room, where, after a few moments, a small bell summons you to the dining-room, in which narrow tables are laid as close as possible for five hundred persons. During the visit of President Fillmore upwards of one thousand were dined here, tables having been set on the piazza. Mutton is the staple commodity in the way of meat, and if your waiter is stimulated by a fee, you will get a very good piece, for the mountain sheep are very juicy and rich. The bread is excellent, and, although one cannot dine as he would at the Astor, yet with an occasional extra dish from the restaurant, he may get along very well. The ordinary fare is quite good enough for those who are drinking the waters and for health, were it only served up in a neat and well-ventilated building, the villanous smell being a serious draw-back upon the relish of any viands, however good.

XI.

PERSONALITIES.

Our old bachelor friend was always posted, at the ringing of the second bell, close to the dining-room door, and immediately on the opening of the doors pounced in, and was first to present his plate for 'a piece of the saddle near the bone, and plenty of gravy.' The Rivermans found out that his name was Larch, and that he was one of their fellow-citizens; whereupon Mr. R. overhauled his mercantile recollections, and thought he had heard of some such man who had recently become rich by a speculation in cod-fish. Mr. Larch scraped acquaintance with them, and began to be very civil to Miss Clara, who, however, tossed her head when he came near her, and answered in monosyllables, whereat Mrs. Riverman would exclaim, 'Why, Clara!' He watched every evening for the arrival

of the easterly stages, but seldom found an acquaintance. At length there arrived Mrs. and Miss Cushing, and the pretty colored maid, whom we parted from at Winchester; also Messrs. Williams and Sydney. Mr. Larch was particularly polite, and walked with the ladies to their cabin, which had been secured by him.

In the evening, Miss Cushing was at the ball, with the same die-away look, and detailed in our hearing to Mr. Larch all her experience of Capon. 'It was delightful there, and the waters seemed to suit me, but *Maa* wanted me to try the Bath Alum, and that was *horrid*, and the company very stupid, so we went over to the Warm for a little while.' She seemed exhausted with the effort, and listlessly attended to Mr. Larch's detail of his experience of the different waters, occasionally drawling out 'y-e-s,' and anxiously looking for an invitation to dance, which she at last obtained from Mr. Williams, who just then entered in complete costume du bal with Mr. Sydney. During the evening, the order of things at the Warm Springs was completely reversed: Sydney only danced occasionally, and hurried out of the room long before the ball was over.

T O M Y B O O T S .

BY FEDES.

MINE ancient pedal friends, a last farewell!
 So many days we've footed it together
 The lane of life, in fair and stormy weather,
 Mine eyes well-nigh their lid-dikes o'erswell.
 I well remember me thou didst encase
 My nether limbs with pressure warm and tight;
 And many a corny twinge from morn till night
 Evinced the ardency of thine embrace.
 Soon, like the love of some long-married wife,
 Thy grasp, if not so strong, was still as true,
 And pleasanter; and, as we grew in life,
 Thou wert as gentle as a pliant shoe;
 And while on thee I trampled every day,
 To shield and succor me thou wor'et thy sole away.

Though I despise the slander-monger's art,
 And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame
 Of one whose richest fortune is his name,
 (The wretch whose steel goes deeper than the heart,)
 Yet it has been my daily wont, I own,
 To black thy face until its skin has shone
 With ebon glow, as lustrous as the hue
 That forms the charm of Guinea's native breed;
 But 't was not that I hated thee: indeed,
 I prized thee so, that when thy sole broke through
 And let in water, 't was my special heed
 A man of awls thy gaping wounds should sew.
 And now a pang athwart my pocket shoots
 To part with thee at last, O faithful, faithful boots!

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

IX.

T H E D E P A R T U R E .

Who sings and what rings in the street there below !
 The young maidens open the windows to know.
 'Tis the student for far lands departing,
 And his comrades must witness his starting.

Loud shout all the others as gaily they swing
 Their hats decked with ribbons and flowers of the spring ;
 But he in their joy cannot enter,
 He walks still and pale in the centre.

Clear clang the touched glasses, bright sparkles the wine :
 'Drink oft, and drink deeply, dear brother of mine !'
 'No: the wine but enkindles the yearning
 That deep in my bosom is burning.'

When toward the last house of the town they draw nigh,
 The student looks up to the window on high,
 And his hand strives to check the wild sobbing
 That bursts from his heart with its throbbing.

When toward the last house come the shrill-laughing rout,
 The window flies open, the maiden looks out,
 And the tear on her cheek she discloses,
 Mid the violets and mid the roses.

'Dear brother, and hast thou no flowers to wear!
 Look up! there's enough in the window up there ;
 And yon maiden who sees thine abasement
 Will fling thee a bunch from the casement.'

'With a nosegay of flowers what, what can I do?
 No maiden love I, brothers, as I love you!
 Flowers fade when the sun cometh hither ;
 At the breath of the cold wind they wither.'

They passed ever farther with clang and with song,
 And the poor maiden listened and lingered full long.
 'Ah, woe! that from him I must sever,
 Whom I have loved and will love for ever!

'My roses must perish, my violets *have* blown ;
 I rest with my heart and its passion alone:
 For my darling, he whom I loved only,
 Is gone! Oh, poor heart, thou art lonely!'

LUDWIG UNTCH.

I.

THE LEAP INTO HEAVEN.

- ‘O **MONK** of the wilderness, blest is thy lot!’
 So spake the sweet voice of the angel;
 ‘Thy penitent mourning thy pardon hath wrought:
 I bring thee the blessed evangel.
 In the dread Book of Life, with its pages of gold,
 By the hand of the **HIGHEST** thy name is enrolled,
 Near the name of King **RICHARD** of England!’
- ‘Be thanked, O thou glory-clad angel of God,
 For thy message of peace and of pardon!
 Glad pass I, O **DEATH**, through thy gloomy abode,
 Since the city of God is my guerdon.
 Yet my comrade, O angel, amazes me sore;
 For much hath he battled, and sinnéd yet more,
 The King of old England, King **RICHARD**.’
- ‘Yea, much hath he battled and sinn’d, I avow;
 And the blood from his curtal-axe flowing
 Hath cried unto **HEAVEN** for vengeance ere now,
 Yet rejoice that with thee he is going.
 Much, much hath he done for the cause of the **LORD**,
 And like thee he receiveth the blessed reward,
 The King of old England, King **RICHARD**!
- ‘There were many kings went to the Holy Land
 To win back the tomb of the **SAVIOUR**;
 But they anchored with fear off the Syrian strand;
 There showed they no gallant behavior.
 When they saw how the hosts of the **Saracens** came,
 They would have turned back, but *he* hindered the shame,
 That King of old England, King **RICHARD**.
- ‘He shouts from the back of his charger, ‘What ho!
 The day of our longing dawns o’er us:
 See there the proud **Paynim**: up, brothers! one blow,
 And we sweep them like sheep from before us!
 Ye have heavily sinn’d: would ye lighten your load?
 Strike in then with me, we are striking for God!’
 Cried the King of old England, King **RICHARD**.
- ‘The princes have heard, and shame fills every heart,
 That fear should have entered it ever;
 They leap on the shore, they have taken the port,
 And triumph hath crowned their endeavor.
 The Cross hath the *los*, and the **Paynim** have fled,
 They have cast down their arms ’neath the glorious tread
 Of the King of old England, King **RICHARD**!
- ‘*Thou* hast fasted and prayed; thou hast watched the long night;
 Thou hast served the high **HEAVEN** on knee:
He hath wrought his devoir in the stormy fight;
 And grace is for him as for thee.
 Thy meekness and penance for thee shall avail;
 He *leaps* into heaven, all sheathed in his mail,
 The Lion-heart! **RICHARD** of England!’

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

THE LITTLE PROPHET OF BOHEMISCHBRODA

HERE are written the thirteen chapters of the prophecy of GABRIEL JOHANNES NEPOMUCENUS FRANCISCUS DE PAULA WALDSTORCH, known as WALDSTÖRCHEL, native of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. Studio in Colleg. Mai. R R, P P, Societ. Jea., son of a discreet and honorable person. ERSTACHUS JOSEPHUS WOLFGANGUS WALDSTORCH, master maker of musical instruments, and dealer in violins, dwelling in the Judengasse of the Alt Stadt in Prague, near the Carmes, at the sign of the red violin; and he hath written them with his hand, and he hath called them his vision.

CANTICUM CYGNI BOHEMICI.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE THREE MINUETS

AND I was in my garret, which I call my chamber, and it was cold, and I had no fire in my stove, for wood was dear.

And I was wrapped in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now become white, since it hath been much worn.

And I practised on my violin to warm my fingers, and I foresaw that the carnival of the coming year would be long.

And the Demon of Ambition whispered in my soul, and I said to myself:

'Come, let us compose minuets for the Redoubt of Prague; let my glory fly from mouth to mouth, and let it be known throughout the world and all over Bohemia.

'And let the world point me out, terming me the Composer of Minuets *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, which is to say, *par excellence*.

'And let the beauty of my minuets be every where spoken of, both by those who shall dance and those who shall play them, and let them be performed during the fair of the *Jubilate* at Leipsic, in all the taverns, and let the world exclaim:

"Behold the beautiful minuets of the Carnival of Prague; behold the minuets of Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, student of philosophy; behold the minuets of the GREAT COMPOSER! Behold them!"

And I abandoned myself to all the chimeras of pride, and I intoxicated myself with the vapor of vanity, and cocked my hat.

And I folded my arms and marched with dignity up and down the garret, which I call my chamber, and said in the drunkenness of my ambitious projects:

'How happy will my father be to have an illustrious son! My mother will bless the belly which hath borne me, and the breasts which gave me suck!'

And I continued to delight myself in the bewilderment of my ideas, and held up my head, which by nature is not remarkably high.

And I was heated by ambition, although there was no wood in the stove; and I said:

'How admirable is it to have an elevated soul, and what great things are developed by the love of glory!'

And I put on my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it hath been much worn, and I took my violin, and I composed on the spot three minuets in succession, and the second was in minor.

And I played them upon the violin, and they pleased me much; and I played them again, and they pleased me more; and I said: 'But it's a fine thing to be an author!'

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE VOICE.

AND suddenly my chamber (which is only a garret) was illuminated with a great light, although there was only a farthing candle upon the table.

(For I burn a candle when I study music, for then I am gay;

And I burn cheap oil when I study philosophy, for then I am sad.)

And I heard a voice as of one roaring with laughter, and the laugh was louder than the sound of my violin.

And I was irritated at being mocked, (for I am naturally averse to mockery.)

And the voice, which I did not see, said to me:

'Be angry no longer, for I laugh at and mock thy rage; and thou art naturally averse to mockery.

'Lay aside thy wrath immediately, and renounce thy glorious projects, for I have annihilated them because they are contrary to mine.

'And another shall compose minuets for the Carnival of Prague, and thine will not be played at the Fair of Leipsic, for thou wilt not have written them!

'For I have chosen and elected thee from among thy companions to announce hard truths to a frivolous and stiff-necked people, who will mock thee (although thou art naturally averse to mockery) because they are indocile and trifling, and they will not believe in thee, because thou wilt have spoken the truth.

'And I have chosen thee for that, because I do what seems good to me, and give no account of it to any body.

'And thou wilt not have composed the minuets, for it is *I* who tell thee so.'

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE PUPPETS.

AND a hand seized me by the queue of my hair, and I felt myself transported through the air, and I was thus carried from Thursday to Friday, wrapped all the while in my cloak, which was once blue, and is now white, since it is much worn.

And I arrived in a city of which I had never before heard speak even to that day; and its name was PARIS; and I saw that it was very great, and *very* dirty.

And it was in the evening, about the fifth hour of the day, that I found myself in an exhibition-room, where crowds were entering.

And my heart throbbed with joy, for I love fine shows, and although not rich, do not mind the expense when I go to see them.

And I said to myself, (for I love to talk to myself when I have time:)

'Without doubt they will in this place play Tamerlane and Bajazet, with great puppets;' for I found the hall too splendid for a mere Punchinello show.

And I heard the tuning of violins, and I said: 'Doubtless they will have the serenade, and make the little puppets dance, when the great ones have said their say.'

For I found the theatre quite large enough for that; and also that there would be some difficulty in making the puppets go in and out between the scenes, which were very close together; and also that there was plenty of room on the stage to dance at least six puppets, which would be a very fine sight.

And although I had seen many puppet-shows in my life, never had I beheld one like this, for the decorations were superb, and the boxes richly gilt; every thing in great taste and remarkably clean.

And in all the travelling theatres of the German comedy I had never seen any thing which could approach it, although they have men to act in them, and not puppets.

But, although the decorations which *we* have are brighter than these, (for they are varnished with varnish and without regard to expense,) I found that these would have been much finer than ours, had they been varnished in the same manner.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE WOOD-CUTTER.

AND while I thus spoke to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time,) I found that the orchestra had begun playing, before I was aware, and that they played something which they called an *overture*.

And I saw a man who held a stick, and I supposed that it was to chastise the bad violinists, many of whom I heard among the good players, (the latter being few in number.)

And he made a noise as if he were splitting wood, and I was astonished that he did not dislocate his shoulder, and the strength of his arm terrified me.

And I reflected, (for I love to reflect when I have time,) and I said to myself:

'Oh, how talents are misplaced in this world! and yet how genius will still show itself, put it where you will!'

And I said: 'Had this man been born in the house of my father, which is a quarter of a league distant from the forest of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, he would earn as much as thirty pence a day; his family would be wealthy and honored, and his children would live in abundance.'

'And the world would say: 'Behold the wood-cutter of Boehmischbroda! behold him!' But his talent, I dare say, avails him very little in this shop, where he can hardly earn bread to eat and water to drink.'

And I saw that this was called beating time; and although it was very powerfully beaten, the musicians did not play together.

And I began to sigh for the serenades which we, the students of the Jesuits, used to perform at night in the streets of Prague, for we kept time, although we had no stick.

And the curtain rose, and I saw cords at the bottom of the theatre which were cast out.

And I said to myself: 'Certainly they will be attached to the head of Tamerlane, and there will be a great procession of puppets after him, (for there were many cords,) and they will open the scene in this manner, and the sight will be magnificent.'

And I thought it stupid that they had not tied the cords to the heads of the puppets before raising the curtain, as we do, for I have a good judgment.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE BLACK EYES.

Not at all! And I saw a shepherd arrive, and the people cried: 'Behold the God of Song! behold him!' And then I knew that I was in the French Opera.

And his voice flattered my ears, and his plaints touched me, and he expressed with art all that he would; and although he sang slowly he did not weary me, for he had soul and taste.

And I saw his shepherdess arrive, and she had great black eyes, to which she gave a gentle expression to console him, as was necessary, (for he told her so.)

And she had a light and brilliant voice which rang like silver, and it was pure as the gold which runs from the furnace, and she sang well songs which were *not* well, and her wind-pipe gave shape and form to things which were flat.

And although the music was vile and poor, it did not seem so when she sang; and I said: 'Ah, thou deceitful one!' for she was full of *art*, and her skill deluded me.

And I said to myself, (for I love to speak to myself when I have time :) 'No doubt this shepherd and shepherdess have enemies, who compel them to sing in puppet-show shops, in order to spoil their voices and injure their lungs.'

For I smelt a smell of oil and tallow which almost poisoned me, born though I be in the forests of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia, where the air is thick; and although I have made all my studies with the aid of a lamp whose oil is not good, for it is only eight-penny oil; and I have studied to advantage, (for I am learned.)

And in the sincerity of my heart I began to curse the enemies of the shepherd and shepherdess, for their voice and song pleased me, although the music troubled me; and I began to pity their unhappy lot, and to grow sentimental, and continued to curse, (for I am wicked when angry.)

CHAPTER SIXTH.

LA MAGICIENNE.

AND when my shepherdess, whom I call mine because she pleased me, had consoled my shepherd, whom I call mine because he gave me

pleasure, and when they had mutually caressed each other to their hearts' content, and had nothing more to say, they went away.

And I saw a woman come, and she took great steps, and came to the edge of the stage and frowned, and I inferred that she was in a bad humor.

And she seemed to threaten, which irritated me, for I am of a quick disposition, and dislike menaces; and one who sat by me said: 'She means *me*;' and his neighbor said: 'No, she means *me*!'

And I tried to imagine what reason she could have for being angry, for her entire part was a sad one, and I perceived that it was impossible to guess!

And she held in her hand a wand, which was mysterious, (for so the poet had said,) and by means of this wand she knew every thing, and could do every thing, except *sing*, which she could not do, although she thought she could.

And I heard her give horrible cries, and her veins swelled, and her face became red as Tyrian purple, and her eyes stuck out of her head, and she frightened me.

And I thought that those who sing at the Eagle of Saint Apollonia von Wischerade, even when well foddered and soaked, could never strive with their lungs against the lungs of the sorceress; and I said:

'Oh that they were only here to listen to her, that they might have their pride lowered! and when we students touch the hat to them, they would salute us more politely in return.'

And she raised the dead by the sound of her voice, although she made the living flee for their lives. And I said to myself: 'No doubt that those who are dead and buried in this shop have all naturally a false ear for music.'

And an old man came on the stage, whom the woman with the wand called young, (for so the poet had made him,) although he was more than sixty years old. And he gargled in his throat before all the audience, while pretending to sing.

And I found *that* very disrespectful; and his gargling continued, and his part was finished; and I said: 'Does this man then require so much preparation in order to sing? One would do well to say to him: 'Speak thy part without singing, for thou wouldst speak it well,' (for I have good judgment, and can advise well.)

And his gargling made me laugh; but when I was about to ridicule him, he affected me by his action, and I saw that he was a venerable man, for he was dignified and noble, and gesticulated as never man gesticulated.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

L A C H A C O N N E .

AND I saw a man who did better than he, and the audience cried: 'LA CHACONNE! LA CHACONNE!' And he did not speak, and I admired him, for he showed his body, and his arms, and his legs, on every side, and he was fine-looking; and when he turned round he was still fine-looking, and his name was Dupré.

And I saw a peasant arrive with his company, and I supposed that

these were musicians in disguise, as they evidently were, for they wrote upon the stage the air which they played; and by their steps I counted the notes of every measure, and the reckoning was just; and I admired their dance, for I understand music; and their name was Lany.

And I saw dancers and leapers without number and without end; and they called it a festival, although it was none, for there was no joy there; and they would not cease; and I inferred that these people were never weary of jumping, although they had an air of weariness, and wearied me and the rest.

And their dances troubled the actors at every instant; and when they were in the best part of the dialogue, on came the jumpers, and the actors were obliged to hurry into a corner and make room for them, although the festival had been gotten up expressly on account of the actors, (for so the poet had said;) and when they had any thing to say, they were permitted to advance and say it, but always under the condition of being sent back again into their corner when they had concluded.

And I thought that we do the thing better, for our actors have nothing in common with the dancing-girls, and always conclude before the latter arrive. (I say what I think)

And I determined that the poet had sufficient reason for being angry with the dancing-girls, who came to interrupt the conversation of his actors, without assigning any reason for said interruption.

And I thought it very good-natured of him to make the actors call the dancing-girls, when they had nothing to do with them; and although he said that they had something to do, I believed not a word of it, for they actually had nothing to do.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

L A R E C U E I L .

AND I wearied myself for two hours and a half listening to a collection of minuets and airs which they called javottes, and others which they termed rigadoons, and tambourins, and contredanses, the whole intermingled with fragments of song such as we hear in our vespers, even unto this day, with several songs, the tunes of which I have heard played in the different quarters of Prague, and particularly at the sign of the White Cross, and at that of the Archduke Joseph.

And I remarked that this was what in France they called an opera, and I noted it down in my tablets in order to remember it.

CHAPTER NINTH.

L A H A U T E C O N T R E .

AND I was glad to see the curtain fall, and said in my heart: 'Let me never see thee raised again!'

And the voice which was my guide began to laugh, and I felt that it was laughing at me, which irritated me, for I am naturally averse to mockery.

And it said: 'Thou shalt not yet return to the Redoubt of Prague, and thou shalt not yet return, for I do not will it.'

'And thou shalt pass the night here in writing what I will dictate to thee, that which is to be announced to this people, whom I once loved, and is now become odious to me on account of its numerous weaknesses.

'And thou shalt publish them, if thou canst find a publisher who will undertake it; for the spirit of falsehood hath seized upon the printing-offices, and truth is no longer printed with approbation and privilege.'

And I obeyed the voice, because my mother has often said to me: 'Be docile.' And I said to the voice which addressed me: 'I submit to thy will; but if thou hast pity on me, and if thou dost not desire to punish me in the excess of thy rigor,

'Only hinder them from singing while I write, and deliver me from the fear of seeing that thing which they call an opera begin again: for their songs have afflicted me; their sports have troubled my spirit; their sadness is mawkishness, and when they are gay they weary me.'

And the voice said in its kindness: 'Calm thyself, for thou art my son, and I cherished thee before thou hadst composed the three minuets for the Carnival of Prague, of which the second is in minor.

'And they will sing no more, and thine ear shall be in peace, for they are very weary; and the actors, and the wood-cutter, and the violinists of the orchestra have need of repose, for the next representation is at hand.'

And I judged that for the benefit of the lungs it were better to blow a horn in the forest of Boehmischbroda from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, than to sing the *haut contre* three times a week in the opera-shop.

CHAPTER TENTH

THE CORNER.

AND the voice quieted me, and ordered me to sit in a corner which is called the corner of the queen's side, since it is under the box of the queen, even unto this day:

And although very dark, was yet occupied by very enlightened men, for there the philosophers, and wits, and the elect of the nation assemble even unto this day; and the reprov'd shall not enter there, for they are excluded.

And good and bad is spoken there; the word and the thing. And there the word is heard which breaks the heart of the bad poet, and the thing which terrifies the bad musician.

And it is never dull there, for they listen but little and speak much, although the sentinel frequently says: '*Messieurs, ayez la bonté de baisser la voix!*' 'Silence, gentlemen, if you please!'

And they pay no attention to the sentinel, for they love better to speak than listen to the stuff called singing.

And when every body had left the theatre, and many bad things had been said of that which they termed an opera, I drew my tablets from my pocket and said to the voice:

'Speak, that I may write thy will, and that I may announce it to the people whom thou callest light and fanciful, although their songs are

heavy and stupid ; and whom thou callest gay and lively, although their opera is sad and dreary.'

And the voice which had spoken to me became powerful, vehement, and pathetic ; and I wrote :

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

HERE THE REVELATION BEGINS!

'O WALLS, which I have raised with my hand as a monument of my glory! O walls, formerly inhabited by a people whom I called mine, since I had elected them from the beginning to make them the first nation in Europe, and to bear their glory and renown beyond the limits which I have laid down to the universe :

'O city! thou that callest thyself great because thou art large, and glorious because I have covered thee with my wings! listen to me, for I am about to speak.

'O frivolous and trifling race! O people inclined to defects, delivered to the madness of thy pride and vanity!

'Draw nigh, that I may square accounts with thee — I, that can, if I will, count thee as nothing ; draw nigh, that I may confound thee in thine own eyes, that I may write thy contemptible folly upon thine arrogant forehead in every European language.'

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

'THOU didst stick in the mire of ignorance and barbarism ; thou didst fumble round in the darkness of superstition and stupidity ; thy philosophers wanted sense, and thy professors were idiots. In thy schools they spoke a barbarous jargon, and Gothic mysteries were played in thy theatres.

'And I pitied thee from my heart, and I said to myself: 'This is an agreeable race ; I love its fanciful spirit and gentle manners, and will make it my people, because I choose to do so ; and it shall be the first, neither shall there be another nation so nice as it.

'And its neighbors shall see its glory, and shall not be able to approach it. And it will amuse me when I shall have formed it according to my will, for it is naturally pleasant and agreeable, and I love to be amused.'

'So I drew forth thy fathers from the abyss where they were, and I dissipated the darkness which covered thee, and I bade the day draw near to enlighten thee ; and I have placed in thy bosom the torch of science, literature, and art.

'And I opened the gates of thine understanding, that thou mightest comprehend that which was hidden ; and I formed and filed thy soul, and gifted thee with all gifts, and gave thee taste, and sentiment, and finesse for thy inheritance.

'And when I might have enlightened with my torch the Briton, and the Spaniard, and the German, and the native of the North, (since nothing is impossible to me,) I nevertheless did not do it.

'And when I might have left the arts and letters in their own country, where I had caused them to be revived, I nevertheless did not so :

'For I said unto them, Arise, and go forth out of Italy unto the people whom I have chosen in the abundance of my kindness, and into the country where I shall in future dwell, and to whom in my mercy I have said, 'Thou shalt be the land of all talent.'

'And I have given thee all the crowd of philosophers, from Descartes and the philosophers of the Encyclopædia down to him to whom I have said, 'Create Natural History!'

'And the numberless multitude of poets, wits, and artists.

'And I assembled them all into an age, and they call it the Age of Louis the Fourteenth, even to this day, in remembrance of all the great men whom I have given thee, from Molière and Corneille, who are called Great, to Fare and Chaulieu, who are called Neglected.

'And although the age be passed, I pretended not to perceive it, and have perpetuated in thy midst a race of great men and extraordinary talents.

'And I have given thee poets, and wits, and painters, and sculptors of great ability, and numberless artists, and men excelling in every thing, from the great even unto the small.

'And I have given thee celebrated philosophers, and opened their eyes that they might see that which thou couldst not see; and they saw well, for they explained those things which were not clear, even unto themselves.

'And I have created a man expressly for thee, in whom I have assembled all talents and all gifts, for he was endowed as man had never been before.

'And I created yet another man of profound understanding and sublime conception, and said to him, 'See;' and he saw; and I inspired him, and gave him the Spirit of Laws, (*Esprit des Lois*), and he gave them to thee, and made thee see that which thou wouldst never have seen in the littleness of thy sight and the weakness of thine eye.

'And his glory is remembered by thy neighbors even unto this day.'

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

L E S O U F F L E T .

'But since my benefits have caused in thee defection and disobedience; since they have made thee proud, and thy vanity and presumption have risen to their height;

'And since thou hast abandoned common sense and sound judgment; and since thou hast cast thyself into frivolity and into the dissipation of thy ideas, which are void of sense;

'And since thou dost every day decide about things on which thou hast never reflected;

'Although in my mercy I have hitherto laughed at thy insolence, and have seen thy impertinences with the eye of patience;

'And I have hidden thy shame and thy decay from thy neighbors, and have inspired them with respect and admiration for thee — as if, forsooth, thou hadst not lost all taste for the great and the beautiful;

'And have hindered them from seeing thee rampant in the littleness of thy ideas;

'Yet mind what I say : I will revenge myself of thy strange blindness, and thy measure shall be full.

'And I will harden thine ear until it shall be like unto the horn of the buffalo ; and in thy quarrels thou shalt be like the wild ass of the desert.

'And the Italian Farce shall inspire the spirit of thy politics, thine art, and thy literature. Thou shalt witness Robert Macaire hundreds of nights in succession, and the worse things become the more delight wilt thou find therein, for thou wilt be stupid.

'And indecency and blackguardism will not choke thee, and manners will be openly outraged in thee, (for thou wilt have none,) and thou wilt not know good from evil.

'Philosophers shall no longer enlighten thee, and thou shalt be in all good things generally speaking below par.

'And no respectable man will dwell in thee, for I will desert thee.'

And the voice was silent, and I, Gabriel Johannes Nepomucenus Franciscus de Paula Waldstorch, called Waldstörchel, Philosoph. et Theolog. Moral. in Coll. Mai. R R, P P, Soc. Jes. Studios, native of Boehmischbroda in Bohemia—I wept over the lot of this people, for I have naturally a tender heart.

And I would fain have interceded for them, because I am good and was tired of writing, for I had written a long time.

And I was wrong, for the voice was angry, and I received a box on the ear, and my head bumped against the pillar of the corner, which is, for aught I know, called the queen's corner even unto this day.

And I awoke turning a summerset, and found myself in my garret, which I call my chamber, and found my three minuets, of which the second is in minor.

And I took my violin, and I played them, and they pleased me ; and I played them again, and they pleased me more ; and I said : ' Let me be quick with the rest, for two dozen are necessary ! ' But I no longer felt in me the force of genius, for the thing which they called an opera with its damnable humming and scraping kept running in my head ; and I made many notes, but no minuets ; and I cried in the bitterness of my heart : *'Oh that I had finished the two dozen before the vision !'*

A MEMORY OF SEPTEMBER.

ONE night in the month of September,
When leaves were beginning to sere,
And skies seemed to dimly remember
The Summer that lay on its bier :

Came ONE who all day had been hovering
Our dwelling of sorrowing near,
MARIETTE with his wings of white covering,
As Autumn the leaves of the year.

For days through that sighing September
We'd watched for the PRESENCE that stood
In our midst, and knew he'd be tender
In bearing our darling to God :

Yet our spirits, when hers had been given,
Bent writhingly under the rod ;
MARIETTE's sinless soul was in heaven,
Its beautiful shrine in the sod !

Now, thrice has the month of September
Sent Summer beside her to sleep,
And thrice has the sighing November
Bewailed that her rest was so deep :

Thrice the bird trilled for her its last warble,
And I with September will weep ;
'MARIETTE' on the slab of white marble,
MARIETTE in the grave at my feet !

J. ST. L. H. B.

Y O U T H A N D N A T U R E .

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

THERE'S a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day ;
The stars are dimmer to my sight ;
The moon that hushed the holy night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray.

The brook, with its veined pebble
And its painted muscle-shell ;
The delicate mosses on the brink ;
The crystals within the rocky chink ;
The feathery ferns that stooped to drink ;
All sights that I loved so well :

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Which the starry buttercups illumine ;
The violet's far-diffused perfume,
And the glory of the rose's bloom,
Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the spring-time
Carol no more to me ;
Nor, singing on its stony bed,
The stream, by hidden fountains fed,
Answers the robin overhead
With the old melody.

The lowing of the cattle
As they sought the fields at dawn,
The hen with her dear domestic note,
The cooing from the pigeon's cote,
And chanticleer, that strained his throat
To wake the tardy morn :

All these have forgot the music
They sang in mine ear of yore ;
The colors fade in life's garish light,
The early bloom hath changed to blight,
And the beauteous shows of earth invite
My heart to joy no more.

For Youth, that painted their colors,
And tuned their songs for me,
No longer peoples the earth and air
With its forms and sights divinely fair,
But hath left my lonely heart to share
Naught but their memory.

And yet, as over my spirit
Their freshening memory breathes,
Fragrant with odors from wild-wood bowers,
And thrilling with music of by-gone hours,
Sweet garlands of dewy youthful flowers
Around my brow it wreathes.

And again, in the genial spring-time,
I feel the youthful glow ;
Again heaven's sparkling eyes grow bright
With something of their ancient light,
And I hear again, with dear delight,
Bird's song and streamlet's flow.

S K E T C H E S O F W E S T E R N L I F E .

NUMBER THREE.

SPRING ! What a host of old companions and half-forgotten days of pleasure arise like a shadowy picture in the twilight of memory, at the simple mention of the season of early hopes ! Spring, sweet Spring ! Though poets and poetasters have sung themselves hoarse in eulogizing her 'smiles and tears,' and it has become a hackneyed evil with prose-writers, good, bad, and indifferent, to apostrophize the beauties of Spring, still the season has lost none of its charms ; and where can it be more delightful, more capricious, than in the west ? — showing a glimpse of her sweet face in March, all warm, sunny smiles ; and just as we are deluded into the belief that the pleasant aspect will remain, the inconstant beauty withdraws her bright countenance, or it suddenly becomes white and chilling as she folds herself in a snowy robe. Or over that young face (as over thousands of human faces as fair and warm !) pour showers of cold, bitter tears, washing all traces of smiling beauty away. But toward the close of April we may feel certain our lady intends to remain with us until summer ; for she puts on her bright-green dress and blue bonnet, with the determination of not taking them off till she goes off herself.

When the prairie-chickens begin to *drum*, and the dove makes the wood echo with its plaintive cooing, the western man wakens up from the sluggish existence of winter to the activity of spring-life. No time for idling now. The bustle is constant until the ploughing is over and the crops are in. The farmer knows no holidays, or should know none ; for the pigs, who seem to be endowed with perpetual motion, must be shut up at every leisure moment, (for they are continually escaping from their confinement.) and the river-banks are ornamented and enlivened by summer residences of irregular architecture, and the squealing of the prisoners. For, although the 'pig-law' is not respected in winter, it must

be in summer, much to the wrath of some persons. It especially excites the ire of Peggy O'Connor, who exclaims indignantly, 'Hang oul-l Gineral Taylor with his English laws, makin' us shut up our hogs!' While an equally sage neighbor agrees with her, saying, 'And I jest think so too. If we *are* to have English laws, why, let us be Englishmen!'

Poor General Taylor! his memory suffers with our country politicians.

In the early times here, when farms and farmers were not so plentiful, and scores of green-horn adventurers lived on very 'short commons,' or paid dearly for bread, many a laughable story might be told of their endeavors to procure enough to eat. They had shot-guns, and rifles, and fishing-rods, it is true; but in those primitive ages of civilization they were wretched sportsmen. They suffered especially in spring, when game is shy, and the water rather cold for the fish to bite. One romantic individual, who lived in a house where a number of adventurous youths kept bachelor's hall on short rations, used to sally forth to the banks of the river, fishing-rod in hand, and a volume of Shakspeare in one pocket and cold potatoes in the other. He sought the sunny side of a rock, and committing his line to the waters, committed himself to Shakspeare and the cold potatoes alternately. Poor fellow! he used to return not only without the potatoes, but the fish also. One day he stumbled upon a thin, gawky fellow, sitting by the edge of the river, and exhibiting signs of great confusion on the approach of our sentimental fisher. On the shore, by the side of the man, lay a fresh shell of a large turtle, or terrapin.

'Where did this come from, Joe?' said the fisher eagerly, pointing toward the shell.

'I caught it here,' answered Joe, sullenly.

'But what did you do with it? Here's nothing but the shell.'

'Well!' exclaimed Joe, worked up to a fit of desperation by the eager querist, and with a look of intense disgust at his own hardihood: 'Well, don't say any thin' about it, but I jist eat the darned critter!' He evidently thought he had committed an act horrible enough to put him beyond the pale of society. He was soon made wiser by the loud lamentations of our friend because he had not come in for a share of the repast.

Their occasional suffering from want of sufficient food, till they became better shots, was not the only annoyance of our early adventurers in the spring. That chilly plague, fever-and-ague, preyed on all newcomers, however strong their frames might be. One unfortunate son of Erin, who was shaking from day to day, was induced to exclaim in his anguish:

'Oh! Mister William! if I was once't back in ould Ireland out o' this! Sure in the part I came from, if I had only staid there, I might a' been a *nun* for six pounds!'

Although it is not apropos, I trust my reader will forgive me if I relate an anecdote that occurs to my mind of poor Dan. He was a great believer in supernatural appearances; and his young master was one time trying to convince him of the folly of his superstition.

'Why, Dan,' said he, 'did you ever see a ghost?'

'No, Sir, but I heard one once't.'

‘Heard one! and what sort of a noise did it make?’

‘Faix! it sounded just like an impty barrel rollin’ up an’ down stairs! An’ sure, Sir, there was another one I heard of. Her name was ‘Pitticoat Loose;’ an’ the way she wint on! She used to walk in McClusky’s lane whin the boys’d be comin’ home from the fair at nights. An’ the way she’d bate thim, an’ roll thim in the mud an’ ag’instant the stone wall! Sure, Mister William, I seed the boys meself whin they’d come home, how they couldn’t spake or stan’, the way she’d trated thim!’

Master William gave up in despair after this.

The bilious fever used to be regarded as the next great, perhaps greatest, evil of the west, when the doctors of the country were not so well acquainted with the proper mode of treating the disease. Now it is prevented, or subdued, without much trouble, and is not considered a very serious illness, although it generally leaves the sufferer in a state of extreme weakness. But in the days gone by, it hung on the unfortunate victim for months, not only in August and September, when it usually comes and goes, but in winter also it preyed on the wretched sufferer. The young men before mentioned as keeping bachelor’s hall suffered extremely from attacks of bilious fever, and cold winter found some of them still struggling under the burning plague. At times, in the height of the fever, they were delirious, and acquired a false strength while it lasted; during which time some of them would rise from their beds, and, with only a blanket around them, rush out into the snow. The few who had their health were obliged to keep a strict watch to prevent these mischievous excursions if possible.

But one day the person who was left in charge of the patients went from the house for a few minutes, and on his return found two of his worst charges had disappeared. He ran after them in alarm, tracing their foot-prints in the snow. After running for half a mile he saw one of the parties, in rather an airy habiliment, carrying a gun on his shoulder, and talking wildly.

‘Where are you going, G ——?’ inquired his pursuer, who had caught up to him. ‘What are you going to do?’

G —— gesticulated fiercely, and exclaimed loudly:

‘I’m going to shoot W ——! I saw him run from the house; but I’ve lost him, the coward! I’m going sporting! I’m the infernal huntsman, Sir!’

And he made some rather singular entrechats in the snow, which, in his brief garment, were not very graceful, blue as he was with cold and bony from illness.

‘Well, G ——, W —— has gone home, and you’ll find him there,’ said the other, persuasively; and turning the crazy fellow homeward he induced him to go on in that direction while he sought for W ——.

As he neared the bank of the river, he was attracted by a strange sound of wild talking and unmeaning laughter, and on gaining the shore saw W —— on the ice in the middle of the river, sitting on the edge of an air-hole, with a blanket wrapped about him, and his feet dangling in the water.

‘My God! what are you doing there, W ——?’ said he, in great horror.

‘I am fishing, don’t you see?’ replied W——. ‘Hush! don’t make any noise. But I believe the water is too cold for the fish to bite!’

It was with the utmost difficulty this singular fisherman was induced to return to the house, which the other sportsman had fortunately regained.

Before closing this number of the sketches, I cannot forbear relating a story I lately heard of one of our neighbors. He lives on the prairie near Peggy O’Connor, and is a countryman of that true daughter of Erin.

He was driving home one night from the village, and, like the two unfortunates I have been writing of, was under, or in, a species of delirium; more like delirium-tremens, however, than the delirium of bilious fever. In fact, John O’Kane, for such is his name, was *more* than ‘half-seas over.’

He was on the road homeward, for the horses knew the way. So did n’t the master know his, in the confusion of his brain; he was not even sure of his identity, like the little woman ‘who went to market her eggs for to sell.’ The first house he came to, within a short distance of his own, the bewildered man stopped his horses, and, staggering to the door, summoned the master, a person John knew well.

‘Do you know where one John O’Kane lives?’ said the drunken man.

‘No,’ said the other, gravely, ‘I don’t!’

‘Och, now, Mr. L——, what’s the use of you sayin’ that? Have n’t I seen you there many a time?’ exclaimed John indignantly, but still confused as to his own identity. He was at last directed on his way, but soon forgot the direction, and still went on inquiring where he lived at the various houses on the road; until, falling a-sleep in the bottom of the wagon, leaving the horses to their own guidance, they took him opposite his own door, where he lay until morning, totally unconscious of *where* John O’Kane lived.

L. M.

SONG.

BY J. WESLEY DUTCHER.

‘Tis eve, and the stars in the heavens are beaming,
And the moon shineth down on the great restless sea;
But I heed not their beauty, for my fond heart is dreaming
Of my true-love, who sleepeth and dreameth of me.

Oh! her brow is as bright as the new-risen crescent,
And her lips shame the rubies far down in the sea;
And her heart up and down like the waves of the ocean
Heaves the bosom which hideth the casket for me!

Yet sweeter and dearer than the gems of the ocean,
And deeper and stronger than the waves of the sea,
Is the heart of my true-love who dreameth and sleepeth,
Who sleepeth and dreameth for ever of me!

Bath House, (L. I.) July 22d, 1852.

L O N G I N G S .

I LONG for some intenser life,
Some wilder joy, some sterner strife!
Like a slow stream whose windings pass
Through level mead and dull morass,
In one unvaried, sluggish tide,
The current of my life doth glide,
With no fierce grief, no ecstasy,
To break its drear monotony.

A dimness, as of sad eclipse,
Darkens above my soul, and dips
My being in its sombre gloom,
Which naught is potent to illumine;
And while Life's morning yet remains,
While youth should burn along my veins,
My blood seems waxing thin and cold,
As I were prematurely old.

Once more, beneath the advancing sun,
The Earth her summer pomp puts on;
Once more, beneath the summer moons,
The whip-poor-will her song attunes;
Once more the elements are rife
With countless forms of insect life,
And Nature's endless music thrills
The echoes of the encircling hills.
But all too feeble is the ray
That glances on our northern day;
And Life, beneath its faint impress,
Grows sordid, cold, and passionless.
I long to meet those ardent climes
Where the sun's burning heat sublimates
All forms of being, and imparts
Its fervor even to human hearts;
To see, up-towering, grand and calm,
The king of trees, the lordly Palm,
And when night darkens through the skies,
Watch unknown constellations rise.
The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,
The sunny heavens I would behold,
Where Nature wears her fairest dress,
Her most surpassing loveliness.

Or if it be my lot to bear
This pulseless life, this blank despair,
Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles
Round which the far Pacific smiles;
Where through the sun-bright atmosphere
Their purple peaks the mountains rear;
Where Earth is garmented in light,
And with unfading Spring is bright.
Then, if my life must be a dream,
Without a plan, without a scheme,
From Action's storm and tumult free,
A dream of beauty it shall be.

B L O O M E R I S M : A N E S S A Y .

BY THOMAS W. LANE.

THE spirit of the present age has been pronounced by a late eminent divine to be 'resistance to law.' A better definition could hardly have been given of that wild and strange enthusiasm which the records of the day are ever setting before us. The ages of bronze, of gold, and of brass, have all had their day, and now comes the 'age of resistance,' or, as some philosophers who delight in capital letters and exclamation points tell us, the 'Age of Progress!' The struggles for liberty in Cuba, Hungary, Ireland; the recent turbulent political sea of our own land; the kaleidoscopic shifting of affairs in France, now pallid with fear, now red with blood; the passion for the marvellous, and all manner of *diablerie* in literature; the rage for spectacle and pageant in the worlds theatric and operatic; and the ever-varying but insatiate demand for the *outré* in dress, fashion, and etiquette; are all incontestible proofs of the impatience of men under the restraints of law, order, and correct taste: precursors are they of the coming change, warning heralds and specks in the horizon, indicative of the storm which is ere long to sweep the earth, and to leave it better, we would like to say, but worse (*pro tempore*) we must in candor write.

Among these indications of the New Dawn, we place the late unprecedented rise in the female skirt; an event which has elicited universal comment from the press, but generally in a tone of inappropriate levity. Bloomerism has too often been the taking title of a pretty paragraph, in which the pen of the inditer, content to sparkle and to shine, and satisfied with a brilliant 'skimming over' of its theme, has sunk from the dignity of sober reasoning into a piquant trifling and an elegant *insouciance*. *La belle plume*, the rightful insignia of undaunted courage, has shirked and skulked around the subject. Most of the paragraphs, too, that have glistened before us, have sparkled tremulously: they have evidently been written in the fear of wife or sweet-heart, and for cautious wording and non-committalism, (a very popular 'ism' in this progressive age,) have rivalled the best 'leaders' in the country. Now, the fear of woman is a sensation to which we in the crustiness of bachelorhood are strangers, and we therefore 'have no hesitation in saying, and we say it boldly,' that we consider Bloomerism as the most dangerous of modern 'isms;' to our mind, it is a more decided stride toward our manifest destiny, and a more alarming indication of the progress of the age, than the Paine Light, the Rochester Knockings, or the Crystal Palace itself. We say alarming, not from any timidity inherent or transient in our own bosom, for we are bold as a lion; not from any consanguinity to, or sympathy with, the Rip Van Winkles of this or a past age, for we are the friends of progress, and when it comes in our way are not averse to giving a friendly kick to the great ball of onward improvement: our opposition is to the speed at which we are about to be driven. We were

going fast enough; and this instantaneous curtailment of skirt, this falling over us at one fell swoop of half the drapery of woman, has come upon us like a *douche* in hydropathy, or a saponaceous cascade from a third-story window! Well may it 'give us pause!' and as we gaze out from the smothering pile of rejected muslin and forsaken silk, we can but exclaim with good Mrs. Partington: 'What upon airth is goin' to turn up next?'

Had this sacred veil, so long the chosen tabernacle of the well-turned ankle and the lithe and graceful limb, gone up a little by degrees and modestly slow; nay, had the outer veil alone of the *sanctum sanctorum* been seized with an upward tendency, thereby displaying to public view only those elaborate and nameless embroideries which have been like desert-roses unseen by the eye of man, save when they tripped daintily across a stream, or were dexterously filipped over a puddle, we might restrain our indignation and repress our frowns: but, alas! the outer veil and the 'eleven inner veils' * are all aspiring! all ascending! They have gone up smoothly and lightning-like as the drop-curtain at the Park, and now we await, with fear and trembling, the 'Excelsior!' the yet higher in ascent and the shorter in skirt, till at last woman, lovely woman, shorn of her glorious plumage, the silk, the satin, and the challé, fobbed of frill, furbelow, and flounce, shall stand confessed! perfection pantalooned! stiff as a lightning-rod, and awkward as little Johnny Sprouts in his first go-to-meeting swallow-tail!

But in all seriousness, what is to be the issue of this struggle now witnessing by heaven between mantua-makers and modesty? Shall the harems of the East set the fashion for the *boudoirs* of the West? Shall the parlors, the grottoes, the gardens of America, be turned by Seneca Falls into (Lalla) Rook(h)eries? Have we quit Paris, dear, delightful Paris! for the Sublime Porte, and her mantua-makers for the Blue Beards of Constantinople? Verily, we know not! 'That is the question,' and 't is yet to be solved. We know little, but we fear much! First it is ordained, 'that none but the most graceful females can hope to assume the Bloomer.' Oh! cunningly-devised ordinance! What maiden, we would like to know, is lacking in grace of carriage, or symmetry of form? How long will it be ere a legion of Bloomers will throng the pave, whose only claims to be models of grace consist in a short skirt and trowsers! Next it is laid down, 'that no large foot must ever be caught *à la* Bloomer!' How many substantial understandings will not now grow 'small by degrees and beautifully less' under the magic frill of the Bloomer? Truly this Bloomerism is a wedge, an entering wedge, which must ere long split and shrive the peace of mankind. The Bloomers once triumphant, and no prophetic ken will be required to read their future tactics. First we shall have the Bloomer simple, a tolerably decent thing for a Bloomer, and prettily trimmed, and daintily embroidered, and *naïvely* worn. Then will come the 'Bloomer Cerito,' and the 'Bloomer Taglioni,' and the 'Bloomer Lansfeldt!' And when Bloomers have lost the fresh bloom of novelty, and

* 'Beside the curtains of blue, of scarlet, and of purple, which veiled the tabernacle, were also eleven curtains of goats' hair, coupled with taches of brass.'

woman sighs for variety, still variety, (curse and spice of life!) men will then learn that the Bloomer has but paused! The trowsers will become a worry and a bungle; awkward, uncouth, and clumsy. They will be found too stiff, they will be limbered; too tight at the bottom, they will be loosened; too Turkish, and, in short, too little like breeches; till some day pantalette will become pantaloons, cassimere will supersede cambric, and woman will be fairly ensconced in the bifurcate. Once there, where, O man! is thy power? Do you not now see that the Bloomer is nothing but an insidious coat and 'pants' in disguise? How long, we pray, will it take a good pair of shears to make a frock-coat of this little skirt? 'Tis but to cut a triangle in front, put on a couple of buttons behind, and the thing is done. Your castor woman hath; your boots, your collar, your cravat, your vest, under the *alias* of the *gilet*, she hath assumed; and ere many days, we sadly fear she will at last have unsexed herself! and then — what then? Then upon the sign-boards shall we read, 'Mrs. John Smith, draperess (?) and tailoress!' Then shall sheriffs and constables have a good time of it, catching female dandies, for tailors' bills never will be paid. Then shall the bifurcate cease to be the insignia of power, and men shall become impotent to hold their own! Then shall the side-saddle be hoarded up by the then Mr. Barnums, as a relic of a past day and a by-gone age; and then, O fair and sweetly-smelling exquisites! ye who delight in the white kid, the morocco pump, the silk stocking! where will *you* go? What will ye do, with your languid airs, your drawling speech, your sickly flatteries, now poured in modulate tones into the ear of beauty? Where will ye get the high and gallant bearing, the brave deed, the strong arm, the flashing eye, the undaunted heart, which shall in that day mark THE MAN? Not, poor butterflies, from your valet, who gave you your manners; not from your tailor, who gave you your respectability; not from your barber, who gave you your moustache; nor from your gold, which gave you society's tolerance! We know of no city of refuge to which ye may fly; not even a petticoat will there be to protect you. Go, poor ephemera! and be Bloomerized in time!

But again, we ask, will the Bloomer triumph? Shall the maidens of America, now our pride, our boast, our treasures, shall they subside into a nation of short-skirted sylphs, mere ballet-dancers, who, as hath wittily been said, 'wear their skirts at half-mast in respect to departed modesty?' No! says Mrs. Swisshelm, who hath cogitated the theory, tried and eschewed the practice. No! says Mrs. Partington; 'I'm not agoin' to be Bloomerized in the evenin'-tide of my ephemereal existence!' No! saith a sweet angel who standeth at our side, whose depending curls oft check our pen, (giving us time for thought,) as she looketh over our shoulder: No! no! and as she saith, she gazeth modestly down upon the white and flowing robe which for centuries hath formed woman's best adornment. No! say we, while we have a pen to write, and one spark of respect for the good, the gentle, and the fair; and No! a thousand times No! we hope every pretty mouth in our land will echo.

O Woman! Woman! thy name is frailty: wilt thou make it folly? Dost thou know that the patter of thy slippered foot hath a sweeter music than the fall of rain-drop in the hot summer-time, or the gentle

descent of the white blooms of Catalpa, or the honeyed dews of forgiveness upon an arid heart; and wilt thou still sigh for the thunder of a boot-heel? Dost know that the sweep of thy skirt hath in it more grace than the bound of antelope; and wouldst thou for ever silence the rustle of thy silk? Dost know that one glimpse of a pretty excrescence (is not an ankle an excrescence?) is worth two dead-sets at an ungainly pedal; and art sure thy foot will just fill the eye of a nodding mandarin? Dost know that after novelty cometh monotony? That when thy arts have robbed man of his attire, thy admirer, who now waits at the street-corner and in the market-place for one glimpse of thy loveliness, will not then know thy form and thy frock-coat from thy brother's form, thy brother's frock-coat; and wouldst thou pass him unheeded, unrecognized, and untipped-to from Genin's latest and best? Dost thou know that the graceful fabric which now envelopes thy queenly head, and curls round thy face more sweetly than 'shell of Aphrodite,' is beauteous beyond expression, and sitteth upon thee with more grace than ever did summer-cloud upon the 'misty mountain-top;' and wouldst thou change it for a flapping circle of straw?

Nay, dost thou know that all female symmetry, from Paradisal Eve to the Venus de Medicis, is knock-kneed, (shades of our grandmothers! who were modest, but not mealy-mouthed, protect us in our candor!) and wouldst thou appear in the thoroughfares of men perched upon an animated and inverted V?

We have said our 'say.' Take thy own sweet will, O woman! But if thy skirt will 'go up,' let our voice of earnest protest go up with it: and when thou shalt (as thou wilt one day) sigh for the vanished glories that now make thee adorable, invincible, unanswerable; when thou shalt sigh for just a bit of skirt, as a memento of past happiness, remember him who did his best to keep it down, and clung like a second Sinbad to the hem of thy garment.

Savannah, (Ga.,) 1852.

L I F E I N D E A T H .

BY F. O B I E .

I.

Two lovers by a shining stream
Were wandering in a tender dream:
One stooped a primrose cup to pull,
And found beneath a withered skull.

II.

Then sat they down upon the bank,
Where flowers blossomed wild and rank,
And twining garlands in their play,
They wreathed them round that shell of clay.

III.

But when they'd masked it o'er with flowers,
And rained upon it primrose showers,
A white snake darted from its root,
And bit the maiden in the foot.

IV.

Amid the scented grass she lay,
Fast dying with the dying day:
The white skull lay upon the bank,
And grinned between the blossoms rank.

V.

Then rose the youth with heart of grief,
He stripped it of each shining leaf,
And bound the buds and blossoms rare
Amid the maiden's golden hair.

VI.

And there they died beneath the sky:
The dusky stream went wailing by;
The white skull lay amid the dew,
And grinned upon the loving Two!

J A - D A - Q U A . .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

FAMOUS in the days of yore,
 Bright Ja-da-qua! was thy shore,
 And the stranger treasures yet
 Pebbles that thy waves have wet;
 For they catch an added glow
 From a tale of long ago,
 Ere the settler's flashing steel
 Rang the green-wood's funeral peal,
 Or the plough-share in the vale
 Blotted out the red man's trail.

Deadly was the plant that grew
 Near thy sheet of glimmering blue,
 But the mystic leaves were known
 To our wandering tribe alone.
 Sweeter far than honeyed fruit
 Of the wild-plum was its root;
 But the smallest morsel cursed
 Those who tasted with a thirst
 That impelled them to leap down
 In thy cooling depths, and drown.

On thy banks, in other hours,
 Sat O-WA-NA wreathing flowers,
 And with whortle-berries sweet
 Filled were baskets at her feet.
 Nature to a form of grace
 Had allied a faultless face;
 But the music of her tread
 Made the prophet shake his head,
 For the mark of early doom
 He had seen through beauty's bloom.

When a fragrant wreath was made
 Round her brow, she clasped the braid;
 Then her roving eye, alas!
 Flowering in the summer grass,
 Did the fatal plant behold,
 And she plucked it from the mould:
 Of the honeyed root she ate,
 And her peril learned too late,
 Flying fast her thirst to slake
 From thy wave, enchanting Lake!

* **THESE** lines allude to a beautiful Seneca tradition that lends an added charm to Chau-tau-que Lake, in the State of New-York. A young squaw is said to have eaten of a root she dug on its banks, which created tormenting thirst: to slake it she stooped down to drink of the clear waters, and disappeared for ever. Thence the name of the lake: Ja-da-qua, or the place of easy death, where one disappears and is seen no more.

The renowned CORN-PLANTER, in a speech to the PRESIDENT, complaining of his people's wrongs, eloquently exclaims: 'One of our sachems has said he would ask you to put him out of pain. Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his Father, has said he will retire to Chau-tau-que, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace.'

TURNER'S PIONEER HISTORY.

When was gained the treacherous brink,
 Stooped O-WA-NA down to drink;
 Then the waters, calm before,
 Waking, burst upon the shore,
 And the maid was seen no more.
 Azure Glass! in emerald framed,
 Since that hour Ja-da-qua named,
 Or 'the place of easy death,'
 When I pant with failing breath
 I will eat the root that grows
 On thy banks, and find repose,
 With the loveliest of our daughters,
 In thy blue, engulfing waters.

H I L D E G A R D .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

'Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
 Und dass hat mit ihren Singen
 Die Lorelei gethan.'

HEINE.

I.

'HUNDRED thousand thunders!' cried the Baron von Katzenellenbogen, striking the table in a rage.

'Calm yourself, my good lord,' said Dietrich Klautz, his squire.

'A minx like that! I shall burst with rage! Get me a flagon of Marcobrunner;' and the Baron threw himself into a huge arm-chair, and leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on the table.

II.

KATZENELLENBOGEN, as you all know, is now but a ruin; but in *those* days it was a mighty fortress, a castle of the most Gothic nature comprehensible by the human mind. Huge battlemented towers, stalwart as mountains; grim dungeons, damp and unlighted save by a twilight that struggled through the grated wickets of the doors; a mighty hall, hung with trophies of war and of the chase; loop-holes in the massive walls for arbalast bolts to rain from; quaint lancet-windows, interlaced roof-beams, portcullises, moats, and other matters orthodox and suitable under the circumstances.

There it frowned from the hill-top across the Rhine at Saint Goar, and the wild river roared along below, its powerful tide dragging spoils from the shore into its dim waters.

Below was the holy shrine of Bornhofen, built to our Lady by Broemser von Rudesheim, who slew a dragon, went to Palestine, and being taken by the Saracen, vowed to dedicate his only child to God, should he recover his liberty. But she, poor girl, had given her heart away to

human keeping; and when her father came home and would have compelled her to take the veil, she threw herself into the swift Rhine, and was swept away, with her golden hair floating on the waters, and her pale face turned toward the sky, while the suicide soul went up and stood in His presence who had made it.

Higher up the river, you saw stern Castle Rheinfels, also the Baron's property; and where the vexed waters flowed most furiously and writhed themselves into a whirlpool, was the rock where the Lorelei was wont to sit, combing her golden hair, or sweeping with white fingers the ravishing chords of a lute, and mingling the enchantment of her weird, sweet song with the ringing harmony of the strings. And when the boatman saw and heard, he would forget the wrathful maelstrom, and, with his eyes and heart fixed on the Undine, would be drawn into the vortex, whirled round and round, and swallowed by the fearful gulf, having for his death-dirge but the weird, sweet song of the Lorelei, and the ringing harmony of the golden strings.

That was the position of Castle Katzenellenbogen.

III.

THE Baron of Katzenellenbogen was a large man: six feet of muscle and bone was he, with a true German foot, broad as a barge and flat as a flounder, and a brawny hand that could have broken the horn from the head of an ox. The Baron inclined to corpulence, and to violence, and to Marcobrunner, and to Rudesheimer, and to Liebfraumilch; in short, to any thing that was potable except water. Therefore the Baron's nose was red, bulbous, and pulpy in its general look, with small, dark veins meandering under the tight skin, like the tracery of a mulberry leaf.

He had had an unpleasant day of it. In the first place, he learned that a party of rich merchants had slipped by his very door while the sentinel was dozing. He said, 'Himmel!' and had the sentinel hanged as an encouragement to the rest of the garrison.

Then a party who had been sent out to forage were met by Otho Von Schoenberg and nearly cut to pieces. The Baron said, '*Donnerwetter!*' and broke the messenger's head with a flagon.

Not yet recovered from this, he received news that he was about to be placed under the imperial ban for plundering some servants of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne; and this made him say, 'Hagel sapperment!'

Finally, his squire brought him a letter in which Hildegard von Salis utterly and decidedly refused and abominated his proffered hand and heart, and expressed herself to the effect that 'she would rather die first.' This it was that capped the climax, and produced from the Baron those memorable words found at the opening of this narrative: 'Hundred thousand thunders!'

IV.

THE Marcobrunner quenched his thirst without allaying his wrath; and driving his squire from his presence, he strode furiously up and down the room, meditating condign vengeance upon every body in general and Hildegard in particular.

‘I’ll teach her,’ he said, ‘to refuse to be the wife of Katzenellenbogen! I’ll send a few troopers who shall sack her castle and bring her here by force — I will!’

‘So I would, Baron,’ said a voice beside him. The Baron turned to look at the speaker. He was a small man, dressed in black like a notary; his face was pale, his features of the most ordinary-looking description. The only thing remarkable about him was a long tail like a monkey’s, which kept switching backward and forward and wreathing itself into all sorts of graceful curls. And the end of this tail was a whistle!

‘Who der Teufel are you?’ asked the Baron.

‘So I would teach her better — *if I could!*’ was the unresponsive reply.

‘If I could, little fool! I will send twenty-five troopers to-morrow to take possession of her house and of her.’

‘But unfortunately Graf Max von Steinrad is guarding her with fifty.’

‘I will claim her from the Emperor, as a ward of my estates.’

‘Yes, if the ban does not reach you beforehand for robbing His Grace of Cologne.’

‘I will invite her here on her birth-day, which is next week, and when I get her I will keep her.’

‘Having just refused your hand, I don’t think she will come.’

‘But I *will* get hold of her in some way!’ roared the Baron.

The little man sneered.

Then his lordship became wroth, and, striding toward the stranger, he raised his ponderous jack-boot and gave a furious kick, crying, ‘Get out!’ But, to his utter surprise, his foot met with no resistance, but passing through the figure without in the least disturbing it, the leg flew up in the air, and the Baron of Katzenellenbogen fell upon his back. At the same moment the stranger placed the end of his long tail in his mouth and produced such a whistle that it made the Baron’s brain reel and grow dizzy. It was like the united screaming of seventy-five frantic locomotives.

‘Get up!’ said the stranger; and the Baron obeyed. ‘I think you missed a rich troop of merchants this morning?’

‘I did, curse them!’

‘And had a nice party of men cut to pieces?’

‘Yes.’

‘And were refused with little show of tenderness by the Lady Von Salis?’

‘Kreutz-downerwetter! it is true.’

‘You appear to be in ill luck, Baron von Katzenellenbogen. There, don’t lose your temper, or I shall be obliged to whistle again.’ And the stranger took hold of his tail. Then, with a persuasive and insinuating smile, he continued: ‘My dear friend, I am come to do you service, not to vex you. Would you like to be indemnified for your unmerited loss on those miserable merchants?’

The Baron’s eyes glistened with avarice.

‘Would you like to avenge yourself on Von Schoenberg?’

‘Would n’t I?’ said his lordship.

‘Would you like to catch the pretty Hildegard to-night? If so, I can help you to all this.’

‘My dear friend, let me embrace you.’

‘One moment; business is always business: you will please to sign this contract;’ and the stranger drew a bit of parchment from his pocket, smoothed it out upon the table with his tail, and producing a pen, handed it to the Baron.

‘What is that, then?’

‘Only a little agreement that you will become my property, if I fulfil my promises.’

‘Yours? become yours?’

‘Oh, only after death, you know.’

‘Humph!’ said the Baron, doubtfully.

‘Think of vengeance, my lord, and of Hildegard.’

‘But I cannot write.’

‘Never mind, just make your mark there.’

Then, as the worthy lord took the pen, the curious tail was curled rapidly round and touched the back of his hand. He jumped; it was as if a needle had been stuck into him, and from the spot touched by the whistle there oozed out a large drop of blood.

‘Just dip the pen in that,’ said the stranger; ‘I have forgotten my ink horn.’

Von Katzenellenbogen obeyed, and appended his mark to the contract.

‘Good!’ said the stranger, as he refolded the parchment and put it back into his pocket; ‘and now listen to me. This afternoon at four o’clock, you and twenty of your troopers will post yourselves in the wood that marks the limits of Von Schoenberg’s property, and if any thing passes that you would like to take, why take it. I will attend to the rest.’

So speaking, the little man walked slowly through the middle of the wall and disappeared. The Baron rubbed his eyes, and would have fancied that he had been dreaming, but for the little wound upon his hand. Then, as he reflected upon all that the little man had promised, he grew cheerful; and when the squire entered to tell him that they had just caught an old Jew whose doublet was full of broad pieces, he became positively gay. After ordering the Jew to be stripped, he added:

‘And make him write an order for a thousand broad pieces on one of his brethren at Francfort.’

‘But if he resist, my lord?’

‘Humph! ah! then pull his teeth out one by one until he consent.’

Then the Baron took a flask of Rudesheimer, and then a flask of Johannisberger, and then mounted his horse, called his troopers, and set off for the Schoenberg wood.

v.

‘DEAREST Hildegard, I cannot leave you here with the retainers only. I *must* go to meet the Emperor; and then there will be no one to protect you from the old Katz. I will not leave you until you promise to go to-morrow to your cousin Schoenberg’s to remain there until I return. Will you do so?’

‘Yes, dear Max, although there is no danger for the three or four days that you will be absent.’

‘Well, I have your promise, and another one, eh? On your birthday you go with me to Steinrad as its darling mistress; is it not so?’

And the Lady Hildegard blushed; and Graf Max von Steinrad put his arms about her, and their lips were pressed together. So Max departed.

Now this happened the very day before our history opens. And on the morrow Hildegard donned her riding-attire, and, attended by her maidens and six men-at-arms, rode gaily for Schoenberg. The sun shone, the girls prattled, the sweet brown eyes of Hildegard noted the scenery, and her heart remembered Max; and so they rode slowly along till the sun began to decline in the heavens, and to slant his golden rays through the foliage of the wood. Then one of the troopers rode up to Hildegard, and, doffing his banet-cap, said:

‘Would it please you, noble lady, to prick on a little faster? I do not think we will reach Schoenberg before night-fall.’

‘I don’t think you will,’ cried a gruff voice from the bush; and then there was the tramp of mailed steeds and the ring of arms, and twenty troopers headed by Katzenellenbogen surrounded the party of Hildegard. Resistance was useless, and the poor lady found herself by night-fall a prisoner in one of the turret-rooms of the fierce Baron.

And when the moon-light was clear in heaven and gleamed upon the swift Rhine, she, tired with weeping, sate leaning her head upon her hand by the window. She was watching the foam about the rock of the Lorelei when she saw a light cloud rise up slowly and hover above it, and then float down the river.

‘Poor Lorelei!’ she thought; ‘doubtless she has suffered much to have so sad a part to play; and I at least pity her.’

As she said this, she felt something brush the back of her hand, and a drop of water fell upon it. She started, but only saw the light cloud float slowly back up the Rhine.

‘The dews are beginning to fall,’ she said, and was turning from the window, when she heard a splash in the moat, and looking down made out the figure of a man swimming. He soon crossed the moat, and in a little while his head appeared above the wall, which he had climbed by the aid of a long pole-axe. Dropping inside the court-yard, he came directly under her window, and said in a low voice:

‘Hist! Hildegard! it is I, Max.’

She restrained a cry with difficulty. ‘O Max!’ she said, ‘do not stay there, you will be lost!’

‘I suspect he will,’ answered the voice of the Baron; and in one moment a dozen retainers had surrounded Graf Max, beaten down his defence, and made him prisoner. His presence was explained by the fact of his having met a messenger from the Emperor dispensing with his attendance; and on his return a peasant had informed him of the carrying away of his betrothed.

Poor Hildegard had sunk back nearly fainting, when the entrance of her persecutor forced her to summon up all her courage.

‘Well, fair dame, as your intended mate is now caught and caged,

perhaps you will think better of the proposal I made you. I have broad lands, and a stout arm. You cannot do better.'

'Sir Baron, the detestation that I had for you is now coupled with the deepest contempt. You are as cowardly as you are brutal, or you would not thus misuse the inoffensive. Know then once for all, that Hildegard Countess von Salis, rather than even touch your hand, would have her own right arm hewn from the shoulder. And now give me at least relief from your presence; and ye maidens, keep better watch and see that ye keep the bolt in the staples.'

Then did the high and mighty Franz Baron von Katzenellenbogen return to his hall in a rage.

'Curse that little manikin!' he cried; 'what good hath it done to catch the birds, if I cannot make them sing? Curses on the little wretch!'

Scarcely had he said this when a whistle was heard behind him that pierced into his very brain, and seemed as if it would cut the nerves in two.

'Hark you, Baron,' said the little man, 'don't curse your friends before they fail; but to-morrow do as I tell you.' He whispered a few words in the Baron's ear, and walked through the wall as on the first occasion. And the lord of Katzenellenbogen looked pleased, and having chuckled mirthfully over his mighty posset, retired to his couch and snored.

VL

THE morning rose fresh, dewy, and serene. The glad voices of the birds mingled with the scent of the flowers, and went up through the pure atmosphere toward God. And Hildegard rose early, and seated herself sadly by her bed-side, when her morning prayer was ended, and began to think of her mournful lot.

A brattling fanfare of trumpets startled her from her meditations, and drew her to the window. In the court-yard below was a scaffold dressed, hung with black cloth, and surrounded by the retainers of the house of Katzenellenbogen. Upon it, masked and clothed in red, stood the tall *Scharfrichter*, or head-man, leaning upon his sword. Beside him, pale, gagged, with his hands bound behind him, knelt Graf Max von Steinrad. With a shriek, the poor girl fell back and covered her face with her hands; then rising, she ran to the door, drew the bolts, opened it, and found herself face to face with the Baron.

'Oh, save him! save him!' she cried.

'Come with me, fair dame,' he answered; and taking her hand he led her back to the window. 'There, you see, is your lover. You have now ten minutes to decide whether you will go with me to the altar, or see *his* head stricken from his shoulders.'

Hildegard fell at his feet, crying: 'O my lord, have you no mercy? Think of your own mother.'

'My father won her with the sword.'

'But you got possession of our persons by treachery.'

'Oh, all is fair in love.'

'Is there then no way to save him?'

'Yes: become my wife.'

‘I cannot ! I cannot !’

‘Then take your last look at him ; for when I have counted three, his head will roll in the dust.’

‘Mercy !’ cried Hildegard.

‘*One !*’ said the baron, and the executioner drew himself up.

‘Max ! dear Max !’ she called from the window, turning her streaming eyes toward her betrothed. He turned his pale face toward her, and made her a mute sign of adieu.

‘*Two !*’ and the headsman swung his sword on high. Then Hildegard, white as ashes, stretched out her hand to the Baron and said : ‘Lead me to the chapel !’

‘Unbind the prisoner and lead him to his room,’ ordered the Baron. ‘Now come, my bride.’

And he led her to the chapel, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced, and Hildegard was Baroness von Katzenellenbogen. She fell fainting, and was carried by her maidens into the sacristy.

While the Baron was still waiting, they heard a cry of alarm from the sentinel, and the feudal lord sprang forth and mounted the wall. Lo ! on the other side of the moat sate Hildegard upon a snow-white palfrey, and waved her hand to him, and struck her horse with a light whip, and away like the wind. He sprang from the wall, and across the draw-bridge ; there stood a jet-black charger saddled, and without a moment’s thought the Baron leaped upon his back and drove the spurs into his sides. The bound of the steed was like the swoop of an eagle, and he thundered down the hill. God, what a wild ride ! plashing through marsh and brook, scrambling through thicket and rocky pass, the woman and the palfrey before, the Baron behind on his swart steed, that snorted with fury. On up the Rhine, through startled hamlet, dark cedar-wood, on past the rock of the Lorelei to the house of a boatman on the shore. Here he saw Hildegard spring from her palfrey, and into a skiff, which with one light push she sent from the shore. A few bounds brought her pursuer to the same place, and in another moment he too was in a boat sweeping down the fierce current of the Rhine.

With his eyes fixed upon her, he saw her approach the rock of the Lorelei, and with light foot leap upon it. Then she dashed the white wreath from her head and shook down her tresses, no longer brown, but golden as the sun-light ; she tore the robe from her shoulders, and her white bosom rose, fair as the snow, and with her ivory arms she swept the golden chords of a harp, and her weird, sweet song rang into the reeling brain of the Baron.

‘O God !’ he shrieked, ‘it is the Lorelei.’ And as the power of the whirlpool caught his bark he heard her ringing, unearthly laugh, and saw her mocking, pitiless face. And the whirlpool had him and sucked him down into its vortex, and drew him round and round amid the sharp rocks at the bottom, and threw his bruised corpse back up to the surface, and the current cast it at the feet of the retainers upon the shore.

And when they would have raised it to bear it to the chapel, a horrid, ear-piercing whistle was heard, and the little man appeared, seized the corpse by the belt, swung it about like a feather, and vanished with it into the ground.

Thus, for her pity, did the Lorelei take the form of Hildegard and lure the Baron to his doom. As for Hildegard, all that the marriage had accomplished was to make her inheritress of the domain and castle of Katzenellenbogen; and not knowing precisely what else to do with it, she presented it to Graf Max von Steinrad, with all that was in it, including herself.

M A Y .

B Y A . W A L A N S .

I.

THE maple's light and slender rods
 A crimson glory round me shed,
 And on the air an incense floats
 Fresh from the violet's dewy bed;
 The willow's sad and drooping boughs
 Upon the breeze their tassels wave,
 And with the south wind weep and sigh
 Around a low and lonely grave.

II.

One year ago, and she who sleeps
 Beneath the church-yard's chilly mould,
 Above the place where now she rests,
 The secrets of her bosom told;
 Her bright and glowing cheeks outshone
 The spring-time maple's crimson bloom:
 Alas! that loveliness like hers
 Should blossom only for the tomb!

III.

The Summer wove its wreath of flowers
 Around her tresses, glory-crowned:
 It found her rosy as the hours
 That hail the sun's returning round;
 It left her as the lily pale
 That grows upon the grassy lea,
 With beauty more of heaven than earth,
 A thing of love and purity.

IV.

When Autumn's red and dying leaves
 In heaps within the forest lay,
 Sustained by child-like faith and trust,
 With seraph-wing she passed away.
 We heard upon the northern hills
 The icy Winter's heavy tread,
 And kissing then her snowy brow,
 Sadly we laid her with the dead.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

UP-COUNTRY LETTERS. Edited by Professor B —, National Observatory. In one volume: pp. 329. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE 'inkling' of this volume which we gave our readers in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER will have stimulated their curiosity to *hear* more of it; and this notice, we trust, may move them, by its purchase, to *see* more of it, 'complete in the original.' We begin by remarking, that the size of the volume is convenient, the lines open and clear, the paper good, and that there are two very tasteful engravings, from designs by WIER, who 'touches nothing that he does not ornament.' But the exterior of the work, neat as it is, will scarcely be noticed by the reader, after he has commenced the book. The author wins at once upon your confidence by his simplicity, his genuine feeling, and his unaffected love of outward and 'human' nature. His book is informed with a religious spirit, which you see rather in the heart of the author than in any forced exhibition of it for your behoof. There are touches of quiet humor occasionally, and satire that will be none the less effective from its being sly and unmalicious. But we shall let the author speak for himself in the few extracts for which we can find space: commencing with the annexed beautiful passage from a letter describing 'Sunday Night,' with the family of 'Pundison House,' recalling and singing over 'the old Connecticut hymns:'

'WE meet now — those of us who are left — but more rarely. We sing the same songs: but we are not all here. Some have faded away, and others are scattered about the land. Shall we ever meet again to sing those old tunes? Not here. We can have but an echo of those days now. But we may meet — all meet — in a better home. (May our FATHER in Heaven grant that this be so!) We may all meet there and sing them again, with the hosts of Heaven; with the 'thousands and thousands, and ten times thousands,' who surround the throne of the LAMB, and cease not day nor night, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, which was, and is, and is to come.'

'All gathered at one hearth — father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers — to walk in white robes: to sing there the song of the redeemed in glory! Oh, *my Father and my God*, will this be so? All — *all* gathered in that happy home! Will it be so?

'I have been to-night in one of my sad but joyous moods: silent and bewildered: the images of old friends and old times about me. It is not long since my voice was strong and firm. It is so now; but in this strange humor — this indomitable wilfulness of the heart — I have no power over it. I can but sit, speechless, and look up with a trembling hope to the kind HEAVEN which is over all.

'I was sitting, to-night, leaned back in my chair, while T. sat by the hearth, gazing silently upon the dying embers, when my father came in, and without speaking to us, began walking slowly across the room. Presently he began an old anthem. in a low tone, his voice — a very unusual thing — trembling, and at times almost failing him, while he walked slowly back and forth. The words, as well as I remember them, were: 'Farewell, farewell, my friends, and God grant that we may meet again, where trouble shall cease and harmony abound.' As he finished singing, he turned to me and asked what old piece it was. 'Strange,' he said, 'that I should think of it now. I do not remember of singing it in more than forty years. It must be one of the old pieces we used to sing on Litchfield Hill;' and again he repeated it slowly, as if searching carefully for the old tones so long buried — 'Farewell, farewell, my friends!'

'He retired soon after, but presently returned, with a black leather-covered book ('*Songs of the Temple*,' 819,) took a seat by the table, by the side of my wife, and opening the book carefully, turned to an old tune not at all familiar to me, but of a soft and plaintive strain. It was very sim-

ple in tone, but exceedingly difficult in construction. My father sang it through once by himself, and then asked us to sing it with him. I was in that foolish condition I have mentioned — my eyes troubled with tears — and could make no reply. I was, in fact, pretending to sleep. My father looked at me a moment, over his glasses, but said no more, and began singing again; my wife joining with him. These are the words:

“ ‘Tis finished,’ so the SAVIOUR cried,
And meekly he laid his head and died;
‘Tis finished — yes — the race is run,
The battle fought — the victory won!’

‘They sang it again and again, with the same words. My wife has a sweet voice, and they both sang in low and subdued tones; my father using but little of his usual gesticulation, only raising and lowering his hands slowly, as in prayer. Once at the close of the verse, he looked at T. with a smile, and remarked, gently, that she did not quite touch a certain note. ‘But,’ said he, in the same low tone, ‘it is very intricate.’ Again and again they repeated it, and the words still throb at my heart:

“ ‘The battle’s fought — the victory won!’

‘At length my father rose, bowed, without speaking, and retired. T. came and sat by me, silently, for a few moments, and went up to her rest.

‘And now the midnight has come, my friend, and Sunday night is over. I must go now. But I shall still see that picture of youth and age bending over the old book — the calm and prayerful face of T. and the grave but rapt look of my father: I shall still hear, in the morning watch, those sweet, sad tones, and those glorious words:

“ ‘Tis finished — yes — the race is run;
The battle fought — the victory won!’

Now here are two ‘bits,’ as connoisseurs say, in picking out the beauties of a fine picture, which strike us as being very felicitous writing. And yet the one is simply a fragment of a ‘cattle-piece,’ and the other a ‘good-bye’ to a favorite horse:

‘Tis had her calf, as usual, last spring, and as usual, it was taken from her, after a week or so. This is, perhaps, the most exciting part of Tis’s life: for such is her fury on these occasions, that we are obliged to shut her in the stable, carefully hiding which way the calf is taken; as that way she would take, over whatever hindrances. She has often been down a twenty-foot bank, in the rear of the grove, but by what miracle to arrive at the bottom alive, no body has been present to witness. For a day or two, and sometimes for a week, after the calf is taken away, the cow goes about in a melancholy and half-distracted manner, giving out horrid ejaculations, and running at every thing which has the remotest resemblance to a calf. But after a few days, these die away into low wails; and in the sweetness of the new grass, she forgets at last that she is a mother, or apparently forgets, and nearly all day you will see her sitting on the very pinnacle of the little knoll in the east pasture. (for I speak not now of the solstitial heats, when she goes down under the hickories,) and looking always to the rising sun. There sat Tis, this last summer, as she had for many summers before, and was to all appearance content and cheerful. It was now about two months after her calf had been removed, when one morning I walked out into the pasture, and there saw, in the astonished gaze of the whole world, this same little Tis being suckled by a great black calf which had broken in from a neighbor’s premises! As you may suppose, my indignation, not less than my amazement, was excessive. But what was wonderful, Sir, she refused to give up the big booby. In short, there was nearly the same time and trouble in creating this divorce, that there had been in taking away her little heifer; which, by the way, was like herself, of a beautiful red. Now, how could she imagine this black rascal to be her little red heifer? But here I remark, that perhaps she did n’t. Tis is no fool; but if she has a fault, it is her extraordinary benevolence. And I take this position: she probably said to herself: ‘Bless my soul and body! look at that calf! but it’s not my little heifer; the black rascal, he comes up to me as though I was his mother. He is a bold fellow! there he is nosing and butting about: upon my word; modest, eh? Ah well, my good people, while I’m a cow, and there’s calves abroad, here’s breakfast for all!’

‘Have I told you that JESSY is gone? ay, Sir, gone! I have sent her to my cousin, the squire. JOHNNY, who is at a neighbor’s, took her to the station, and put her on the cars, neatly blanketed, and with a clean halter, labelled, ‘JESSY of the Vine Leaves, for the Squire at the Falls of the Rattle-down, Old Connecticut.’ The SQUIRE is well acquainted with all her ways, and promises to take care of her. She is, as it were, retired from life: for years I have used her but rarely, and now she is to devote herself entirely to domestic matters. In short, I have already spoken for the first colt. Think, Sir, of a colt from JESSY; a young lightning; a swift embodiment of nerve and fancy, kicking up his heels under those grand old mountains! Some people question whether, being in her latter days, and a horse of such high imagination, the having a colt may not frighten her out of her wits. I can imagine her trembling, and staring with a mute look of awe and wonder, at the apparition; but, Sir, when she appreciates the fact, that this is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, how bright will be the pasture that morning; how sunny all the world! She will behave herself with the dignity of a mother; but if that youngster ever gets to imagine that he is doing any great thing, as he flourishes about the lots, how will she undeceive the lad — for the fact is, the mare never will be old: especially now that she is to have colts, and to lead a pastoral life, for the rest of her days.

‘Good-bye, JANNY: never again shall I go over your head, in a somerset, as I did so often, years and years ago. I am safe from that, and you are let out into sweet grasses, and young peas, and all good things, for the rest of your life. But, by and by, as the years roll on, you will, some day, wander away up the hill-side, and there lie down for the last time, under the big apple-tree by the lane; and by that time, perhaps, or sooner, I shall have done with looking on, in this swift-footed life, and the light of the river and the pasture will have faded away. Good-bye: good-bye.’

Our author is usually calm and quiet, and 'possesses himself in great contentment;' but one evening he was very much 'out of sorts' indeed; and he gives vent to his feelings in this wise: 'Ah! what a day we have had: howling, blowing, snow-squalling! I'm going to bed, but I don't expect to sleep a wink. I shall wink, however; wink, and wink, and wink, all night. Do nothing else. Devils will be about, and processions of little people six inches high. I know them. See them often. All making faces and doing the silliest things. All gaping, sneezing, blowing in tin-horns, ringing bells—SCAT!' This sounds like a 'tendency of blood to the head.' We close our extracts with a letter entitled '*Drive Slow*,' which, while it depicts an overtasked brain, is full of meaning:

'My father was right I have driven too fast.

'And oh, that some angel, in the days gone by, had continually written in letters of fire between me and this our dashing world—in all times of peril, in by-ways and in dark places—those words of wisdom, *drive slow, drive slow*

'For now—we must go on; at whatever rate, we must drive on: and there is no rest; no rest, although we go to wreck and ruin, as crumbling bones and bewildered head attest. In short, Professor, we are coming to a break-up.

'The outriders are about: outriders of the long nights, the nights to come: nights of watching and trouble; among the mountains, the 'dark mountains:' among the strange faces, and doings still more strange: nights to which the morning is a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

'And beyond, is DEATH. Over the way there, and not far, death. Him, with God's help, we can meet, but I like not this company.

'Forerunners of evil—officious messengers—*Vanish!*

'I say this with some dignity, but in a moment they are here again; and oh, so busy, busy, busy; and for ever in that continual mutter and sneeze.

'You will think, perhaps, I am outlining imaginary things. Would that I could give you just the outlines. It would satisfy you for a life-time, even if you had been born in the Hartz Mountains. FRANK knows them well, but he is away over the blue water.

'They are about me, by times, all day, these imaginary (?) voices, but at night they come in crowds.

'It is now approaching the midnight, and I am alone, writing here with pen, ink, and paper. This, I suppose, is fact. I am a fact, also. I *see* myself, the paper and pen, the fire now in its ashes, the empty chairs which our gentle-people left an hour ago for their rooms above; and to any one else the room would *seem* solemn and still as the grave. *It is not.* Solemn enough it is, but full of people. I could see them with slight effort, but am careful to make no experiments. I have tried that in times past: it was unpleasant. It is enough to hear them, as I do now; not in some distant chamber, but here at my elbow. within the sweep of my arm, muttering and complaining always in low, sad tones, but all about what, no man knoweth this side the grave. Long, long discussions, broken with sudden starts and pauses, exclamations, whistlings, and coughings especially: but mainly it is a low, grumbling monotone from very unhappy people apparently, who can't be satisfied, and are continually questioning and questioning, and again questioning, and objecting for ever and for ever to all propositions of peace.

'I turn round in my chair (they are always on my left) and say to them, mentally: 'Will you *please* stop for a few moments? will you have the kindness to be quiet, say for five minutes, (only five minutes,) while I finish this letter?' I do this in the gentlest manner, but:

'No—no—can't stop—can't—can't—can't: *do n't know how*—no—no—can't stop!

'I rise, and thunder—GET OUT! SCATTER!

'This frightens them some, (they are afraid of me as death; there's comfort in that;) but in a moment they are here again.

'*Why* do they come to me? Professor, man of science, star-gazer, why? and why do they come to me? I can't help them. Let them speak out, and above board; but these hints!

'I shudder to think, however, that if they should speak plainly, intelligibly, I should inevitably reply; and this, carried on to any extent, would be—what? Speak it out, Professor, speak it out; no hints from you, my fast friend; it would be—madness!

'This, however, I do not apprehend; for I know them of old. They are forerunners of the long nights, beyond which, as I said, is death. But let them come. I have driven too fast, and must pay the reckoning.'

We have found no space, much to our regret, to notice a pleasant thread of foreign correspondence, appearing here and there, in artistic juxtaposition and variety in the volume, in the shape of gossiping letters from one FRANK BRYARS, who seems to think and write marvellously like the friend to whom he addresses his epistles. The paternity of the 'log-book' on ship-board we fancy we could almost 'swear to.' Life at sea, the arrival on a foreign shore, and running glances at life in Paris, are exceedingly well sketched. But we must take sudden leave of these 'Up-Country Letters,' and with the foregoing evidences of their variety and pleasantness, commend them cordially to the acceptance and admiration of our readers.

NEW RHETORICAL READER AND ELOCUTIONIST. By WILLIAM H. GILDER, A.M. In one volume: pp. 336. New-York: J. C. RIKER.

THE author, unlike the majority of those who prepare school-books, modestly remarks in his preface that his work does not claim superiority over all its predecessors, nor does he know that the interests of education are suffering for the want of it; but that his long experience as a teacher has qualified him, he believes, to prepare a reading-book which will be found valuable to those to whom is confided the training of the rising generation. From an examination, however, of its selections, we are prepared to say that it will be found fully equal to many similar works, and in some respects decidedly superior. While the old standard extracts from the best authors are still reproduced, that they may continue to each successive generation 'familiar as household words,' many names have been added from the catalogue of those who have enriched our current age, and added brightness to our national literature. There are several hundreds of judicious, well-made selections, both in prose and in verse, well adapted to make the scholar versed in the most eloquent and beautiful writers of the language. The work is preceded by a succinct and excellent essay on the essential principles of elocution. We wish it all the success which it deserves.

MEMOIRS OF EXTRAORDINARY POPULAR DELUSIONS, and the 'Madness of the People.' By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES, with SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES. The Discoveries of BOTTA and LAYARD applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. By JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.L.

ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLOTTE A. EATON. Fifth Edition: with Illustrations.

WE have heretofore, on three or four occasions, alluded to the different excellent 'Libraries' published by Bohn, in London, and Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-row, in this city, and we are the more impressed with their value and beauty by every subsequent issue. We have now before us the several books whose titles are prefixed to this notice. The first is an exceedingly interesting work, in two volumes. It opens with a description of '*Law's Mississippi Bubble*,' familiar to our readers through the admirable paper thus entitled, written by WASHINGTON IRVING for these pages. In addition to this, we have the 'South-Sea Bubble,' so well depicted by CHARLES LAMB, with chapters on 'The Alchemists,' 'Prophesiers,' 'Fortune-Tellers,' 'Magnetizers,' 'Crusaders,' 'Witches,' 'Slow-Poisoners,' 'Haunted Houses,' 'Duels and Ordeals,' etc.: the whole illustrated by a great number and variety of effective engravings. - - - THE second-named work is a new edition of the celebrated 'Tour,' with introduction and notes by ROBERT CARUTHERS, and is illustrated with numerous portraits, views, and characteristic designs. It contains some poetical pieces by Dr. JOHNSON, relative to the tour, and never before published, a series of his conversations, literary anecdotes, and opinions of men and books, together with an account of the distresses and escape of the grand-son of King JAMES the Second, in the year 1746. - - - 'NINEVEH and its Palaces' is a large and liberal'y-illustrated

work. It bears this motto from the Bible, and its deductions are in accordance with the spirit of the passage:

‘For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.’

Our readers will remember the long and elaborate notice taken in these pages of LAYARD’s discoveries, at the time they first transpired, and will therefore feel a renewed interest in the interesting work now published. - - - The volume last named in our list is the first of two, now published from the fifth edition. The work contains a complete account of the ruins of the ‘Ancient City,’ the remains of the Middle-Ages, and the monuments of modern times, with remarks on the fine arts, the museums of sculpture and painting, the manners, customs, and religious ceremonies of the modern Romans, etc., etc. Thirty-four engraved illustrations truly ‘embellish’ the work, and a complete index leaves nothing to be desired for the convenience and gratification of the reader. From the same enterprising publishers we have ‘The Tattler’ and ‘Guardian;’ the fifth volume of ‘*Vasari’s Lives of the Painters*,’ of the ‘Standard Library;’ ‘*Ovid, Literally Translated*,’ (Heroides, Amours, Art of Love, etc.,) of the ‘Classical Library;’ and ‘*Kirby’s Bridgewater Treatises*,’ of the ‘Scientific Library:’ all of them works of the highest character and value, but of which we cannot farther speak ‘at this present.’

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. In four volumes. Volumes One and Two. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THERE is reason, we think, to believe that the present edition of BURNS’ life and works will eventually take the place of all others that have preceded it. Aside from the new matter here presented, much of which possesses no ordinary interest, the arrangement of the work is admirable. Instead of the poems being inserted together after the biography, as in all other editions heretofore, they are mingled with the descriptions of the scenes and events in BURNS’ life which gave rise to them. CURRIE aimed at no detail of the poet’s life, and did little more than arrange reports on the subject from the poet himself and others, and to accompany the narrative with dissertations on the institutional influences which affect the character of the Scottish peasant. In the publication of the poetical and prose writings of BURNS, he paid little attention to arrangement or illustration, but contented himself with a tasteful selection. LOCKHART’S life of the poet adds little to the details previously known, although it is kind without being partial toward its subject, and informed with a fine spirit of criticism. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM’S biography gives a great amount of anecdote, and has much of the charm of that pleasant writer’s manner; yet he failed to apprehend and grapple with the difficulties of his subject, and his work left much to be desired. In the present volumes, the author has entered upon a minute examination of *all* the materials which existed for a biography of the great peasant-bard, and has collected new and authentic particulars from all available sources, including the memory of his youngest sister, who still survives. The author must have been at vast pains of research in ascertaining dates; in tracing the relations of writings to facts, and facts to writings; in checking mistakes, not merely of biographers, but of the poet himself and his nearest relatives; and in verifying fresh information of the highest interest and value. Commending

this edition, which is in a convenient form, and well executed, to the hearty acceptance of every lover of BURNS and of true Scottish poetry, we close our notice with this single passage from the author's preface:

'As to the tone adopted regarding the *morale* of BURNS, my wish has been, in a word, to write the truth with tenderness. To say that BURNS was a man, is to say that he was not without infirmities. On this subject there has been much error on both sides, and the very prominence given to the subject has involved an injustice. I feel, for my own part, no hesitation in showing BURNS as the being of impulse and passion, subject, like other men, to occasional aberrations, which he actually was, but this in due subordination to the many admirable traits of character which shone in his life and writings. Regarding one whose brief life was one long hardship, relieved by little beside an ungainful excitement; who, during this singularly hapless career, did, on the whole, well maintain the grand battle of Will against Circumstances; who, strange to say, in the midst of his own poverty, conferred an inestimable and imperishable gift upon mankind — an Undying Voice for their finest sympathies; stamping at the same time more deeply the divine doctrine of the fundamental equality of consideration due to all men; regarding such a one, justice might perhaps be contented with less, but it could not well demand more. His writings involve much that one cannot but think unhappily chosen in point of subject and allusion; but, after all, who could wish even those which are most infelicitous in this respect unwritten?'

A STEP FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD, AND BACK AGAIN. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. In two volumes: pp. 608. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THERE has been no lack, for several years past, of books of European travel; insomuch that it requires a bold and adventurous writer, or one whose name alone would give a *prestige* to his book, to venture upon the publication of his 'travel's history.' We are glad, however, in common, we are quite certain, with all his readers, that Mr. TAPPAN has thus adventured. He has gone over ground, to be sure, that has often been gone over before; he has seen men and things often seen and described; and yet he has invested all that he saw and heard with a new interest, and given us a comparatively fresh work. As a single example of the spirited style of his volumes, we present this 'picture in little' of the Grindelwald and Oberland Alps, which brings that scene of grandeur at once before the reader:

'I CHANCED to look toward the Grindelwald, where the mountains had been for an hour or two veiled in clouds, when a shining speck caught my eye, high up in the heavens above the clouds, and as I supposed, at first, above the tops of the Alps. The clouds opened a little more, and I perceived it was a snow-peak. I never before had such an impression of the height of the Alps. Our judgment of height, as well as of magnitude generally, is relative. From childhood nothing has appeared so high to us beneath the heavens as the clouds. From the place where I was, I could not see any of the lower mountains; I saw only a mass of clouds, and the snow-peak above them. The comparison, therefore, was simply with the clouds themselves. How high did it appear? The height varied with my thought, but sometimes it seemed to occupy the elevation of the sun, for it broke out of the clouds as the sun is often seen to do.

'While sailing on the lake down to Thun, as the sun sunk low in the west, the whole range of the Oberland gradually emerged from the clouds. Peak after peak sprung up into the levelled beams of the sun, and the horizon was studded with golden pinnacles which seemed to rise from a sea of clouds. The shores of the lake rejoiced in the same beautiful sun-light; and when we reached the lower end of the lake, the Aur, as it shot from its bosom, appeared like a swift messenger hastening away to far-off lands, to tell them a story of the lake and the mountains.

'There is an old castle in Thun — some eight centuries old — standing upon an eminence in the midst of the town, to which you ascend by steps; and near the old tower is an old church, with a terrace on which some yews are planted. This terrace looks out upon the lake and the Alps. I went up there to witness the effect of the setting sun upon the ice-mountains which now lay exposed to view in a clear atmosphere. It is a sight one can never grow tired of. I looked out from between two young yew-trees: the old town lay at my feet; then came the river, emerging from the lake above the town, with wooded banks and beautiful country-seats scattered along; then the lake of Thun, now dark under the shadow of the Niesen; then the farther shore rising into forest slopes, and these again into limestone hills and mountains; then the Alps, with mist at their base above the lower mountains; and last of all, the snowy tops in the heavens, bathed in purple and roseate sunshine.'

We have no farther room for comment upon these volumes; but we may well forego that pleasure, since the work itself will have found its way to a large portion of our readers before this Magazine will have left the press. Its external execution, it is not amiss to add, is excellent in all respects.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER 'LETTER FROM UP THE RIVER.' — 'There is in the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*,' says a public critic, of rare taste and accomplishments, '*A Letter from Up the River*,' chatting of every-day country life in a style of delightful freshness and naïveté. Give us more, O friendly 'KNICK!' To which appeal we reply, by pointing to the following admirable epistle, which strikes us as even superior to any that have preceded it:

' *Up the River*, July 18.

'In my last I informed you of the reception of a pair of superb Shanghais, a cock and a hen. They are docile and magnificent birds, distinguished by an erect military carriage, and with voices which appear to be clarified with rock-candy. I put them in the crib for three or four days until they should become domesticated. But they immediately take to their new home. How different from cats!

'This is not the first time that I have received presents of this kind: not long since, some imperial sherry; and I have had my doubts whether the course for me would not be to turn imperial beggar, to come out boldly and state my wants, when there is no 'manner of doubt' that they would be supplied; for there are so many people who, to quote the language of Mr. SMITH, my neighbor, 'take an interest into me,' that I should have my enclosures full of blood-stock. I learn by your own note to me that you went to MORRIS'S great sale at Fordham, fully cocked and primed with the intention of procuring Shanghais, which was baffled because only short-horns and Durhams were offered by the auctioneer. A dreadful fatality attends our efforts, when directed toward making a gift! It would not be at all surprising if I got another pair of Shanghais from some quarter or other, but this would be a work of supererogation, as I am already supplied. The yellow legs of these fowls are covered with down, and they afford a fine chance for the abandoned chicken-stealer, as they permit you to take them from the roost without flutter or noise. Let Mr. ANTHONY look to this when he comes out of jail. Their excellence was discovered by the missionaries at Shanghai, in China, and you will find their pictures drawn to the life in books on poultry. If I mistake not, that excellent work written by Mr. ABRAHAM COCK was published before the importation of the bird.

'Some people in these parts have lately turned their chickens and even cattle into the oat-fields. It would remind you of PHARAOH'S times to walk abroad, for the 'grass-hopper' has become 'a burden.' They literally strip the fields of vegetation, and go in hosts. After consuming the corn, the hay, and the oats, in their raging gluttony they hop into the windows and attack the rugs and carpets. The other day they bit my hand, and bit my cheek, and ate a hole in my

lady's shawl; and their mouths are full of molasses. Hops are abundant, but other crops will be rare. Hay is already exorbitantly high, I mean in the market. On the edges of the high-ways they have literally gnawed out the roots of the grass, leaving the surface as bare as the 'Battery' or Boston Common after the Fourth of July. Frogs, who have hitherto carried off the palm in hopping, leap into the wells out of sheer vexation, and remain in their cool seclusion until drawn up in buckets.

'While the locusts this year move in advance, and the grass-hoppers forage among the corn, General POTATO-BUG has squatted down with his innumerable hosts in the gardens and patches. At night they betake themselves to their brown wings, and with their stomachs full of potatoes sit down in a new place. I have impaled a half-dozen of them on the steel point which writes this, and I now proceed to attack them with my pen. For other kind of bugs you use quills, only the feather-end, dipped in corrosive sublimate instead of corrosive ink. But of these enemies of the Irish people no body knows how to get rid. They are a teeming nuisance, and if you mash one of them on your hand it immediately raises a blister, like the monkey's kiss inflicted on the dear little sister of the baboon. It is supposed that the incursion of the bugs is owing to the want of more stringent game-laws, but in PHARAOH's times, when they did not go a-shooting, they had them in abundance. It is more than probable, however, that the Egyptians excelled in snares, and got more birds than we do now by powder and shot. *Ho torto, o ragione*: am I right or wrong!

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'NINETEENTH. — To-day it is hot, hot! Walking among the mountains to get milk-weed, I came upon a clear stream fretting over the stones. Searching out a resplendent pool where the willows drooped, taking a bird's-eye view that no MUSIDORA might be at hand, looking around warily to see that the coast was clear of snakes, I stuck my cane into the velvet turf upon the marge, and hanging thereon a beacon shirt, upon my word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in. *O fons Bandusie, splendidior vitro!* O delightful rivulet in Dutchess county, clear as crystal!—how refreshing to the wearied traveller in search of milk-weeds! How welcome each advancing ripple, pictured and tinted with the wild rose which grew upon the marge, as if the spirit of the flower had become detached from its corporeal form, and been translated to the lymph! It was a bath of roses, O my friend, which Croton fascets and pewter tubs cannot afford. For who would touch the filthy flesh-brush — oh horrible! — hung up for general use in the steaming bath-house, when he can have the friction of the willow-branches, which, like the long hair of the Nereïds, float upon the stream! More pleasant far to let your head rest upon a rock, to be embraced and cradled by the living waves, cast your eyes up to the blue sky, mark the castles, mountains, and Alpine masses formed by the white clouds, and with a soul purified from every earthly stain, and every nerve re-strung, imagine much, and gather strength and courage in your buoyant arms, which just hung nerveless at your side. There as I lay I heard with satisfaction the sound of the broiling locusts, and the horns which called the laborer to his meal, and the enchanting music of the bobolink. The cat-bird sang his superior cavatina in the bush; the larches and the mountain-pines swayed with a faint celestial melody; the willows sighed. Then came floating along in the amber-cells of the refreshed brain sweet memories of the poets; what HORATIUS says in his odes; what VIRGILIUS in his Eclogues; what PLINUS in his letters; what the classic muse of IZAAK WALTON, and all the Aldine bards. From the bath one rises up a better man; and he

must be a grovelling wretch indeed who would go to do a mean or sordid act before his hair is dry. It allays the mind, quickens intellect, abates *ennui*. Oh! how flat, weary, stale and unprofitable does life appear 'in a dry and thirsty land where no water is!' The earth is regenerated in baptism. In my present domicile I have one substitute for a bath, which I admit is a poor one, and would meet with the contempt of any Turk, and that is a big tub and sponge, in which I dabble two or three times a day, reading or writing at the same time. That is what I am doing now, and it is no small matter to keep the paper dry. Sometimes when it rains I sit on a stone under a gutter at the corner of the house, pushing aside a wild rose-bush, and so take it. This is good, but the country is at present afflicted with drouth. The corn wants a drink. The *blades* demand it, both here and in the State of Maine, but heaven and earth at present distil nothing. What will become of us if we want water as well as rum!

'Oh! it is glorious toward the close of a sultry day, when you can see the flood of rarified air play and vibrate over the fields like a fine steam, to hear the cry: 'There is a shower coming!' and presently the sun is clouded, fresh breezes fan the forehead, the clouds come trooping over the mountains in delightful angry blackness, the thunder rolls, the forked lightnings begin to play, the dust and leaves whirl in eddies, and in the distance you hear a steady roar like the beating of breakers on the coast. Then come a few hail-shots from the advance-guard of the storm; then a few icy flakes and round pellets tumbling from the piazza. The winds grow furious; the trees bend low; the brittle willow-branches and worm-eaten locust-boughs fall to the ground; and at last, in one illuminated sheet, illuminated by constant flashes, the rain falls. How great the disappointment when the clouds promise the impending storm, marshal themselves for an hour on the mountain-tops, then pass by to discharge their honey on some other thirsty place! Sometimes we are envious of Orange, sometimes of Westchester. We see the falling showers in the distance, and know that other parts of the heritage is refreshed, while we pant and fan ourselves, and the heated pig stretches himself at full length in the way-side gutter—a picture of beastly luxury, which makes one smile. While I now write, all this is coming to pass. My apples and plums are fast falling to the earth, shaken off by the wanton wind. The girl has just brought in an egg laid by the Shanghai hen, guided to the nest by a triumphant cackle, which proclaimed that another egg was in the world.

'Speaking of birds, one remark, if you please, on robins. There is a nest upon a neighboring tree, and I was glad to see their young mouths open, and the earth-worm dropped by the parent-bird into the ruddy gulfs. At last they took their first lessons in the flying-art, venturing from limb to limb, and from bush to bush. A hawk, wheeling in bold circles, and with his eye intent, at one fell swoop seized one of these young innocents in his talons, and cropt his education in the bud. He was pursued and picked at by a number of little screaming birds, but bore his prey aloft to a mountain rock, where he picked out its eyes and fluttering heart. Munching and chewing at his entrails, the gluttonous hawk might say, 'This is a tender pullet, and has grown fat on flies. Many an insect has he deprived of its new-born young.' There is some truth in such ratiocination, no doubt. What am I doing myself at this moment! Writing by candle-light, and the bugs and millers (to say nothing of the buzzing, disgusting beetles, who bump their heads against the wall) bother me so much, getting into the eyes, into the nose, and into the mouth, that the paper on which this is scrawled is full of victims. In one corner lies *Moscurro* at full length, hammered flat with

a blow of the fist, with his long antlers stretched out, and his tune arrested in the midst: in another, Mr. MILLER is laid out dead. I have killed an hundred organisms more ingenious than any Yankee clock in as many seconds, while others have committed suicide by flying into the flame. So thus might the hawk, if as wise as the owl, pounce upon me in argument and say, 'This is all right. It is the way of the world.' But I was sorry that this particular robin should mourn the tragic fate of its young, and I will tell you why. The other day he did what no other adult robin ever did in my own knowledge, and caused a singular portent or omen to occur. He hopped upon the shoulder of a good boy standing on the lawn, and for five minutes sang a song in his very ear. 'Oh!' said the little boy, who stood as still as a piece of sculpture, and scarcely breathed, 'it was so sweet! it was so musical!' Perhaps it might have been to thank the family for the protection afforded to his nest, and for the veto on percussion-guns, and for the largess of daily crumbs. He seemed to say, 'My family are now fledged, and in a few days will go to seek their fortune in the world. In another year, when they become parents themselves, they will build their nests upon the self-same bough. Thanks, kind people! Until another blooming spring, farewell!'

'I have received a letter with this impertinent query: 'At what time in the afternoon do you breakfast?' I don't breakfast in the afternoon: I am out to 'meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' to look upon the jewelled blades. Sometimes I over-sleep myself (the other day by four hours) over the usual time, for the want of a Yankee clock, but the next morning balanced the books, and made the equation right by a mistake the opposite way. My watch is out of order, having been running for four years without tinkering or quackery, which is longer than the human system keeps a-going without medicine, in these dyspeptic times. My watch *lies* under my pillow, (tick upon tick,) or at least it did the other day, for when I drew it out it was half-past ten o'clock. I sprang up in hot haste, swallowed hot coffee, and had the breakfast swept away with the same rapidity that some people despatch dinner. In an hour after, I sent over to the neighbors to compare time, and lo! it was half past five o'clock, and a pleasant morning! My time-piece had stopped, and the hands still pointed to half-past ten. The Yankees make brass clocks which are sold for one dollar, and not 'poor pay poor preach' either, for they 'lectur' upon time with all truth and propriety, and are an active example of 'good works.' Will not the Yankees make a piano at the same price, which will play as well as their watches work? They can't do it. This I only say by way of throwing out the gauntlet and challenging them to try, for if they can invent a machine for a dollar to keep time, that is the most important part of music.

'I have been much amused in observing the action of one or two patent Yankee churns to go by 'dog-power.' They work extremely well. Nothing short of a horse, as you know, is taken into account as a unit in the admeasurement of the mighty strength dispensed by steam. We say an engine of so many horse-power. Still, dog-strength is considerable, and although it would not move a gigantic engine, it will suffice for a machine. We make a distinction betwixt an engine and a machine. The one shows ingenuity, the other power and ingenuity combined. A dog has excellent lungs, full of breath. Observe CARLO, or PONTO, or NER, or BOSE, (or whatever your dog's name is,) when you ride out. You may drive at full speed, like my friend SMITH, over a plank-road—for SMITH always drives fast—but the dog which accompanies the horses goes ten times as far, now jumping up as if to catch them by the lip, then running a quarter of a mile

ahead after butterflies or swallows, and returning again; now taking a zig-zag course from one side to the other of the road, and finding time to swim streams and fight a dozen battles by the way; yet always fetching up with the carriage moderately panting, and with only a few crystal drops distilling from the end of his tongue. Observing these traits of endurance, the Yankee, the ingenious Yankee, devoted his attention to the application of dog-power. The horse, placed on a vile treading-mill to get the chaff out of wheat, is inadequate to the task: his eyes bulge out of his head, and he soon becomes blind and dies; but a man of common acuteness could see that the dog was the very animal to accomplish this kind of work. Hence we date the origin of churning-machines to go by dog-power. They have accomplished a perfect triumph; and those who have large dairies candidly confess that they could not do without them.

'I lately saw a dog in the course of training, and at first he evidently did not like it. He held back, refused to step, and was nearly choked by the collar. But with a good deal of coaxing he was prevailed on to make the machine churn a little. The other dog, whom I have in my eye, for the most part *loved* to churn. At times he would skulk away when he felt unwell or lazy, but he would frequently of his own accord come and jump upon the mill, and set it a-going an hour at a time, of his own free choice, with no collar about his neck, when he could jump off at any moment, and making the meanwhile the goldenest and best butter in Dutchess county. The master of this dog has placed a carpet on the rim of the wheel, to prevent his feet from becoming sore — a wise and humane precaution. I do not know when I was more gratified than to see him the other day orderly stepping it off over the carpeted circumference, hanging his tongue out, it is true, and casting side-long glances of the meekest kind, but persevering with a noble ambition toward the great work of making good butter. It was a devotion of his dog-powers alike beautiful and sublime, as far as beauty and sublimity can be applied to the dairy.

'TWENTIETH. — This morning the Shanghai hen laid another egg, of a rich brunette complexion, which we took away, and replaced by a common vulgar egg, intending to reserve the Shangaai's in a cool place until the time of incubation. Very much amused was I with the sequel. The proud and haughty superiority of the breed manifested itself by detecting the cheat and resenting the insult. SHANG and ENG flew at the supposititious egg with the utmost indignation and picked it to pieces, scratching the remnants of the shell from the nest. I am now very much afraid lest Mrs. ENG should 'steal a nest,' and set upon a parcel of eggs spoiled by the intense heat. But as she understands the philosophy of hatching better than I, perhaps she will make it all right. I must take the hint conveyed by the severe reproof of the broken shell, and remove no more eggs. There is one peculiarity of these fowls which deserves to be mentioned. When I removed mine from the basket, I thought that the worthy donor had clipped their wings to prevent them from flying away, or scaling the hennery. On farther knowledge I have learned that their style and fashion is that of the jacket-sleeve and bob-tail coat. Their eminent domesticity is clearly signified by this, because they cannot get over an ordinary fence, and would not if they could. It is because they have no disposition to do this, that Nature, with wonderful adaptation, has cropt them of their superfluous wings, and given them a plumage suitable to their desires. 'Their sober wishes never learn to stray.' They often come into the kitchen, but never go abroad to associate with common fowls, but remain at home in dignified retirement. Another thing remarkable and quite

renowned about this breed is, the oriental courtesy and politeness of the cock. If you throw a piece of bread, he waits till the hen helps herself first, and often carries it to her in his own beak. The feathered people in the east, and those not feathered, are far superior to ours in those elaborate and delightful forms of manner which add a charm and zest to life. This has been from the days of ABRAHAM until now. There are no common people in those realms. All are polite, and the very roosters illustrate the best principles laid down in any book of etiquette. *Book of Etiquette!* What is conventionalism without the in-born sense? Can any man or beast be taught to be mechanically polite? Not at all: not at all!

'As this letter is all about birds, although not written with a quill, but with an abominable steel pen, of which the right-hand nib is worn out, I must tell you that the swallows' nest has fallen down the chimney full of young birds. I have just looked at them through the round hole in which the stove-pipe goes. They are very pretty, and as lively as young kittens, picking one another's feathers and scrambling over each other with much twittering and noise. The parent swallows come down chimney twenty times a day to give them food. I could not help contrasting their position at the bottom of such a dark cell with the gay and joyous life to which they are destined to emerge, feeding like the chameleon on blue ether, and glancing along the valleys with the rapidity of an electric flash. What gladness! what vivacity! what energy of the principle of life! Sitting on the porch, when my own brain is dull and apoplectic, and no pleasant images come athwart it, I often envy the sailing swallows, and this may account for a dream of flying experienced in my night-slumbers at least fifty times. The wings are indeed furnished by imagination, but with a glorious, triumphant motion 'I mount, I fly:' and the sensation, the thought, is as actual, as perfectly realized, as if awake. What does this mean? The recurrence of the dream so often, instigates me to reflection, and compels me to think that it *has* significance. It tells me that the birds which fly so fleetly are but an emblem of the spirit's exhilarating speed when it shall have shuffled off this mortal coil; that what is thus anticipated shall come to pass, and that the soul shall fly from realms to realms of beauty, for ever and for ever. How cheering and consolatory is this lesson, in which I am instructed by the birds! I am occasionally annoyed by the filthy, nauseous, and disgusting bats. One of these got in the room the other night, and was very agitated, nervously dodging and seeking the door, which, like the entrance of a cavern, opened on the abyss of night. First I attacked him with a broom-stick, and then knocked him down with a cane, because I was afraid that he would get in my hair. Also I am annoyed by the little owls: likewise by the wasps. Last summer a little owl roosted on a pear-tree before my door, and ulalooed in a manner to silence the very wolves. I could not stand it, and took the trouble to dress myself and go down and throw a stone at him. He acknowledged the hint without waiting long to see what virtue there is in stones, and flitted off to the tree under my neighbor's window, where he quavered away all night with his deplorable ululations. He was one of those bullety little fellows who make a clicking, wooden noise with their bills, like the sound of Spanish castanets, and whose gray ears stick out at the side of their heads, and with eyes as rotund as a wild grape. I heartily wished that he was in BARNUM'S Museum. I used to be amused with the owl who is perched on the mantel-piece of your sanctum. I thought that he was good for an emblem, and that was all which he *was* good for. He looked as grave as a Doctor of Divinity,

or a Professor of the dead languages. And how very deep and unfathomable appeared his thought—'deeper than plummet ever sounded.' Do you not ask him questions? Do you not go to him for advice? Depend on it, he has got more wisdom than he knows what to do with, and might be an interpreter of hieroglyphica. But this epistle is too long. Time flies as well as bata. The shades of evening begin to descend, and as VIRGIL says in his Eclogue, the mountains throw a lengthened shadow. Good evening!'

'P. W. S.'

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'P. S.—I must add a postscript to my letter which, after so much lightsome jocundity, may have the appearance of a tragedy after a farce; but I am 'impressed' to write it, as the spiritual rappers say. It was a beautiful summer day, and I had risen with the lark expecting to depart on another excursion among the 'high hills' which are a refuge for the wild goats, and among the stony rocks 'which are a refuge for the conies.' The smoke and mists on the mountains were dissolving away, and the sun rose up into a cloudless sky, while a gentle breeze, scented with the clover and new-mown hay, mitigated the ardent weather. Hearing the sound of wheels at the gate, despatched coffee, pulled on boots, kissed wife, and walked over the lawn, 'brushing with hasty steps the dews away.' It was with a sober visage that BAXTER gave me the reins. 'Fine day, beautiful day!' 'Yes: that's a dreadful affair, is it not?' 'What?' 'Have you not heard it?' 'No.' 'The steam-boat HENRY CLAY was burned last evening a few miles below, and nearly a hundred have perished!' The excursion about to be made was one of business and of duty, as well as of enjoyment, but on the instant methought that the unsullied sky became darkened, and the fresh air almost stifling. All idea of pleasure vanished, and amid the wildest and most romantic scenes I passed along in apathy and gloom. How true, said I, is that sentence which has clung to my recollection so many years in the school-boy 'composition' of my friend RICHARDS: 'There is many a bright and pleasant morning, which turns to be a dark and dismal day.' Beautifully the yestern sun arose and sank behind the hills which line the banks of glorious Hudson; but those hills, in one part at least, will become a funeral monument, and the valley where their shadows fall will be the valley of the shadow of death.

'In vain then did I wander among the waterfalls and rocks; in vain meet with friends in that house in the grove, and look over the varied landscape from the piazzas; in vain sit down to the pleasant dinner and listen to the festive remark. I kept longing for the night to draw on, though it should come with added gloom. Drove on for a few miles; then, passing through a handsome lawn, drew up at the ancient house of a new friend. Here I looked at curiosities from beyond seas; admired many varieties of birds in cages; conversed for a few moments on indifferent topics; then snatching a damp newspaper from the table, passed out on the piazza to read and learn. In what respect did this calamity concern *me*? Who among *my* friends were involved in the catastrophe? I was indeed afraid to read; yet in proportion to my fear made haste with the utmost rapidity of the eye to imbibe the sad knowledge. In a promiscuous crowd of five hundred is there not always some one who, by some bond, or relationship, or sympathy, is known to you? So intricately and so inextricably is the great family of man united and interwoven: and this very suggestion, if I yielded, would start me on a new train of reflection.

'Soon indeed did my eyes become acquainted with news which made them blurred with tears, and showed that my gloomy presentiment was not unfounded.

Earliest on the list was one of the noblest and sweetest of women. Several years had elapsed since I had seen her in the midst of her family, crowned with Christian graces. Divorced cruelly from her husband in the midst of the watery and fiery flood, she left him alone on that lovely shore, with the sole remaining duty of rescuing her body for burial. Then, passing down the dark catalogue, came the name of another lovely woman, only once seen, but never to be forgotten. It was but yesterday—it *seems* but yesterday; it was last week—that I stood by her as she conversed with gayest animation, in all the charms of youth and flashing beauty. Next followed the name of the beloved wife of my classmate and college friend. And there, in the brightness of a summer's day, and in the loveliest part of the romantic river, sank down amid the drowning throng the form of one who had embellished all its banks, and while the river rolls his memory will never be forgotten. Had he lived a little longer, he would have made the Hudson a river Rhine, and done the little which man can, where God has done so much. Ye who have so lately sat at his hospitable board, walked among his walks, and enjoyed the flowers of his garden, bear witness to the taste and virtues of his pure soul. For he was one whom SHENSTONE would have chosen for his friend, and every man of taste would have loved and admired.

'It was at the foot of my friend's place of residence that this calamity occurred. Thither I hastened, and became acquainted with many incidents and circumstances too painful to be dwelt upon, and too sacred to be touched. Of much that has been recorded, *more* will never be known, for it would be utterly impossible to concentrate in whole volumes the agonies experienced in a few brief minutes. There did I wander down the bank along the melancholy shore, only in time to see the vestiges of a ruin which will soon pass away, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind. There I beheld the little tearful groups, their faces already draped in crape; the watching and waiting mourners; women wringing their hands in grief; the ready coffins under that little shed which seemed to have been prepared for the occasion.

'There I could not help noticing the remnants which the waves had thrown up: the tidy bonnet, under which shone perhaps a beautiful and happy face, all battered and trampled in the sand; bits of charred ribbon, and women's dresses; the novel so lately read, (with its leaf turned down just at the very point where its fictitious catastrophe became merged and mingled in the real, and the edges irregularly burned;) the hairy scalp drawn up and exposed to the curious crowd. And there lay the blackened ribs of the vessel, high up on the solid bank, into which it had ploughed deeply, like a plough-share in a field. The gigantic machine, called a derrick, with its complication of screws and lever, was hard at work, groaning and creaking, as if the wood and iron could feel a throe, drawing up large bars and contorted bits of iron, and lastly the hulk itself: but the latter had been deprived of dead bodies. Some had been already sought for and recovered, like lost treasures; others floated down the river, completed their journey to the great city, came up at the wharves; and others will never be heard from until the sea shall give up its dead. Nothing remained but lumps of gold, and silver, and copper, melted together, which must pass through the mint and be again coined. When they come out bright and polished from the refiner's furnace, and, newly stamped, are given up as the price of another excursion of pleasure, who will know the fiery ordeal through which they have passed, or for what dear lives they have paid? There, too, I must not forget to mention, it was that I patted on the head the noble dog who did *his* share in the rescue.

'Passing back to my friend's house, which had been so lately a hospital, where the oil, and wine, and garments, were not dealt sparingly; where all of man's energy and of woman's tenderness which could be rendered *were* rendered with might and main; I sat down and looked upon the lovely landscape, and again listened to the unexhausted narrative with tears.

'Calamities of this kind at the first appear inscrutable, and are the only things which stagger the faith of some in the mercy and good providence of God. But on farther reflection, all appears plain. With respect to those who have been lost, the question is, whether if they had died in their beds the result would have been attended with less physical pain to themselves, or with less protracted anguish to their friends. Not that we would have them die in such a way, but we would seek for and discover some germ of good involved in so much bitterness. Great catastrophes, no doubt, serve to bring out and to develop the kindest affections in hearts where they would have lain dormant for ever. There are some whose instinctive and intuitive prompting is benevolent, while others would never engage in any noble act until by some compulsion they had been made to know and to taste the luxury of doing it. After that, their natures become changed, the selfishness inextricated into their very cores rooted out, and they preclude an amount of evil for the future compared with which the suffering of which they were spectators is a mere nothing.

'Thoughts of this kind merely suggest a multitude of others: and I little thought that, having begun this letter in so buoyant a mood, it would end so gloomily; but as my old school mate has well expressed it: 'There is many a bright and pleasant morning which turns to be a dark and dismal day.'

NIEBUHR'S LECTURES ON ANCIENT HISTORY. — The enterprising and popular publishers of these three well-executed volumes have done the American public a good service in transplanting into our soil the lectures which they contain. They are of the highest interest and value; embracing, as they do, the history of the ancient world, with the exception of that of Rome, down to the time when all the other nations and states of classical antiquity were absorbed by the empire of Rome, and when its history became, 'in point of fact,' the history of the world. The lectures are the rich out-pourings of vast stores of historical knowledge, colored in each particular case with the feelings which at the moment influenced and actuated the lecturer. He speaks and moves on without restraint; hypotheses, which are not yet matured into convictions, are freely expressed; opinions upon persons and things are set forth much more strongly and unreservedly than would be admissible in a deliberately-composed treatise. We here catch a glimpse of the working of the great mind of the historian, which imparts to his narrative a degree of freshness and suggestiveness that will compensate for a more calm and sober exposition. The familiarity of the lecturer with the literatures of all nations, his profound knowledge of all political and human affairs, derived not only from books, but from actual practical life, and his great powers of combination, present to the reader of these lectures such an abundance of new ideas, startling conceptions and opinions, as are rarely to be met with in any other work. They possess the one great and indisputable merit of being extremely *suggestive*, and of urging the student on to farther and independent inquiries. BLANCHARD AND LEA, Philadelphia.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We derive the following from an entirely responsible source. We know the writer well; and certainly, a less credulous person we never encountered. He writes: 'What I tell you about *'The Spirits'* is true to the letter; and yet I cannot discover how the deuce it is managed. A friend of mine is boarding in the affected house, and although he was at first very indignant at what he affirmed to be 'a trick,' he now declares that he has 'seen it all,' and attests the truth of the statements that I have given you.' As to the involuntary moving of furniture, chairs, etc., the phenomenon is not a new one. WASHINGTON IRVING long ago described a similar scene, wherein the shovel and tongs engaged in a waltz, and an old arm-chair sidled up to a little chair with a hole in its bottom, and led it out upon the floor, upon which other pieces of furniture had by this time taken their stand, for a general dance:

'Down in New-Jersey, August 5, 1852.

'DEAR KNICK.: You are doubtless aware that the good people of New-Jersey are opposed to all monopolies not connected with rail-roads, and particularly to monopolies in other states. This, or some other cogent reason, has given us the benefit of *a Branch Spiritual Rapping Society*, not inferior in any way to the notable efforts of the defuncts of your state.

'At a farm-house about two miles below Newark, on the old Elizabethtown road, resides a quiet, order-loving family, not a member of which would ever have ventured, knowingly, to call up spirits from the deep, or even down from the respectable celestial meeting at which Doctor FRANKLIN presided, as I perceive by the last KNICKERBOCKER. But still the spirits came, and they have been rapping to some purpose, I assure you. These are civil and considerate spirits, however, for they do not disturb the good people at night. No rappings are heard after eight o'clock in the evening; but at any and many hours during the day the significant three raps are heard, and so loudly that neighbors residing on the opposite side of the road, more than one hundred feet distant, can hear them distinctly. Like the rappers of Gotham, these spirits answer questions with two raps for a negative, and three for an affirmative reply. The family are much alarmed, and most anxious to have their departed friends conduct themselves more quietly for the future. Will you inquire of our excellent friend 'the JUDGE,' or some other 'medium,' how the defuncts may be induced to discontinue this annoyance?

'If the rappings were all, one might get accustomed to the noise, as those really do who reside next door to a copper-smith's shop, where steam-boilers are riveted: but in addition to the rapping manifestations, the very furniture performs unheard-of gyrations, and which could not be performed by human agency. In the presence of the inmates of the house, and of visitors, chairs will pirouette about the room, pass over tables, etc. Day before yesterday, a large dining-table reversed its position, and broke one of its leaves, without leave of its owner. A mutual acquaintance of yours and mine assures me that while he was watching for these phenomena, a number of things came from a shed outside the building and passed into the room unaided by human art. He *saw* them, and so did many others. A chair rose up, turned around three times, and then quietly arranged itself properly on the floor again. Fortunately no one was sitting on the chair at the time, and it has behaved with perfect propriety ever since. A few days ago, an old demi-john, which has stood for years quietly in a closet, seemed to awake to a consciousness of what it had done for others in former years, and came forth into the room unassisted, and strolled about in a most miraculous manner. All means seem to have been taken to solve all this, but up to this time without effect. The evidences of the truth of the above are too numerous and too respectable to be contradicted; and to this very hour similar occurrences are taking place. Furniture passes occasionally from one room to another, and in one instance was piled up in a pyramidal form in the centre of the room!

'The age of wonders certainly seems to be about to 'sortie' from the hiding-places of the last eighteen hundred years, and to surprise us with new manifestations. What in the world is to be done? Are we of New-Jersey to be annoyed by the spirits of departed New-Yorkers, in addition to the living bipeds who cross our State? Tell our friend 'the JUDGE' that if he does not stop the spirits from coming this way, we shall tax them, like rail-road passengers. We can *do* it here, for if a tax is once levied by law, New-Jersey is the place to have it collected! We have tax-gatherers born in Connecticut and brought up in New-Jersey, who can find the edge of a thinly-spread-out adjective, and collect their fees from it.

'I will keep you informed of the doings of these spirits: meanwhile, I must most sincerely hope that 'the JUDGE' will for the future issue his '*no exeat*' and keep them at home, or else, as you used to say, 'carry 'em up on a *sasherarer*!'

SPEAKING of 'spirits:' we have a most remarkable evidence that they 'are about,' from this singular fact: The very day that the celestial communication in our last number was 'laid on the table' in the sanctum, our friend and correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN,' had a document very similar laid upon *his* table, and which he afterward laid upon ours. It seems that 'in spirit' he was seated in a wood, upon a mossy stone, when there were suddenly introduced into his presence, 'without regard to unity of time, rank, or person,' JUDAS ISCARIOT, CARDINAL WOLSEY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the traitor ARNOLD, NAPOLEON, JOE SMITH, and THE DEVIL! A sketch of what these spiritual worthies said and did, on that occasion, has been carefully preserved, and when published will 'astonish the natives.' - - - A FRIEND has undertaken to parody the beautiful lines by MR. WILLIAM WALLACE MORLAND, in our April number, '*The Valley where the Village Lies*,' but has not 'made much of a fist' at hitting the original. Take the first stanza, 'frinstans,' as YELLOWPLUSH would say:

'THE hay-mow where the tom-cat lies
In furry beauty, lone and still,
Is shaded now; the day-light dies,
And mousing dreams his noddle fill!'

'Meaöw!' 'Git eöut!' 'Scat!' - - - It was something, we thought, to stand on the top of one of the higher Alps, and see the shadow of a total eclipse of the sun march majestically over the empires spread out below, blotting out, as with inky blackness, the fair fields of Italy; but almost equally sublime scenes must have been beheld by an English traveller who recently made the ascent of Mont Blanc, the 'Monarch of Mountains.' He is at the foot of the 'Dome Gouté,' an 'awful elevation,' terminating at the base of the last pinnacle, 'the monarch's hoary crown,' when the following phenomenon was witnessed:

'WHILE we waited for the sun, the scenes were of ghastly grandeur. Leagues above us the summit and the Dome de Gouté were tipped with the moon, and stood out like comets in the black sky, while behind, on the opposite side of the valley of Chamouni, namely, on the range of Brevent, the whole of Mont Blanc's shadow in the moon-light was reflected. No pictorial effort could convey the solemn majesty of this scene. When the sun began to rise in deep red over the wall of mountains, the scene was still more grand: the precipitous cliffs of the Géant, bearing up the fortresses of ice, cut the golden sky with their black edges, and while on one side scarcely any light appeared in the sky, the other was in hard relief against its brilliancy. The Dome de Gouté, now opposite the sun, was a mass of gorgeous violet color, which, being reflected on the prominences of emerald-green ice on the plain before us, gave a variety and peculiarity that, if correctly described, would sound like a magic illusion: it seemed like walking on a huge prism.'

As the traveller ascended the last pinnacle, the guides before him were cutting with pole-axes steps in the firmest and clearest ice; pale-green blocks of which went rattling down with a noise like loose tiles from the top of a house-roof. They all at length reached the summit, where they remained some two hours. The top extends nearly seventy yards, running east and west, the west end being some five yards higher than the east. The view was magnificent—sublime! 'The Bernese Oberland appeared like a mass of mountains packed in clouds: their peaks rose from the clouds, which seemed to fill the villages. Monte Rosa and the Wetterhorn appeared beyond, and on that side no real horizon appeared! To the south the Genoese mountains, and over them a long, purple mist, whether the Mediterranean or not, was uncertain. Toward Lyons the clouds were low, and nothing was seen but the line of Jura stretched far away, and beyond it the Côte d'Or. Not a vapor obstructed the glare of the sun above us. We were looking, as it were, at many contemporaneous days! Our own day was fine, but at Lyons,

as in the valleys of the Oberland, it was otherwise. Beyond Mount Jura the horizon seemed like a sea of faint blue. The Lake of Geneva was distinctly seen.' Think of looking down from an eminence upon *the weather*! It is a fine thing, we have often thought, to know every day by telegraph what the weather is in various parts of our country; but to look down upon it in all its varieties, from the top of a towering Alp, must be a sublimity beyond the 'lightning of the wires!' - - - A WORK that was much needed, and which will supply an important desideratum in this country, is a very large imperial quarto, beautifully printed upon Bristol-board, entitled '*Upjohn's Rural Architecture*,' just issued from the popular press of 'PITNAM, G. P.,' Park-place. It contains carefully-drawn and engraved designs, working-drawings, and specifications, for a wooden church, and other rural structures, by Mr. RICHARD UPJOHN, architect of Trinity Church, and other churches in this city and elsewhere, to say nothing of numerous public edifices and private mansions, upon which his taste and genius are stamped. We doubt not that the work will be widely instrumental in substituting, at a cost surprisingly small, a pure and graceful style of church and domestic rural architecture, for the '*Ironie*' style of the many 'meetin'-houses' and ambitious private residences that so frequently disfigure our beautiful country villages and pleasant landscapes. - - - WE regret to learn the recent death, by the painful disorder, *Angina Pectoris*, of Captain CHARLES MAPES, brother of Professor JAMES J. MAPES, now of New-Jersey. We knew Captain MAPES well, nor were our readers altogether ignorant of him, as several communications from his pen formerly appeared in these pages. He was at one time the Government Agent, sent with full powers to treat with the South-Western Indians, and he was actually elected a chief of the Choctaw nation. He was afterward appointed a paymaster in the United States' Army, which responsible position he occupied during the entire period of the Florida War. He was also appointed, by the local authorities of Florida, Pay-Master General of that State. During the war of 1812 he commenced his military career as aid-de-camp to his father, and afterward in 'the line' as lieutenant. He was a man of real but unassuming worth, and his talents were of no common order. He leaves a widow and two sons; one of whom is an engineer in the United States' Navy, and the other a civil engineer, at present engaged in building an extensive wire-bridge at St. Johns, New-Brunswick. His eldest son was also an engineer in the navy. He studied under Professor MAPES, his uncle, and died in Mexico during the late war. His death, if we remember rightly, was mentioned at the time in these pages. Captain MAPES died at Peekskill on the twenty-ninth of July, at the age of fifty-five years. For four days previous to his decease he was unable to lie down, but stood up in great agony, leaning his head upon his arm, placed against the wall. We offer to his afflicted family our sincere condolence with them in their great bereavement. - - - A CLEVER correspondent argues very ingeniously to prove that '*The Earth is an Animal*,' and he thinks 'it will go nigh to be thought so, shortly.' Some of his 'arguments' in favor of this conclusion are amusing. For example: 'What have we, then, as regards the EARTH? A mass of water, enveloped in a crust of rock—a big baby in its swaddling-clothes. Volcanic agencies; rains, fits, convulsions, deluges of tears. Can't we trace it up, all the way from its birth? If the EARTH were not alive, how could it furnish life to so many myriads of existences, of so many myriad kinds? The mother's breast, unless warmed by life, could no longer furnish nutriment to the infant: how then could the EARTH, unless it were alive? Answer us *that*, 'my masters!' A

second argument is, that the EARTH is a huge feeder, a great drinker, and that it is very often sick. It over-loads its stomach with wilted vegetables every autumn, and has either chills or fevers the whole year round. Moreover, it is its own cook; the game is often too 'high,' and half the time the fire plays the deuce in the culinary department; so that every thing is either under-done or over-done, at different seasons. The third argument is a very strong one. The EARTH is 'fond of dress;' choosing, now the gayest colors, now a subdued wardrobe, and again contenting itself with a plain white mantle: but it has an entire new wardrobe every year, even to the smallest under-garment. The EARTH is its own tailor as well as its own cook. It is fond of amusements, too; has its operas, with magnificent scenery, and performances of the first order of excellence: 'Doubtless the songs of those bright spheres that so bedeck the sky may be heard by the EARTH, if it choose but listen: indeed, EARTH herself may be a performer in the same opera, and shine forth every night, a prima-donna in the scene. How delightful! No execrable murdering of time; no fiddles; no crowding and jamming; no hot, suffocating rooms; no getting on fire; no 'hi-hi's,' no peanuts; and above all, nothing to pay at the door. There is no door!' But listen to the conclusion: for not long in a light vein can he continue, who speaks of the visible handiwork of the ALMIGHTY:

'If what we can see be so sublimely beautiful, what tongue shall dare to speak of that mighty song which shall be heard when all the sons of God shall shout together for joy, and the voices that go through the sky shall call from star unto star! And when the beautifully-tinted curtain in the west — a new one every night, often most gorgeously painted, and beautiful beyond the power of words — is drawn aside, how quiet the scene; how solemnly it all proceeds — how brighter than the loveliest dream that ever visited a poet's slumbers!

'Ah! it is such a scene as this that whispers to the heart, in tones too clear and strong to be unheard, the name of HIM who framed it thus beautiful and holy! And not it alone, but worlds on worlds; farther than eye can reach — farther than human thought can go: there, too, in all their excelling beauty, are the beautiful creations of the living and omnipresent God. No work of HIS, from the smallest insect to the burning suns that roll about HIS throne, but bears HIS name! HE has traced it in the sky with HIS finger, and the planets have fallen into order, to blazon it forth: the humblest bird that warbles in the grove, sings from its happy heart HIS name. And the EARTH has but one voice: it speaks of GOD! All her multiform phases of wondrous and surpassing beauty take one shape — showing of GOD. She is as a HAND, flung into space, pointing always with extended finger to HIM who 'commands the Morning, and causes the Day-spring to know his place!'

THEY have got out west, if we may judge from a colored 'fugitive poem' in one of our exchanges, a second PANCKO. One stanza of this 'effusium,' as GEORGE CHRISTIE would call it, will probably 'satisfy the sentiment:'

'OPPRESSION bears rule ob de day,
And de brack man in sorrow he groan,
Kos de men who be made ob w'ite clay
Hab gizzard nigh hard as a stone:

'Dey say dat de nigger no brains
In his head neber hab all de w'ile,
And dat bright lamp ob genius no burn,
Kos de w'ite man use up all de ile!'

WE present the following brief reflections upon '*Monuments in the United States*,' without giving in our adhesion to the positions assumed by the writer, an eminent and learned *savant* of this city. Who, for example, or what true American, would not rejoice to see the national monument to the 'FATHER of his Country' completed at Washington? 'Let it rise,' we say, in the sublime and beautiful language of the great WEBSTER: 'let it rise, till it meet the Sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the Morning gild it, and parting Day linger

and 'play on its summit!' But to our correspondent: 'This Republic has often been reproached because it has not built monuments to its great men. The subject of a monument to WASHINGTON was earnestly considered a generation ago. The common-place arguments in favor of it, such as the 'custom of former ages,' and the 'holding before mankind a visible memorial of the exemplary worth of the great departed,' were met by such men as SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, of Congress, and others, by reminding us that the age of monuments passed away when the age of printing commenced, and that even before types were used, pens recorded such men as PLATO, ARISTOTLE, ALEXANDER, CATO, SENECA, AUGUSTUS, HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, etc., etc., in such clear and distinct terms as to infinitely surpass all monuments, temples, statues, and the like. The Anabasis of XENOPHON excels in this all the sculpture in the world — those on the walls of Nineveh or those on the Parthenon. We had the names of the kings of Egypt while we could not even read the hieroglyphs on the pyramids. Where are the monuments to MOSES and the PROPHETS? Where that to ADAM? Where is one wanted to ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB? Who wants that of JOB, of ISAIAH, or JEREMIAH? Letters first written and then printed have preserved all; and we realize the prophetic verse of HORACE as to his own fame: 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.' - - - We had just got well under way with HAWTHORNE'S '*Blithedale Romance*,' having become deeply interested in ZENOBI, PRISCILLA, and a fine original male creation which the book contains, and almost equally interested by the peculiar fascination of the style of the work, when it was loaned 'for a day or so,' and is at this moment — two weeks having elapsed — leagues away in 'the ked'ntry.' Hence we view the great necessity there is of returning new books awaiting notice at the hands of the EDITOR; and are taught, in the second and last place, of the still greater folly of permitting them to be taken away before they *are* noticed. In the meanwhile, '*Blithedale*' has secured thousands of readers, and is fast securing thousands more. As to its merits, in comparison with the 'Scarlet Letter' and the 'House of the Seven Gables,' opinions are various 'generally, in general.' - - - EXTRACT from an epistle to the EDITOR, from a friend 'summerizing' at one of the many lovely coves that indent the northern shore of breezy Long-Island Sound: 'I must write you from a spot, now sacred to the memory of a mutual friend who has lately become insane on the subject of Shanghai hens. My '*apartments*' is small,' consisting only of a single room, whilome inhabited by our aforesaid insane friend. From one of my windows I can enjoy a fine view of a potato-field, while the other commands a delicious prospect of a well-house and fowl-yard. But the breezes are delicious, and fish, clams and periwinkles may be had in abundance. As MRS. NEPPINS very truly remarks of the place: 'It is awful wholesome with respect to the breezes, and dreadful privileged on acceöunt of the clams.' Venturing the other day to ask her how she made certain fine sausages, she rather electrified me by turning rapidly upon me, and beginning: 'Take your *in'ards*, scald 'em, scrape 'em, and stuff 'em!' I changed the subject. She says she can't eat them herself, in consequence of the '*assiduity* of her stummick!' She has a son, named CONKLIN NEPPINS, who is a poet, and who recently produced the following 'pome:'

'I WILL sing you a song as I have heerd tell,
About a nuxident which there besel:
It was a rale-rode axident, as I have heard relate,
Which happened into old North-Caroliny State.

'The rale-rode was coming from the village of Seringapatam,
Which the engneer was intoxicated, saying 'He did not care a d — n!'
Which caused many innocent persons for to die,
On account of his tremenjous blasphemy:

'Likewise his profane swearing which he wickedly cussed,'
Which the 'evins permitted that his bile-ye'r bust.
JOHN WILLIAMS of Newtown was hurt into his chin,
And MARTHY and SUSAN RICKETS was also vic-tims;
And THOMAS PHELPS, he died upon the spot,
As the engneer reported when he on their body sot.

'Now all you engneers do not ever cuss,
Likewise get intoxicated, in case your bile-ye'r buss!'

Could n't you recommend the widow NEPPINS's son to the place of laureate on the death of the present 'incumbrance?' - - - 'The Battle of Bunker Hill, in one of your recent numbers,' writes a favorite and most accomplished correspondent, 'will be found to contain more legitimate Saxon words than almost any poem in the language. There are scarcely any words in any line of it which are not pure and unadulterated Saxon. When you come to analyze it, the effect of it may be very much traced to this. At any rate, it is a very material element in it. The author has great versatility of talent, and is a very accomplished writer, both in prose and in verse. His *'Babylonish Ditty'* is exceedingly sweet and musical; one of those compositions which keep constantly ringing on the ear, and refuse to be forgotten. Will he not attempt something more extensive before long? He will certainly obtain a hearing; and probability surely 'favors the conclusion' that he would be successful. Let the effort be made! A vermilion edict!' - - - Ah, ha! — now you've got it — you married folk! There is a writer after you with an exceedingly 'sharp stick,' labelled: *'Single Blessedness, or Single Ladies and Gentlemen against the Slanders of the Pulpit, the Press, and the Lecture-Room.'* It is addressed to 'those who are really wise, and to those who fancy themselves to be so.' 'We single ladies and gentlemen,' says the author in the 'Introduction,' 'know our strength. For eight or ten years there has been a loud call for some answer or reply to the slanders that have been heaped upon us from time immemorial.' Well, we have read the answer, and must say that, assuming all the writer's positions as sound, a very strong case is made out in favor of old maids and old bachelors. The style of the book is nervous and forcible; and from the very nature of its subject, it will acquire numerous readers. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY are the publishers. - - - For transposition, inversion, and alliteration, the old epitaph on the Earl of KILDARE, in Ireland, is very remarkable:

'WHO killed KILDARE? — who dared KILDARE to kill?
DEATH killed KILDARE, who dare kill whom he will!'

WE have just been looking carefully over *'A Practical Grammar of the English Language,'* by NOBLE BUTLER, Esq., A.M., of Louisville, Kentucky. It has impressed us as a very excellent work, simple and clear in arrangement, and every way thorough in its inculcations. Its tables for analyzing sentences, and exercises for correcting false grammar, are very valuable features of the work, and must add greatly to the progress of the learner. Mr. BUTLER, who is an accomplished scholar, has yet not lost sight of that great principle of DRYDEN, that 'it needs all we know to make things plain.' - - - WE heard a boast of a peculiar American accomplishment the other day, that would have made even our most energetic of tobacco-abolitionists laugh outright: 'I had n't smoked a single cigar a year ago, and now I can spit as straight as any smoker in New-York, I don't care *who* he is!' Not unlike the brag of a big 'Wolverine' one day at the Astor-House. He was looking and 'practising' at one of the half-bushel spittoons in the gentlemen's sitting-room of that vast caravansera, with an evident *gout*: 'That now,' said he, 'is something like an 'oon:' I've got *six* o' them in

my house!' Pleasant house to visit, that! - - - Our friend Mr. VALENTINE, Clerk of the Common Council, has recently issued his '*Manual of the Corporation of the City of New-York, for 1852*;' a work full of the most valuable information, clearly and conveniently arranged, and embracing a hundred things necessary for reference, that cannot elsewhere be obtained. In a word, it is a complete *Picture of New-York, Past and Present*. It is liberally illustrated with clearly-cut engravings, of interest to every New-Yorker. Our friend PUTNAM, at his new and elegant establishment, Number Ten Park-place, is the present publisher. - - - The following poem is from the pen of the 'sweet Poetess of Mackerelville.' The lines were written in haste, and the authoress readily acknowledges her indebtedness to other authors for minor parts of the poem. Her intention was to contrast in alternate stanzas that which is essentially unpoetical with the higher elements of beautiful thought:

'On a schooner's deck one morning in fall,
Watching the wave-crests curl,
There stood a youth, raw-boned and tall,
By the side of a skin-flint girl.

'They had journeyed far, from a distant isle,
A land of the true and the brave,
To seek a dear spot, where the sun's last smile
Rested long on a mother's grave.

'But weary weeks on the salt, salt sea,
The heavy old schooner had rolled;
And gone were their stores of coffee and tea,
All, but the water so cold.

'At length they spied a rocky shore,
Where the waves ran mountain high;
The captain stamped, and the cook he swore,
And the raw-boned youth his shirt he tore,
While the skin-flint tried to cry.

'It is a dread and a fearful thing
To die on the raging wave;
To be conquered there by the skeleton King,
And sink to an ocean-grave.

'But I saw them perish, one and all;
And last 'neath the wild wave's curl,
There sank a youth, raw-boned and tall,
In the arms of a skin-flint girl.'

We mentioned in our last number the name of the writer of '*The Old Garret*,' a graphic country picture, previously given. Here ensues a single passage from another exercitation, from the same pen, '*The Press against Time*,' which is scarcely less felicitous. The writer is enlarging upon the reflection that 'the foot-prints of THOUGHT can be made visible upon the snowy page; that they may be traced and re-traced, when the THINKER himself is dead, and all save the 'enduring produce' of his immortal mind is but a dream:'

'THE thought which one has cherished in his bosom, until it bears his own mental image, is stamped upon the wing of the newspaper, or the page of the magazine, as it flutters from the press, and that thought finds access and hearing, where the man himself cannot venture. Perhaps he is awkward, deformed, a stammerer, and a subject of ridicule; perhaps his garb is coarse and well-worn: but there stands his THOUGHT, in the drawing-room, the hall; representative of the better part of him; graceful, elegant, arrayed in rich old Saxon; welcomed, listened to, admired every where. Perhaps he has never gone beyond the blue verge of vision, whereof his cradle was the centre; but that THOUGHT of his has been borne along Earth's great rivers, on panting steamers, and over God's great clearings by Locomotives! Even the lightnings have forgotten their thunders, and whispered the accent of his thought, as they flickered along the wire, from mart to hamlet, and from hamlet to mart again. Perhaps he dies, and the swelling turf subsides above him like a weary wave, leaving no trace of his resting-place; but that THOUGHT lives on. The paper is old and torn; it wears the yellow livery of Time. Time has made it his mental: but some eye shall see it when he is dead; some memory treasure, and some mind admire. Like the bird that went forth from the ark, it is returnless; the music of its wing is heard, when the knell for the palsied hand that sent it out has died upon the air. It is immortal. Perhaps it

'Suffers a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.'

some nobler mind has divested it of its first array, and clothed it in cloth of gold; and, transfigured and glorified, it still survives, but it is the same THOUGHT still. Mighty engine is the PRESS against TIME. The rattle of its machinery seems to me but the first foot-fall of Thought, on the sublime out-going into the world.'

'*The Onward Age*' is the title of an anniversary poem recited before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, on its recent eighteenth anniversary, by T. BUCHANAN READ. We have read it with no common pleasure. In measure it is flowing and musical, and the thoughts and their treatment are alike

natural and poetical. We know none of our younger poets who have made a more distinct and rapid improvement, over earlier productions, than our artist-poet READ. - - - MR. PACKENHAM, late British Minister at Washington, was one day dining at the residence of Hon. Senator BARROW, of Louisiana. Before dinner, and in the temporary absence of his host from the room, HER MAJESTY'S ambassador was accosted by an old gray-headed colored man, who was in the apartment, 'putting things to rights,' with: 'Massa, is you' name PACKINGUM?' 'Yes,' said the minister. 'Was dat your brudder dat was killed at Orleans in de great battle dar?' 'He was,' replied the ambassador. 'Well, dere!—somehow or nudder I *l'ought* so! I was dar myse'f. I seen him popped ober wid my own eyes. Great fight dat, massa!' While at dinner, Mr. PACKENHAM said to Mr. BARROW, 'Your man tells me, Sir, that he was at the battle of New-Orleans.' 'He was,' said Mr. BARROW, 'and acquitted himself manfully in that engagement;' but at the same time he 'looked daggers' at the old 'seneschal' for having broached such a subject in presence of his guest. 'He tells me, too,' continued Mr. PACKENHAM, 'that he saw my brother fall.' The frown upon the host's face grew darker, and the subject was adroitly changed. The next day 'SAM' came in to Mr. BARROW with a note: 'Massa, dere's a note, and dey say dat it's for *me*! E'yah! e'yah!' And sure enough, it *was* for him: moreover, it was an invitation to dine the next day with Mr. PACKENHAM, which he did, and was listened to with intense interest while he rehearsed the events of the great battle, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.' - - - THE grace asked 'per son,' in the absence of the father, at breakfast, let us say to our Milton (Vermont) correspondent, would be good if *written*, instead of being *said*: but as it *was* said, 'probability does *not* favor the conclusion.' - - - A WELCOME correspondent in Pennsylvania sends us the following specimen of cool audacity in a criminal. It is the great height of his impudence that makes the story so 'tall:': 'Judge K ———, (a very worthy and excellent judge by the way,) while holding a term of the criminal court at ———, in this state, had before him on trial a slippery gentleman, charged with the offence of passing counterfeit money. After a long and tedious trial, the jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty, but that defendant pay the costs of prosecution; as they may do, under the peculiar statute of Pennsylvania. The prisoner had been tried and acquitted several times before for a like offence, leaving upon the court each time an ineffaceable conviction that he was guilty. The court very dignifiedly commanded him to stand up, and pronounced sentence in accordance with the verdict, and then said: 'The court take this occasion to say to you that you had not better be again arrested and on trial in any of the counties composing the district over which we have the honor to preside.' The prisoner, with that coolness and impudence which can only be imagined, not described, looked at the court, and said: 'Will your honor have the kindness to inform me what counties *compose* your judicial district?' - - - MR. MARSHALL Wood, a brother of Mr. Wood, the sculptor, now at Rome, has executed several medallion likenesses of eminent men, both in this country and in Europe, and is now in New-York on a professional visit. We have seen a head of DE QUINCEY, the opium-eater, executed by him from life, full of character and spirit. He has also modelled a head of LONGFELLOW. Several medallion likenesses of other well-known persons in Boston have been taken by him, and a few in New-York, including one of BRYANT, and another of 'Old KNICK,' the execution of which does him great credit. Mr. Wood's studio is at Number 68 West Twentieth-street. - - - AN esteemed friend and always welcome correspondent at West-Point sends us the following, which he says is '*vero e ben trovato*:' 'Poor old SAMBO was very pious; and as

he became well stricken in years, and looked upon the world and its surroundings as vanity and vexation of spirit, he flattered himself into the belief that he was willing and anxious to die — unnatural, certainly; but we have the word of a philosopher, that 'Imagination breedeth strange fantasies.' So he used to sit in his log-hut, after his day's 'task' was over, alone, with a tallow-candle flickering upon the ground-floor; and so he used to work himself into his favorite belief. First he sung a hymn, and edified himself with the anticipation that he should

'WALK down the golden street
With silver slippers on his feet:'

and then rocking himself backward and forward, his eyes closed, and his mouth open, he would ejaculate 'and repeat: 'Wheneber de angel ob de LORD shall call, poor old SAMBO is ready to go!' Now this became commonly known among the younger darkies upon the plantation, who had a grudge against old SAM because he was 'a terror to evil-doers: ' accordingly, one night a negro wag crept to the door of the hut and waited for old SAM to begin. First came the hymn, and at length, with a sigh and a groan, he began to sway his body, and out it came: 'Wheneber de angel ob de LORD shall call, poor old SAMBO is ready to go.' 'Tap, tap, tap!' upon the door. 'Who dar!' shouted SAM, turning his eyes until the whites alone were visible. 'De angel ob de LORD!' 'What do he want?' gasped SAMBO. 'He come for old SAMBO!' was the dreaded reply. 'Phugh!' out went the candle at one puff: 'Dar ain't no SAMBO here: he's gone dead mor'n t'ree weeks!' 'E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!' shouted a chorus from without.' - - - *'An Invitation to the London Zoological Gardens,'* by a gentleman with a slight impediment in his speech, gives the best imitation of stuttering that we have ever seen:

'I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,
I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub-breed;
Will you co-co-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,
And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

'I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale;
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tail.

'You shall pip-pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-pip-poll;
But observe, 't is forbidden to pip-pip-poke
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink pip-pip-pip-parasol!

'You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip-play,
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately racoon;
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-bab-boon.

'You wish'd (I r-r-remember it well,
And I lul-lul-loved you the in-in-more for the wish)
To witness the bub-bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pel-
I can swallow the l-l-l-l-little fuf-fuf-fish!

It would trouble the most adroit reader, or the most accomplished elocutionist, to read aloud the foregoing, without a decided 'impediment' in his 'speech.' The very pen stammers in writing it. - - - MR. J. VOLMERING has just given the finishing touches to a very fine view of Niagara Falls. It represents this great natural wonder as seen and sketched by the artist in mid-winter. It is just the picture to look at in these hot days of summer: it cools the blood from fever-heat down to a kind and moderate temperature. It can be seen hanging

in one of the handsome cutting-rooms of Messrs. MONROE AND COMPANY's large clothing establishment, Number 441, Broadway; where, by-the-by, can also be seen many other rare and valuable paintings; among which one in particular, 'St. PETER in the Attitude of Prayer,' by one of the old masters, is a superb picture, and well worth a visit to see. Messrs. MONROE AND COMPANY, in fitting up their rooms, certainly express great confidence in the taste of their customers; and together with their large store, well filled with articles of fashionable wearing-apparel, present strong inducements to gentlemen 'who study well the outer man' to pay them a visit. - - - 'Sphinx' *Iratus!* 'I am a mild man,' writes Professor GILBERT SPHINX, Director of a Plank-road Company, Fabulist, etc., 'but under some provocations, Sir, I am a man *ferox atque atrox*. Sir, what business had your proof-reader to fix my Latin? Does he suppose that he knows more about the Latin language than *I* do? Does he suppose that he, a young man, (an extremely young man, I take it,) is capable of fixing *my* Latin? I wrote you, Sir, three classical apologues, and prefixed to them this title, '*Paucus plus Fabulorum;*' as fair Latin, look you, as SCALIGER could have written; but what does this presumptuous commentator do but make it '*Pau-cum plus Fabu-la-rum.*' '*Pau-cum,*' forsooth! '*Fabu-la-rum,*' forsooth! Great APOLLO! Now, dear Sir, mark you—and, Mr. Corrector, mark *you*, too—*my* Latin is not to be meddled with. My name is SPHINX—G. SPHINX. I teach a classical school for young gentlemen, and my Latin shall be let alone! Let me see who will dare to 'fix' that which follows. It was not my intention to have written any fables this month, but on seeing this afternoon the dastardly treatment which my Latin met with, I thought I would just see how far human presumption would go:

Unum Plusus Fabulorum Ejusdem Generis:

OR ONE MORE FABLES OF THE SAME SORT.

'A DRAGON once entered the land of the Nobbynoodles, and began to kill the cattle and devour the inhabitants. The king of the Nobbynoodles, commiserating his despairing subjects, offered a reward of a thousand pounds to the man who would kill the dragon and bring his tail to the palace. A man of low moral standing thought to get the reward fraudulently by cutting the dragon's tail off while the monster was asleep, and afterward presenting his trophy at the palace. So he silyly entered the cave at night, and began to saw off the tail of the slumbering dragon. He had hardly buried his saw in the flesh before the monster sprang up, roaring with pain, and lunged furiously at the astonished man of low moral standing, who barely escaped from the cave with his life. 'What could it have been that waked the dragon?' said he to himself. 'Ah, I remember: I heard mosquitoes in the cave. It must be that a musketo buzzed in his ear. Cuss a musketo, any how!'

M O R A L .

THE moral of this fable is, that the proof-readers of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine must let *my* Latin alone; and a further moral is, that if they don't, I will publish them in the appendix of my new Latin Grammar, now in press.'

COMING down on the upper-deck of an Albany steamer one day, many years ago, a party of gentlemen, as the boat neared Kinderhook-Landing, were discussing the merits of MARTIN VAN BUREN. Some praised, while others condemned him; and while they were discussing the question, the boat landed, and lo! Mr. VAN BUREN himself came on board. One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-committalism; and complaining that 'a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him,' etc. 'I'll wager champagne for the company,' said he, at length, 'that one of us shall go down now, and ask Mr. VAN BUREN the simplest

question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes: and I'll give him leave, too, to tell him *why* he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply!' This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. VAN BUREN, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him: 'Mr. VAN BUREN, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism; and have just laid a wager that you would n't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, Mr. VAN BUREN, let me ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?' Mr. VAN BUREN's brow contracted; he hesitated a moment; and then replied: 'The terms 'east' and 'west,' Mr. —, are conventional; but I —' 'That'll do!' interrupted his interrogator: 'we've lost the bet!' - - - LET us have that *Preparative Meetin'*, 'W. D. W.' Sorry not to 'have saw' our correspondent when in Gotham. - - - LITTLE JOSE has just come into the sanctum with 'such a love' of a kitten! — black as a coal; its eyes probulgent; its back responsive to the slightest rub; its tail erect with emotion; and keeping up a perpetual purring. We like 'a harmless, necessary cat,' and always did. PUNCH likes a cat also, but for a different reason: 'Never go into any place,' he says, in his *Advice to Servants*, 'where a cat is not kept. This useful domestic animal is the true servants' friend, accounting for the disappearance of tid-bits, lumps of butter, and other odd matters, as well as being the author of all mysterious breakages. What the safety-valve is to the steam-engine, the cat is to the kitchen, preventing all explosions or blowings-up that might otherwise occur in the best regulated families.' - - - A NEW correspondent writes: 'My qualifications as a writer are many; but they *mainly* consist of these three: a willingness to pay my own postage, a legible hand, and a regard for the printer's rule, to write only on one side of the paper.' Good recommendations these, and not without their due weight in the eyes of an EDITOR. - - - OUR young friend 'Howadji' CURTIS's latest book, *'Lotus-Eating,'* beautifully illustrated by KENSERT, does no less credit to the author than to his publishers, the HARPERS. We remember to have encountered a goodly portion of its contents before, in the columns of a daily journal of wide circulation. The *London Athenæum*, competent authority, says of it: 'A delightful reminiscence of summer rambles, describing some of the most attractive points of American scenery, with impressions of life at famous watering-places, and suggestive comparisons with celebrated objects of interest in Europe. Dreamy, imaginative, romantic, but reposing on a basis of the healthiest reality; tinged with the richest colors of poetry, but full of shrewd observation and mischievous humor; clothed in delicate and dainty felicities of language; the volume is what its title indicates, the reverie of a summer's pastime, and should be read in summer haunts, accompanied with the music of the sea-shore or breezy hill-sides.' - - - It is stated, on the authority of a veracious modern traveller, that there is a wind-mill on the coast of Holland which lays eggs, and breeds young ones! We commend this fact to the consideration of our 'up-river' correspondent. An egg of this breed, under a Shanghai, would enable him to 'raise the wind' from his chickens to a degree hitherto unknown in America. At any rate, as is said of all new 'improvements,' the 'experiment might be *tried!*' - - - THE friend who sends us the following is a good judge of that whereof he speaks. So also, Mr. GLASS, is 'Old KNICK:' but we cannot 'pronounce' without 'giving judgment' upon the *evidence*:

'You are well aware that I was always an advocate for temperance, and although no ultraist in any thing, I am still anxious to avoid every thing like excess. I cannot approve of *'intemperate temperance.'* I would not object to 'drinking cider made of red apples on account of their

gayety,' but I would object to drunkenness, or any approximation thereto. Thus much for a 'platform.' In all countries where natural wines are the common beverage, intemperance is almost unknown; and the American wine made from the Catawba grape in Ohio gives promise to us temperance men 'who have not signed the paper,' that the more pleasing remedy of substituting light healthy wines for brandy will save the nation from intemperance. The Catawba wine surprised me, and more particularly the 'Sparkling Catawba.' It had all the aroma of the fruit, and seemed to be a condensed representative of the grape—'a vineyard in a bottle.' It surpassed champagne in quality and flavor, and was void of incipient head-aches. On the production of this wine, my pride as an American rose to the highest pitch, and I trimmed my vineyard with renewed vigor, in anticipation of making my own wines. I have twelve hundred vines, in fine condition, with promise of yielding several tons of grapes this year. But, friend CLARK, my enthusiasm has been somewhat damped within the last week. I had heard that Mr. A. F. GLASS, proprietor of the WASHINGTON House, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, had imported many kinds of sparkling wines, never before introduced into this country, which were superior to the 'Sparkling Catawba;' and last week I had an opportunity of tasting these wines.

'How shall I describe them? Can language be found adequate to the task? Spirit of the 'Buck-Eye State' assist me! Mr. GLASS produced many sparkling wines, and among others Burgundy, Hock, Johannisburgh, Steinburgh, Moselles, and *Scharzburgh*; each carrying the fruity flavor of the grape from which it is made, and not one head-ache in a dozen bottles. Did you ever taste the 'Muscat-of-Alexandria' grape?—and do you recollect its peculiar aroma and delicious taste? If so, you know its entire superiority to all other grapes. Well, the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh' has the character of this delicious grape just as definitely as has LONGWORTH'S best wine that of the Catawba. Several persons were at the table, and from the veriest tyro to the oldest connoisseur, they all admitted that no other wine they had ever tasted could equal it. One old gentleman fairly 'squealed out' with delight.

'Mr. GLASS next gave us a bottle of Steinburgh, from his Highness the Duke of NASSAU'S cabinet, the finest quality of this growth; and indeed it *was* fine, leaving all the other hocks I ever saw fairly in the back-ground. But that 'Sparkling Scharzburgh,' like MATHEWS' pigeon-pie, will ever haunt me. To make it from the Muscat-of-Alexandria grape, worth two dollars a pound, would be impracticable; and no other grape we have ever seen in this country will at all imitate it; and in fact no other place but the WASHINGTON HOUSE is suited to drink it in; for there the quiet comfort of the most genial house in Philadelphia leaves the appreciation free to enjoy the best of all known wines. Would that I were rich enough to drink this wine; would that I could write all the respect I have for its excellence; and the New-Jersey Rail-road could declare one extra dividend from the numbers who would visit Philadelphia to taste it! GLASS cannot be induced to sell it at any price. The visitors to his house alone are permitted to enjoy the rare privilege; but to them he supplies it at a moderate price. Go to Philadelphia, 'Old KNICK,' and taste the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh' before giving the finishing touches to your forth-coming volume! No man's education can be considered as at all complete until he has tasted this wine; and I shall henceforth refuse champagne, and even drink lightly of 'Catawba,' out of sheer respect to my memory of the 'Sparkling Scharzburgh.'

THE '*Albany Register*' daily journal has a graphic sketch of a '*Scene at a Steam-Boat Landing*,' which is very amusing, and not at all exaggerated. Albany caps the climax in respect of 'runners' for hotels, steamers, and luggage. Six stout fellows there, once seized a small valise of ours, and bore it in triumph to our lodgings, quarrelling and fighting nearly all the way, while we, the victims, brought up the rear. - - - OUR readers will remember the Boston thief who was found with a memorandum in his pocket of the places he was to visit, and what he was to steal, or where he was to 'scrutinize and get things.' Something like this fellow was a noted robber recently sentenced to twenty years in 'the Hulks' near Zurich, for multitudinous thefts. His note-book contained the following entries:

'JULY 1. Only an empty purse; remains of the affair of 29th May. Made a fruitless expedition to SULGER'S house in the village.' 'July 9. Made a little nocturnal round. Small result: only seven florins.' 'July 11. Useless work on the Gruben.' 'July 13. Paid a visit to the house of Madame HORNER. Got five gold florins.' 'July 20. Tried at Thoune, in different places, but got nothing. I was even obliged to make use of my poignard.' 'July 21. Operated at Oberhogen, near Thoune. Result: a watch, and 42f. in cash. Sold the watch for 7f. Took the diligence for Berne. Bought a pistol for 18f.' One of the entries was: 'The most difficult piece of art is to respect the eleventh commandment.' The eleventh commandment among thieves is, it appears, not to be caught!

If you wish to see the BLOOMERS, and feel any interest in the scheme of association, take the commodious steamer THOMAS HUNT, from Peck-Slip, and go to Red Bank, (N. J.) and then by stage five miles to the '*North-American Phalanx*.' Some eight years ago, a party of gentlemen and ladies here commenced, in a small way, an experiment to show the advantages of associated labor. They have now a farm of near seven hundred acres, a great part of which is under cultivation, with comfortable dwelling-houses, etc.; and they appear perfectly satisfied with the life they have chosen. Neither our time nor our limits will permit us to speak of their plans or principles, but we would say to our citizens and strangers who have leisure, that there is not a more delightful sail of three hours in the vicinity of the metropolis than to Red Bank. You have successive views of New-York Bay, Fort Hamilton, the Narrows, Coney-Island, Sandy-Hook, the Highlands of Neversink, the Ocean House, Port Washington, etc., etc. The scenery on Shrewsbury inlet is beautiful, and to breathe the pure sea-air is a luxury to the pent-up citizen worth many times the trifle it costs. - - - 'You don't like to have the flies plague you when you are writing, father,' said 'Young KNICK.' just now, as he was trying to scribble a letter to one of his little school-mates out of town; 'but they do *some* good, father: here's a great big fellow been buzzing about, all over my paper, and he's dotted almost all my *i's*!' 'MY EYES!' exclaimed THE OWL, with an approving flap of the wings, 'what moral wisdom in one so young! That is the true way to look at the annoyances of the world. There's *something* good in almost every thing!' - - - SOME very interesting letters are appearing at intervals in the Pittsburg '*Daily Dispatch*,' describing the scenes and incidents of the land-route to Oregon and California. They are fresh and vigorous, and are evidently jotted down from 'the very life.' Mr. EDWARD ALLEN, a brother of our correspondent, Mr. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, is the author of the letters in question. - - - We have received from an obliging correspondent in San Francisco the prospectus of a journal, to be published 'semi-occasionally' in the 'Golden City,' bearing the sonorous title of '*Satan's Bassoon*!' 'Principal Gas-Puffer, ALEXANDER M. KENADAY, an overloaded beast of burden, in search of his 'pile,' assisted by other 'blowers,' 'gassers,' etc. 'The Bassoon,' says the 'principal gas-puffer,' 'will be devoted to pounding and expounding the principles of day-light; elevating the human species to a sense of their inevitable destiny; and at the same time raising as much specie out of humanity as their circumstances will permit. It will prove conclusively that the 'Promised Land,' which we read about, is on the inside of the earth; the surface having been thoroughly 'prospected' without discovering it. The kernel of a nut being usually found inside the shell, and that region of the earth being assigned by common consent to His SATANIC MAJESTY, the faithful may bet high that 'there is something in it.' 'The Bassoon' will begin to toot as soon as the money can be borrowed to 'raise the wind.' The editor says it shall be returned '*after many days*!' We should rather negotiate a loan for the wag who advertises in one of our city journals: 'Wanted: Five Hundred Dollars to go on a Spree!' - - - WHAT a ter-re-men-jous book is BANGS BROTHER AND COMPANY'S *Catalogue of the Fifty-sixth New-York Trade-Sale*, to take place on the sixth of September! The '*first*' catalogue, too, it seems, although it contains nearly five hundred pages! The contributions come from all parts of the Union. Authors who are 'half-calf' are down in great numbers: others strut in 'turkey:' others are full of 'gilt,' and not a few

are 'embossed.' This trade-sale will be the largest ever held in the United States. - - - We are indebted to the courtesy of Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD for several public documents of great interest. - - - THOSE who were so unfortunate as not to be able to be present the other day at Mr. BARNUM's beautiful country-seat of 'Iranistan' lost the opportunity of having a 'good time.' We were of the number; but a friend who *was* present, speaks in glowing terms of the visit. A goodly array of editorial and other friends of the worthy proprietor proceeded thither, on a bright and beautiful morning, to examine the extensive water-works just erected on the place. They are thus described by one of the editors of '*The Tribune*' daily journal: 'The grounds of 'Iranistan' are about seventeen acres, hitherto watered by a brook which fails in the dryest weather, impelling Mr. BARNUM to a resolute effort to supply the deficiency. To this end he has dug and blasted out a well of twenty feet diameter to a depth of sixty feet, and built over it a brick tower, about one hundred feet high, with an iron tank at the summit, capable of holding seven hundred hogsheads. A new and beautiful engine (which has much other work assigned it) pumps this reservoir full in three or four hours, affording an ample supply to the house, gardens, stables, etc., including a fountain before the front door, for at least a week. Henceforward, a lack of rain is not to be felt as a privation at Iranistan. Mr. BARNUM's conservatories exhibit grapes, nectarines, and peaches, fully ripe and luscious, with superb specimens of the banana, the only ones which have borne fruit in this part of the world. His gardens and grounds are unsurpassed in thrift and beauty. Long may he live to enjoy them!' - - - In the course of an excursion the other day to Fort-Hamilton at the Narrows, while passing the spot where the revenue-cutter so mysteriously went down, we inadvertently listened to a short conversation, involving a little of that SOLOMON's wisdom one sometimes meets with on his travels. 'Pa,' said a little boy, fixing his eye on a clumsy and lubberly hulk, moored hard by, yclept '*The Zephyr*,' 'what is a Zephyr?' Before the paternal response could be given, a well-dressed, sleek young man, with nicely-trimmed whiskers, and a jaunty, low-crowned hat, and sporting a little cane, promptly replied: 'I suppose it must be some kind of a sea-animal.' Papa was not at all shaken from his gravity or his politeness by this remark, and kindly rectified the mistake. 'Blow, blow, ye winds, and crack your cheeks, and swallow navigation up!' Messrs. ZEPHYR, EURUS AND COMPANY had a hearty good laugh over this on the bay, and voted the use of their wings to carry the information that the 'schoolmaster is abroad.' - - - A FRIEND, an accomplished scholar and author, sends us the annexed note:

'I WAS much pleased with the *Essay on Names* published in the August number of your Magazine. But there are one or two things, (or names, which is the same thing,) in which I think the writer is mistaken. ALFRED the Great, for example, was not a man of *all peace* 'by any manner of means;' and his name has no such signification. The name was originally written *Aelfred*, and means 'elf, or fairy, in council.' The two parts of the compound are almost English words, *elf* and *rede*. See SHAKESPEARE: 'And seeks not his own *rede*.' The name, with this signification, is expressive of the character of the great man who bore it. His parents must have foreseen what he was to be.

'*Matilda* is another name, in regard to which I think the writer is mistaken. This name he says is 'from the Greek.' In my opinion, it is very *far* from the Greek. It is *not* 'Greek to me.' It is evidently of Teutonic origin. In the German it assumes the form *Mathilde*. *Hilda* is one part of the compound, and this is itself a proper name. In the Anglo-Saxon it means *battle*. I remember that MICHELET, speaking of GREGORY VII., says that his name, *Hildebrand*, means *son of fire*, taking *hil* as equivalent to *fire*. It has an entirely different meaning: the *brand* or *sword of battle*. The name of one of CHARLEMAGNE's queens was *Hildegarde*, the signification of which is easily seen. I have no books by me for consultation, and do not know what the *Mes*

part of MATILDA means. I am inclined to think it is related to the German *magd*, 'maid.' MATILDA, then, is the *maid of battle*, not the maid who is fond of fighting, but who is worth fighting for; as in Greek, ANDROMACHE, 'the fight of men,' means one for whom men may find it worth while to fight. 'I have said my say.' —

JESSE KERSEY, one of the most eloquent 'Friends' we ever knew, would have been obliged to put his handkerchief to his mouth, while reading the following '*Hit at Rich Musical Execution.*' How many a 'spoon' have we known, whose principal claim to be considered a musician arose from the fact that he had a drum in his ear, who has bepraised and beplastered just such singers as this, until her vanity rose to four hundred degrees of FAHRENHEIT:

'ANY one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano made during the conflict. Certain it is that no one can describe them, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended, Miss JANE moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once. 'One song, my dear JANE,' said Mrs. SMALL; 'you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame PIGGISQUEAKI is so fond of.' Miss JANE looked pitiful at her mamma, and her mamma looked 'sing' at Miss JANE; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands into a capus this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other: then commenced a kind of colloquy: the right whispering treble very sottly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change on the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss JANE; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, it appeared to us, as interpreters between the right and left. Things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. ROSS. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstrations that Miss JANE's music had made him feel good all over. We resolved, from this contemplation of Mr. ROSS's transport, to see whether we could extract from the performance any thing intelligible, when Miss JANE made a fly-catching grab at half-a-dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long, dull, hill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many keys with the left. This came over ROSS like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo-briers. Our nerves had not recovered until Miss JANE repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squeal of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague-fit, but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she scraped it. Her neck-veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, when we took the St. VITUS's dance and rushed out of the room. 'Goodness!' said a by-stander, 'if this be her *singing*, what must be her *crying*?' —

FRIENDS, correspondents, public and private, you *must* pardon our 'short-comings.' We have been 'making book,' and working otherwise without stint; with little leisure to answer personal correspondents, and *none* to answer merely literary ones. Communications in prose and verse, from esteemed friends and favorite contributors, crowd our port-folios, and 'bide their time'—the 'good time coming.' Touching various papers, evidently despatched hastily, and a decision as hastily desired, we beg to repeat, that we do not so consider manuscripts committed to our decision. And even upon new and carefully-written articles we wish to decide with discrimination. Often have we sat, with a 'dubious' paper in hand, hesitating for an hour whether to 'print or burn;' thinking of the fervent wishes of the writer, and the labor he had bestowed upon his production. Every part, every period, had been considered and re-considered, with unremitting anxiety. He had revised, corrected, expunged, again produced and again erased, with endless iteration. Points and commas themselves perhaps had been settled with repeated and jealous solicitude. All this may be, and yet one's article be indifferent in some respects, or positively objectionable as a whole. We must ask our friends the publishers also to 'bear with us yet a little.' - - - Five pages of 'Gossip' in type for our next: including pleasant Erie rail-road and Susquehanna reminiscences, sundry anecdotes, etc., etc. - - - FRIENDS EDITORIAL: if you *do* copy, please *credit*.

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'THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.'

THE 'PROFILE': FRANCONIA NOTCH.

THE perfect enjoyment to be obtained by a few days' complete idleness during the hot season, the 'dolce far niente' of the Italians; the entire 'abandon' of one's self to the pleasure of doing nothing, is, to an American — a pains-taking and care-worn people as we are — a luxury as rare as it is delightful. Such were my thoughts, as on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, the lake of many isles, I threw aside the cares and turmoils of the busy city I had left, and, for a few short days, gave myself up to the calm enjoyment of the beautiful, soul-quieting, and softening influences by which I was surrounded. Here I wandered, with no guide but the impulse of the moment, and no occupation but that of dwelling on Nature's works, and looking through them up to the great AUTHOR of Nature, and permitting the holy peace with which the air was filled to flow in upon and take possession of my own soul. The birds and squirrels were my companions; the placid lake in low murmurs all along the shore whispered the assurance that we were friends: the sky, the earth, and the winds of heaven, all combined to give me a warm and joyous welcome. 'The citizen has left his dull and insipid home, and returned to his first and only true love. Shall we not bid him be glad, and with him rejoice, pouring forth our own richest gifts?' Such was the import of the sounds which reached my ear, and their music rung on the breeze in constantly varied and ever sweeter harmony.

The song has never ceased, and may yet be heard by willing ears echoing from the hills, and floating on the lake, rising and falling with the breeze, and circling round that spot, in cadences clear, undying, and of thrilling sweetness.

Though willing and wishing to obey the voice, yet other mandates called me hence: the spirit of the mountain said 'Come!' and I came.

It was on a most glorious summer afternoon that I left the Flume

House, in the Franconia Notch, to pay a visit to the 'Old Man of the Mountain.' I was, as before, alone; and this solitary ride among the mountains I shall ever remember as one of the most solemn and impressive incidents of my life. It might have been partly owing to the very fact that I was thus alone, amid some of the grandest and most majestic of Nature's works, that inspired the heart with such depths of awe and veneration. But it arose likewise, in no small degree, from the peculiar circumstances of the time and season, which on this afternoon combined to produce a more than usual effect.

I had not gone far, before a dark cloud began to show itself over the mountain-tops. Darker and sterner it grew, larger and still larger became the dense mass, until the whole valley was enveloped in its shadow. The air became thick with the sombre hue, and the stillness of the grave was over all! The silence, the solitude, was almost fearful. On I drove through the narrow ravine. The road at times wound through thick woods, and the out-stretching branches almost met over head: again it opened, and mountain rising above mountain met my view. Soon the steep declivities approached each other, and seemed to leave but small space for the wayfarer below, and but a small belt of the dark heavens above was visible between their summits. Heavy thunder rolled in the distance, and the rumbling earth echoed back the sound. Suddenly I found myself on the borders of a lake which lay at the foot of a lofty mountain, and was enclosed by others on all sides. The surface of the lake was as black as ink, and a still, glossy smoothness had settled upon this dark mass. The woods around were reflected upon its immovable face. Not a ripple, not a breath: all was hushed, as though the spell of death or impending annihilation hung over the universe. Awe-struck, I stopped. The heavens were black as Erebus; the waters, the earth, wore the same threatening aspect. Ever and anon a crash of distant thunder for one instant broke the silence, then over all the same unearthly stillness as before. Overcome by the sensations of the moment, I raised my eyes. I started! From the topmost peak of the loftiest of the summits a human yet god-like countenance was looking down upon me, and upon the terrific scene in the midst of which I stood. It was wonderful, those majestic lineaments. Appearing at that moment, it was almost overwhelming.

Such a scene, and the unexpected manifestation of this superhuman presence, was at once startling and sublime. It produced on the mind a most powerful effect, inspiring mingled emotions of awe, wonder, and admiration.

I now saw that it was the far-famed '*Profile*' which towered up before me in solitary grandeur. Was it surprising that the Indian, that child of nature, when, in the midst of a scene like this, suddenly beholding that august countenance, stamped with the image of divinity, should fall prostrate in devout worship; should bow in adoration before the presiding deity of the spot; or that in after times he should perform a pilgrimage again to offer homage at such a shrine? No: in so doing he but followed the dictates of his own heart; he but yielded full sway to those impulses which originated in the deep impression stamped indelibly upon his soul at *this* his first recognition of the visible presence

of the GREAT SPIRIT. That this ~~again~~ should become his altar, ever resorted to in times of emergency or distress, was simply the natural and inevitable result. Here was an answer to his instinctive longings after the material manifestation of that omnipresent BEING, in whose existence he believed, whose hand he recognized as surrounding his path on every side, traced in the trackless wilderness, the roaring cataract, and on the mountain steep. Often sought for, yet here, for the first time, had He vouchsafed to reveal HIMSELF, and here had He made HIMSELF known in unequalled and unimagined grandeur.

It is a noble countenance! The more I gazed, the more I admired and venerated. It brought to mind those sublime features in which the old painters have attempted to portray upon canvas, in the human face, all that was god-like in the heart of man; lineaments expressive of the soul's highest, purest qualities, carried to the utmost perfection that the imagination could conceive, united with an intellect the most exalted; and thus have striven to present to mankind, however imperfectly, an image of his MAKER. It did not seem to me an imaginary resemblance to these great master-pieces that I traced in this grand and majestic profile, but a real, unmistakable similarity.

With a heart full of these sacred reminiscences of the old world, thus mingling and identifying themselves with what I now met in the new, I turned from the solemn scene.

And as I turned, and the dark waters at my feet once more met my eye, again another thought took possession of my mind. The black and frowning Styx, whose waters roll between life and everlasting death, seemed to spread out before me. The thick woods opposite, over which the shadows had now gathered themselves together in a denser and more impenetrable gloom, appeared a fitting type of that unfathomable abyss which is to be the dread abode of sinful, disembodied spirits. Its vast depths might, unknown to me, be filled with the hapless shades of the departed. It would scarce have been an unexpected incident, while thus musing, if, pushing from that fell shore, and speeding toward the spot on which I stood, I had beheld the bark of that 'demoniac' ferryman, 'around whose eyes glared wheeling flames,' himself standing on the prow, ready to seize and drag his doomed victim to the place apportioned to him; or if suddenly, over the still lake, some faint breeze had borne the wild shrieks of those already immured, breaking on the startled ear from that dim coast.

Spell-bound as by a horrible fascination I stood, looking for the expected mariner, but I saw him not: with straining ear I listened for these fearful cries, but I heard them not; and finally, as the shades, not of the dead, for them I could not see, but of the thick-coming darkness, were gathering themselves around me, I left the place.

A deluge of rain soon poured from the heavy clouds, which had so long warned, and warned in vain. But I had reached mine inn in safety, where I could fully enjoy the vivid lightning and all the majestic accompaniments of a storm among the mountains. And then the evening which followed was a glorious one! The beauty of that moon-rise over those lofty summits can never be surpassed. We were in a deep, dark

valley, and watched the first ~~light-streak~~ which, as a forerunner, was commissioned by the Queen of Night to announce her own approach. Then a golden tinge was ~~seen on a distant~~ peak, followed soon after by a line of clear, bright light, ~~and speedily she soared~~ above the mountain-tops, and launched out into the ~~now radiant~~ firmament. A portion of the valley, pierced by her gentle rays, lay ~~revealed~~ in quiet beauty, while a part remained hid in impenetrable shades: ~~and far off I could discern~~ the distant summits, as they were gradually touched by her beams, and arose from the dark abyss into the calm, dim light.

B. B.

T H E P O W E R O F T R U T H .

IN Eden's paths when ADAM sinless walked,
And face to face with GOD the FATHER talked,
How bright and happy hour by hour, each day,
In pure contentment, joyful passed away.
Fair rose the sun on nature's richest bloom;
The dewy flowers returned a soft perfume;
At eve descending, golden shadows rest
On the green turf which angels' feet have pressed:
Here sparkling streams a murmuring sound pro-
long,
Still faint and fainter in their distant song;
At every step new scenes of beauty rise,
And winds waft health and pleasure from the
skies.

Thus blest the spot our happy Parents trod,
Beloved of heaven, the garden of our God;
Bright o'er their pathway Hope immortal shone,
With truth descending from the eternal throne;
In innocence and love their hearts expand,
And still submissive to the great command.
All forms of beauty spread before the eye,
All pleasant things in rich profusion lie;
No thought of care disturbs the quiet scene,
No clouds obscure the day-light's glittering
sheen:
One power of living worship veils their shrine,
Pure as the source from whence it sprung divine.

Oh! if on earth that power could still be found,
E'en through the darker mists now gathered
round,
Still but one ray of that bright, heavenly flame,
Which thus in Eden to the spirit came;
How might the soul, on radiant wings sublime,
Rise from this cloudy atmosphere of time,
And soar away, through realms of ether far,
Beyond the limits of each distant star.

Yet though the weakness of one fatal hour
Still sadly comes with well-remembered power;
Though now on earth no Paradise is seen,
Where living waters roll its paths between;
Though angel-voices here no more are heard,
With sound of footsteps, when the leaves were
stirred,
In the cool evening falling, on the air
Laden with fragrance, rising every where;
There comes to Reason's eye a steady light,
Clear shining through these shades of dusky night,

Known to the planets and the starry spheres,
That circle round with Time's unmeasured years:
Far o'er the path of nature, soft and pure,
Its rays reflected pierce the dark obscure,
A spark ethereal from the GODHEAD given,
Whose skirts are folded in the blue of heaven.

Here, eldest TRUTH, thy being had its birth,
And down descended like a star on earth;
In regions mild of calm, eternal day,
Thy early radiance first began to play;
Around thee there thy younger partners stood,
MERCY and PEACE, a lovely sisterhood.
High in the realms of clear, empyreal air,
I hear a voice thy glorious path declare:
For thee, first-born, from these thy native skies,
The errand waits; now in thy strength arise.
Behold, far off the battle is begun,
And ERROR's hosts are stalking in the sun;
Forth from their shadowy caves, with low-winged
thought,
Now passing nearer, and now seen remote,
In light, fantastic shapes they weave the air,
Or heavier lurk in hollow places there.
Howe'er the mask, in all one bleared face
Obliquely looks in various crooked ways,
Or if aloft they stare with vacant eye,
Their vision follows moles along the sky.
With these thy sisters, here thy course begin,
And outward passing, seek the soul within,
Not less to guide with nature's certain light,
Now fainter shining through these shades of
night.
Be thine to walk with majesty severe,
Nor let thy fuller radiance quite appear;
Pleased when on earth thy partial ray is known,
And Faith pursues the half-veiled foot-prints on.

Thus armed, the winged messenger came
down,
A white-robed mantle shadowed half her crown;
A modest cincture round her loins she wore,
And in her hand a branch of amaranth bore;
Each flower was glistening with immortal dew,
Distilled from odors where in heaven it grew;
And MERCY followed, bearing, gentle maid,
What seemed the rod of Justice backward laid;
With meek-eyed PEACE, though younger, yet
twin-born,
Around whose neck was hung a golden horn.
These all together came, nor lighted here,

But first above the smoke of this dim sphere,
Of purer air they formed a fleecy shroud,
And hid their brightness in a purple cloud.

While thus reposing in their tented veil,
To Fancy's breeze we spread the fluttering sail,
And steer our course where in the dimmer ray
Of light historic, earth-bound records lay,
With here and there, along the shadowy track,
Some cheering gleams reflected faintly back;
Divided radiance, seen perhaps by night,
Returning upward to the parted light.

That ancient stream, whose waters silent run,
And pass unchanging through the shade and sun,
Once in the land of story and of song,
To sounds of murmuring music rolled along.
Around Olympus' base, with deeper flow,
From fountains fed by everlasting snow,
A tide of foam-bells on its bosom shone,
Flung off from Venus' starry girdled zone;
While in soft groves, where waving pine-trees
bent,
Those strains were heard which Art to Genius
lent,
When in dark clefts behind the mountain tower
She saw the dew-drop sparkling on the flower,
Which from a passing cloud was wafted down,
By some cross-wind that wandered there un-
known.

Ah, blind old man! this glorious Grecian sky,
With all its brightness, fades before thine eye.
For thee the early sun-beams now no more
Across the sea their morning splendors pour;
And Scio's moon, that shone so sweet at night,
For thee no longer comes with yellow light;
Nor flowers are blooming in their beauty fair,
Nor rainbow rises on the painted air.
Let these soft winds that murmur round thee still,
Here on the summit of this Phrygian hill,
Which high o'erlooks Dardanian bulwarks
strong,
Pass with Scamander's shining stream along;
And wider spread where, near the tented plain,
Those crested prows are riding on the main,
Whose sounding wave from distant Argos bore
The son of THETIS to the Trojan shore.
Or shall they rather wait the siren song
Which hoarse Trinacria heard her rocks among,
And with the bubbles on the goblet's brim,
Light break away before the Circean hymn?
Or patient with the wandering Argive go,
And die in music on his fabled bow?

Let not the thought, with dignity severe,
Appeal to TRUTH while fondly lingering here.
This early voice, which thus in rapture woke,
And with its call the dreams of Echo broke,
Not less the slumbers of the spirit stirred,
While still its sounds melodious are heard,
Nor quite disdained, e'en in the spherie clime,
Where now the sons of morning sing sublime.

Yet for a moment may the heart recall,
Now rising where Ereotian shadows fall,
Those other notes of lofty, lyric sound,
That half inspired the stupid woods around;
Or breaking clear, like music long delayed,
Or softer falling in the slumbering shade;
And low or high, all one full, ringing tone,
Above the song to younger voices known.

But what are these that cluster round us here,
And one by one in broader light appear?
Whence came the beauty of this living brow,
And where the voice I heard approaching now?

Was it a sound that passed across the sea,
And through this arch swept by in melody?
Or only rustlings which these broad leaves made,
Here lofty playing in their pleasant shade?
Athenian PALLAS! on that sun-clad height
Thy temple stands, how proudly, purely white!
Long rows of pillars round in beauty rise,
Far looking o'er the Ægean wave, that lies
Blue-mirrored, with its thousand islands fair,
For ever cooled by gentle breezes there.
It is the spot where Art has lingered long,
Where that sweet Nightingale her Attic song
In notes most musical poured on the air,
Not dying with departed summer there.
The land of PLATO and THUCYDIDES;
The land of PHIDIAS and PRAXITELES;
The land of LYSIAS and ISOCRATES,
Of ÆSCHINUS and of DEMOSTHENES;
The land of CONON and ARISTIDES,
Of XENOPHON and of THEMISTOCLES;
The land of CIMON and MILTIADES,
Of NICIAS and of ALCIBIADES,
Of famed ASPASIA and of PERICLES,
Of ÆSCHYLUS and of EURIPIDES,
Of old ANACREON, with his wine and lees,
Of him, frog-croaking ARISTOPHANES,
And he, whose voice came from the murmuring
bees,
ELECTRA's poet, white-haired SOPHOCLES.
Look how they rise, are rising — come away;
Oh let them not thy onward course delay.
Pleasant it is to listen to the flow
Of these soft waters, where the winds that blow,
With fragrance sighing, lull the soul to sleep,
For some, alas! Lethæan slumber deep.

But ask, Why came not Truth's unclouded
ray?
Why this faint glimmer of the dawning day?
Were eyes like these unfitted for the light,
Or could they only see in dreams by night?
Too wise by half. Ask wherefore should the sun,
While in their paths the circling planets run,
Look but at one bright side that turns to him,
And veil the other in eclipses dim?
Why, while he shines in noon-day splendor here,
Far round the globe, the moon and stars appear,
Known to the sailor on the Indian seas,
At midnight dancing o'er the antipodes?

Alas for all the power of moral grace!
The snarling cynic in his sunny place,
With fancied pride, the glorious brightness
viewed,
Before whose light the world's dread conqueror
stood;
All in his house of hoops alike he sees,
If ALEXANDER or DIOGENES.
Poor, narrow fool! when CHARON claimed his
dole,
Amazed, he wonders how this shrivelled soul
E'er found the strength to float itself away,
While earth retained the smallest pinch of clay.

Yet half there shone immortal radiance fair,
When PLATO's master drank his hemlock there.
Calm, as in breathing sleep, he sank to rest,
To wake, like sun-beams fading in the west.
Far in the silence of the land of dreams,
On fields of flowers, and crystal-shining streams,
There falls a flood of silver-winged light,
That breaks the gloom of everlasting night.
Not here, not here — what is it that I see?
I know, I know that life is yet to be.
E'en from the hour when nature had her birth,
While virtue, justice, love, remain on earth,
All who shall here their holy laws fulfil
Must see beyond a final triumph still.
For them good angels heavenly watches keep:
Not dying can make death eternal sleep.

Look further round; in every clime and age,
The record reads the same unvaried page,
Whether embracing now in wider view
What PHARAOH's priests and Chaldee wise men
knew.

Or later where Ansonian shadows lay,
When earth acknowledged Rome's imperial
sway.

From first to last, in dim perception shown,
Some greater truth seems lying half unknown.
Just where the line, that bounds to mortal eye
Those lofty depths which pass beyond the sky,
Fades fainter in the vast, unmeasured clime,
Where once was seen the birth of eldest Time;
Just here, when thought would spread her wings,
to soar

Above the mists that veiled her path before,
When with high effort, struggling to be free,
The inner spirit felt what life must be,
In long uncertainty of doubt they stood,
Like wanderers through a crowded solitude,
Without a chart to guide their trackless way,
Or northern star to shine with cheering ray:
One course they followed, and one path they trod;
Each sought from nature how to worship God.
This is the thought that rises over all,
This is the power which some divine would call:
The great, wide truth, that runs the earth around,
Where'er the living creature has been found:
Though love, and hope, and faith, are absent
still,

This mighty agent bows the mortal will,
And, wiser than the fool, will seek the road
That follows on divinely up to God.

So, in eternal forests, lone and deep,
The Red Man laid his weary limbs to sleep,
His battles finished, and his hunting o'er;
He wakes again upon the spirit-shore,
And, with the bow and axe beside him laid,
*The deer he chases in a land of shade,
Where the GREAT SPIRIT sees with smiling face
The best and bravest of the warrior race.

How shall the lyre those sacred strains pro-
long
Of old, which passed above the mount of song,
And played among the clouds — are playing
still —

That circled round the brow of Sion's hill?
From their high fountains of eternal spring,
Clear, living waters sparkle as they sing,
And back reflected, send the heavenly ray,
Whose light was born of pure, ethereal day.
Why in the softness of the evening hour,
Bright from the diamonds of this weeping
shower,

Full in the radiance of the setting sun,
Does this wide arch of glittering colors run?
O welcome messenger! with thee in youth
Came the glad tidings of unchanging TRUTH;
Down thy bent span, in blended beauty clear,
On the blue ground, her trailing skirts appear;
One hand she pointed to the passing flood,
The other sealed the colors where they stood:
So shall they stand, nor change, nor period know,
While seasons roll beneath the covenant bow.

Now were the seals of that great Volume broke,
Recorded truths by inspiration spoke,
Which, high above all boasted wisdom old,
The wondrous ways of PROVIDENCE unfold.
Proud human reason, with its lofty sneer,

Quite foolish stands, amazed, confounded here:
In simple power of majesty divine,
The sacred stamp appears on every line,
Before the beauty of whose equal ray
All doubts and shadows fly like mists away.
In vain the scientist with his small eye
Would here his self-inflated lens apply;
The puny moralist, with equal skill,
Lies floundering in his oozy quagmire still;
While he who digs his letters in the earth
Has found his knowledge of so rare a birth,
That other works must in their course have run,
Before this globe went whirling round the sun.
His long-named friends, whose fossils now remain,
Lived ancient in the days of TUBAL- AIN.
Perhaps for him, as for the porous beam,
To stone converted by the trickling stream,
All that these silent drippings could impart
Has been the power to petrify his heart.
But let him pass: his bones may come to light
When he has slept through thousand years of
night,
Where other strata will be heaped up high,
Their page just opened to the curious eye;
Some future sage will stand with wondering
mind,
And speculate in abstract thought refined,
And make new names for these old bones of his,
Distinctly labelled, 'Sui generis.'

How vain the pride of wisdom's worldly
school!

How easy knowledge makes a man a fool!
Atoms on atoms wandering fly around,
And raise for mortal ears a jingling sound,
Not heard in fact, but yet presumed to be,
Tossing and tumbling through immensity,
Till all at once they cease their merry dance,
And in due order stand arranged by chance.
This eye was floating in eternal space,
And, lucky for me, lighted in my face;
A hand, an arm, were beating on the air,
And sought to find atomic partners there,
When lo, half made, I happened to pass by,
And all was finished, without how or why.
So, by gradations equally refined,
Some way or other, I was given a mind;
And this warm blood, that courses through my
frame,
By like attraction or perversion came.
What endless mazes error loves to run!
How dark for her the shining of the sun!
In winding circuit, shades on shades appear,
And back and forward idly double here.
How all breaks clear before the quickened sight!
God said, Let there be light, and there was light.
Darkness and light, divided then by name,
Each to their separate course, well ordered,
came;
The great, round earth, obedient to His voice,
Far rising through the elemental noise,
Where Chaos, in his dark pavilion wide,
For ever stirs the vexed and surging tide,
Sprung to her station with the ringing spheres,
And round her centre marks the rolling years.
The trees and flowers in varied beauty rise;
The smiling landscape soft and pleasant lies;
Each living creature joins the perfect plan,
And all is crowned, and made complete in man.

Oh! shame to him who with capricious heart
Would rob creation of its better part,
Turn the closed eye to mystic doubts refined,
And subtle weave a midnight for the mind!

* By cloudless moons, through fields of blue,
In habit of the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade.

For him all nature is a dreary pago,
One universal blank from youth to age.
What if he strives to take a nobler view,
And seeks the good, the beautiful, the true?
What if so far he bows his stubborn pride
As just to stand the heavenly gates beside?
Alas! though near, the distance is as great,
Still darkly hanging o'er the brink of fate;
Too calm, too confident, too self-possessed,
Or if convinced, too hard to be confessed;
Ashamed to follow on the pathway bright,
Because it shines not with his own pale light.

But high above all passion, noise, and strife,
Lies the full day of everlasting life,
Revealed in promises which, seen by faith,
With heavenly radiance light the road to death.
Here prophets breathed upon the burning scroll;
With tongues of flame they writ the parchment
roll.

Far from his Chaldee home for ever passed,
On Mamre's plain his tents the Patriarch cast;
From all the nations called by act of grace
To be the founder of that royal race
For whom was heard the Psalmist's harp divine,
Prophetic told of JUDAH's princely line,
Whose people still, though scattered near and
far,

Living mementoes of the record are,
Now, as of old, distinct in every place,
The mark and symbol stamped upon their face.
Say, ye who look with calm and placid eye,
Wide as your range of mortal sight can lie,
Where, in the annals of the human race,
Or lowly found, or high in pride of place,
Of all who won a great and glorious name,
And lofty filled the sounding trump of fame,
Where arms and arts of noblest grace were
found,

And hope immortal seemed to breathe around,
Who now remain? who here, like these, are seen,
The same to-day as they have always been?
Not like sea-islanders, for ever rude,
But through all highest moral change have stood,
Are standing yet, and shall, we know, remain
Till TRUTH on earth asserts her final reign.

Oh, if beyond this fine-spun, subtle lore,
One simple fact defies your vaunted power;
If still for you the knowledge be too great
That veils the limits of this present state;
Be wise in folly, and with better heed,
Submit in silence, or first learn to read.
Turn to the prudent tribe, the busy race,
Industrious working in their little place;
Or look on all great things that round you lie,
Nor, with that purely philosophic eye,
Calmly and coldly pass their heights along,
And try to reason whether God be wrong.

But earth moves on her fixed, diurnal span:
Behold, the time is come, the hour, the Man!
Life as it shall be rises to the sight,
And immortality is brought to light.
The darkness passes; from the opening tomb,
Pure, heavenly radiance dissipates the gloom.
It is the triumph angels love to sing,
It is the dawning of eternal spring;
It is the breaking of the purple cloud
Which holds the sisters in its fleecy shroud.
All hopes that cheer life's dark and dubious way,
All highest passions in this frame of clay,
All burning thoughts that worship and adore,
All weeping eyes that now shall weep no more,

All aspirations to the spirit given,
That wake immortal on the plains of heaven;
Whatever rises with the voice of song,
Whatever reverent moves the heart or tongue,
Whatever, whirling, rests not night or day,
Like flying spokes in full, revolving play;
Great wains of thought that on the fannies roll,
And circle round, and crowd upon the soul;
The dream of happiness, the crown of faith,
The final victory over sin and death —
Lo, what a constellation clusters here!
How purely soft the shining orbs appear!
What gentle radiance passes down the sky,
In whose blue seas the starry diamonds lie!
A firmament of gems, for ever bright
With the reflection of immortal light.

Now let the foolishness of folly cease;
Hang high the signal of eternal Peace,
Emblem of Mercy from the far-off shore,
Waving its colors all the wide world o'er.
A small, white cloud, just where the sun might be,
Obscurely hanging round the inland sea,
Where from their noon-day slumbers now awake
*Those pilots of the Galilean lake,
Whose wider net, through seas of every clime,
Has gently passed along the tide of time,
And, gathered in with wise and careful hand,
It lays its treasures on that shining strand,
Where earth and water lie for ever fair,
In like embrace of elemental air.

But has the world been new-created then?
Is Paradise restored to man again?
Has human passion passed from earth away?
Is death no more the doom of mortal clay?
What then is truth? And do you wish to know
What PILATE asked two thousand years ago?
There is the armor: will you gird it on?
There is the field; a battle lost or won.
The foe around in lurking ambush lies:
Were there no conflict, there would be no prize.
Not the time-serving or the coward heart,
With folded hands retiring far apart;
Not he with moody look and sullen brow,
Who careless waits while others strike the blow;
Not such as these will ever win the wreath
Whose laurels wave above the field of death.
Earth is the battle-ground where armies meet;
Woe to the soldier who with flying feet
Would shun the conflict, or retiring stand,
The spear and buckler idle in his hand!

Ye white-robed throng, who once in mortal
strife,
Through field and flood, maintained the war of
life,
While fiery tempests raged around your head,
And, fiercely fighting, dead men fell on dead;
Apostles, saints, and martyrs, glorious now,
With living garlands waving on your brow,
From your high habitations lowly bend,
And let your spirit here again descend.
Tell how above all strife of earthly war,
The joys of heaven exceeding greater are;
Tell how the last and dreaded mortal blow
Recoils in vengeance on the vanquished foe:
Say how by dying, DEATH himself must die,
And as an angel bear us to the sky.

Now in his hour of high, undazzled flight,
The Roman eagle rises to the sight;
O'er distant climes, with wings of circling pride,
His course careering, follows far and wide;

* Last came, and last did go.
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.

Imperial colors, soiling, trail the ground,
Fast to the victor's golden chariot bound.
Long rows of captives, noble where the light
Of eastern suns in softest radiance bright
Fell on the palm-trees, whose broad leaves
around

Made in the air a soft and dreamy sound;
With those who, by their sacred altars rude,
Deep in the shadows of the ancient wood,
In Druid rites and mysteries profound,
Invoked the gods and water-spirits round;
Through vast, triumphal archways springing
high.

Before the gazing multitude pass by.
He, with his noble look and manly grace,
The last perhaps of an illustrious race;
Or she who, once the Desert City's Queen,
In those sun-temples of the Palmyrene,
With that old man, whose lofty name sublime
Yet stands recorded on the page of time;
Here lowly follow to the swelling strain
Whose notes are heard before the conqueror's
train.

Yet must they fall; yet must the impending
doom

That comes to all, to all this greatness come;
Nor Priest nor Flamen, with their hollow cry,
Can here avert the solemn augury.
Where the blue Bosphorus now rolls along
His waters, famous in the youth of song,
Beneath the billows of whose swelling tide,
Swimming for love and life, LEANDER died,
Beyond the crescent of that golden horn,
Enfolding shapes of mirrored beauty born,
Stands the fair city of great CONSTANTINE,
Who saw in heaven appear the conquering sign.
Lord of the Roman world, there rose on high,
Above his eagle soaring to the sky,
An emblem of a mightier power on earth
Than ever hero knew of mortal birth.
The little cloud, which, like a human span,
First came where Jordan's silver waters ran,
Now in a wider brightness spread around,
And lighted up those hollow caves profound,
Where in their darkness earth-born shadows lay,
Retiring from the early dawn away.
Hail to the triumph! victors of the world,
No more your golden ensign is unfurled;
No more, with wings expanded far above,
Undazzled soars the imperial bird of Jove:
Lo, not one shaft is flying through the air,
Yet see, he pauses in his progress there;
Stays but a moment, and with flapping sound,
Falls back, and tumbles headlong to the ground.

Here has the harder conflict now begun,
The triumph here, but not the trophy won.
The old Dragon still, though in his iron chain,
Has not quite lost his power on earth to reign.
What by the unity of Love is made,
Has yet with grosser matter to be weighed.
The human will, not free, and not confined,
Still subject to the same great laws of mind,
Which, to the winds and waters ever known,
Give them a freedom, and retain their own,
Has, with its lenses to a focus brought,
Confused the simplest elements of thought.
Wrapped in a gloss of unsubstantial light,
Believing truth, but holding it too bright,
Creating heaven what they would have it be,
Talking of freedom, yet with lock and key
Barring its doors with pride and bigotry,
Holding salvation but on usury,

An idle crowd before the gilded shrine
Now turn to mockery the rites divine;
And all those holy aspirations given,
That came immortal from their fount in heaven,
On lower pinions hovering, sink away
Before a likeness of this painted clay.

Say, whence has come this melancholy change?
Does reason sanction such perversion strange?
The simple truth, that shone with early light,
Still shines undimmed in heavenly lustre bright;
Still in its living beauty plays about,
Though from a human dwelling-place shut out.
It is not night because my narrow room,
Close barred and bolted, makes a partial gloom;
Nor has the sun gone down, because that cloud
Now veils his radiance in its passing shroud.
Long were the story how by slow degrees
The pampered zealot grew too hard to please;
Or how the carnal passions, side by side,
Forth walked abroad with luxury and pride;
Art and convenience formed their equal tools,
With ignorance, low handmaid of the schools;
While love of power here brought its sweeter
zest,

And strangling choked all worship in the breast.
Nor these alone: e'en when a purer ray
Half scattered their dark, murky clouds away,
Philosophy, with wondrous power of thought,
The naked substance comprehended not;
Still with distinctions would it wander round,
Still indistinct in all its mazes found.
Hence, with the passing eye half closed, we see
Presumption blind and subtle mystery:
One counts his beads, and pays his willing dole,
To purchase absolution for his soul;
To shreds and relics in his sight are given
The holy power to turn the keys of heaven;
Another burrows in his mental hill,
And leaving earth, becomes a naked Will;
Around the top of speculation high,
Link in a chain drawn through eternity,
Awhile he lives in self-created day,
Then sinks upon a German mist away.

Would that these warring powers, in conflict
joined.

Might batter down the prisons of their mind,
Each from the other knock its hold away,
And bright let in the ever-living day.
Yet here, to this great central point now brought,
A moment stay, and turn to human thought:
A vast complexity, in whose embrace,
Outrunning measurements of time and space,
The deeper springs of those dark secrets lie,
Which veil for man the glories of the sky.

Well may we ponder looking on the page
Where all the good and wise of every age
Confess their weakness, and retiring own
A knowledge greater than themselves have
known.

The germ of life, indwelling, all unseen,
That ceases not to be, nor to have been,
Great, subtle essence from the GODHEAD sent,
The birth divine, the purest element
Thin-spun and indivisible, where lie,
Alike indifferent to the inner eye,
All vast ideas, high, eternal born,
No bigger than a single grain of corn,
Nor either suffering, howsoever they roll,
*The slightest laceration of the soul.
Resolve its powers, or simple or profound,
And Reason now and Understanding sound;

* CONSIDER your own conceptions, said IMMANUEL, and the difficulty will be less. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than that of a grain of corn? Or how can either of them suffer laceration?

Seek how evolved, but first desire to know
By what fixed laws their movements ever go ;
Trace out the analogies by science shown,
The electric spark, the seaman's polar stone,
The simplest circumstance now known to all,
What makes a meteor or an apple fall :
Like them, by these each new discovery try,
With strength to bear the scrutinizing eye
Which sees all parts together perfect joined,
In one well-balanced frame-work of the mind.

In all such reasoning error surely lies,
Which by ontology is made too wise.
Beyond the limits, in whose certain rule
Is held the knowledge of the mental school,
There stretches still that outer region wide,
Where all experimental lore is tried.
The cautious hand, here through this dark array,
By slow degrees, with prudence feels its way,
Nor yet advances, if those greater laws
Reveal not plain the fixed, determined cause.
Some newer lights who see with clearer eye,
Slashing their broadswords, boldly cut and try,
Hacking and hewing, as if truth were found
By piece-meal scattered through the shades
around ;
Or if they stumble nearer to the light,
They know no law to tell them they are right.
Whole systems have been later given to man,
If that be system which contains no plan,
By which, in endless jargon rolled about,
Ideas have been tumbled inside out ;
A vast profundity of nothing learned,
Nor e'en by transcendental eye discerned.
The new disciple with his weaker strings,
More noisy, substitutes a sound for things,
And puzzled long, in fancied vision deep,
At last the night-mare breaks upon his sleep ;
The conjured figures now before him rise,
And all the shades are heavenly in his eyes ;
At his command they come and disappear,
Great lord of intellectual spectres here ;
The Ego now is tyrant of his brain :
I live, he cries, I hail, I snow, I rain !

But what of that great question ever sought,
Confoundling still the highest reach of thought,
Which, like the problem of the rounded square,
No skill has yet been able to declare ?
Vast depth profound, where lies the mystery
Of understanding how the mind is free ;
Whether the actions rising in my soul
Around their centre self-determined roll,
Unchained, unfettered, free as heavenly air,
Or near or far, or here or every where.
First, do I feel within my mental frame
A law in all its changes still the same ?
Or rather wander like a dreaming sound,
And idly play among the leaves around ?
See, where they list, the summer breezes blow,
We know not whence they come, or whither go :
So is it written, of the SPIRIT born,
Do we now live, young children of the morn ;
Upward on wings of love and hope we rise,
To dwell eternal in the sunny skies,
Or free to choose, in darker hollows lay,
Like night-shades flying from the light away.

Here let the line of nicer draft divide
What lies on this, or on the other side.
Reward and punishment, or soon or late,
Alike determine and allot our fate.

Princeton, (N. J.) September, 1850.

The good man lives, as ever in his eye
There comes the summons, Thou must this day
die ;

And sure as death, he knows there may be given,
If so he will, the glorious crown of heaven.
But is there farther freedom for the free ?
Has he the power to change his destiny ?
Or can he will, and make new laws for life,
Or peaceful shun the battle and the strife ?
What is the liberty that makes him still
Obedient to a power above his will ?
Just what is seen, when in each passing hour
He feels the presence of that sovereign power ;
Just what he knows, when to his bounded sight
Invisible appear the fields of light :
Of little consequence to seek the cause,
When truth and revelation write the laws ;
If perfect freedom be the highest bliss,
Why was the world created what it is ?

But leave all doubt, and say, within their
sphere,
Virtue and knowledge are true freedom here ;
Nor with rash wisdom venture to unbind
Those darker robes that veil the human mind.
There is a law through all creation found,
A law which runs its widest limits round :
The birth of ages in its being lay,
And by its power the heavens shall pass away ;
Its primal hour was with the eternal Word,
Far speaking, when the sovereign voice was
heard ;
It lives, it reigns for ever with the sun,
All distant harmonies it binds in one ;
For it the planets, in procession bright,
Go one by one, around their central light ;
And holding nature in its vast embrace,
As soon the earth could leave its destined
place
As thought or will that golden chain can break,
And in free air their own pavilion make.

How shall we call it ? It is still the same,
If known by this, or any other name.
What binds the universe, must surely be
The will of God, which is Necessity.
As His command, so comes my freedom here,
Doing or suffering in my little sphere ;
Not less to love, because I cannot fly,
And look in heaven with my weak, mortal
eye ;
Nor to complain, because a stronger sight
Was not vouchsafed to bear the heavenly light ;
But looking calmly on the unwritten page,
To read my lesson with advancing age :
Knowing that of myself I could not come,
*Feeling that dying is but going home ;
All speculative reasoning quite laid by,
As free to live, and yet as sure to die ;
Nor life, nor death, to be avoided here,
From whence this truth I see distinct and clear :
That while all laws one great, fixed end fulfill,
Necessity leaves free the human will.

O THOU, from whom all being had its birth,
In this clear dawn of later truth on earth,
Let not the vanity of weaker pride
In bold presumption turn its rays aside ;
But rather may the meek and faithful heart
In modest silence bear its little part,
And still walk on with calm and steadfast gaze,
Till called to see the brightness face to face.

M I L T O N A N D H O M E R .

A MONOGRAPH.

BY THE REV. JOHN W. MEARS.

THE attachment of Milton to classical examples and his imitation of them need not be remarked upon; nor will it be disputed that, in many instances, he has perceptibly improved upon them. Like Homer, he, too, in the introductory part of his great work, introduces a *catalogue*, (i.e., that of the devil-deities, *Paradise Lost*, book I.,) which is relieved by many more points, and is vastly more entertaining, than the tedious enumeration running through from three to five hundred lines of the *Iliad*.

Homer and Milton both, before they introduce their catalogues, indulge themselves in fanciful similitudes suggested by the number and condition of the forces to be named, which gives us a fine opportunity to bring the two minds of the authors into comparison. The superior richness of Milton's imagination, and the excellent good judgment he displays in the *location* of his figures, are obvious, if we but glance at the two passages.

First, in the matter of mere outward magnitude. Homer's fancy plays only through the compass of twenty-five lines, while he is content to run on in the enumerative vein through some three hundred and sixty lines. Milton, on the other hand, discourses grandly of things comparable to his angel-forces through forty lines, confining the catalogue itself within one hundred and fifty lines: 375-520.

Now, to the nature of the similes employed. Homer's First, verse 455, has reference to the glitter of the armor worn, like devouring fire on the top of a mountain. The special aptness of this simile is perhaps to be found in the distance and indefiniteness of the object. The Grecian array was not formed, and the confused and scattered arms were not gathered so as to produce a distinct picture. The Second figure is based upon the uproar made by the frequent and irregular tread of horses and soldiers assembling in great multitudes. These things have their likeness, according to the poet, in the numerous flocks of such sociable birds as geese, cranes, or long-necked swans: those of the latter (for distinctness) which frequent the Asian meadow, amid the streams of the Cayster, etc. The suitableness of the comparison rests upon the multitude, the clamor and confusion, and especially the mob-like and unsoldierly condition of the crowd. Can the poet intend to call attention to the fortuitous likeness of *topography*, and to lay emphasis upon it, as an important point in the comparison, by the phrases 'Ασίφ ἐν λειμῶνι and 'Εν λειμῶνι Σχαμανδρίφ? The Third comparison turns more strictly upon the numbers of the forces, and is complete and concise to the limits of a single verse:

Μυρίοι ὅσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρη.

The leaves and *flowers in spring* may be considered more suitable in

the hopeful state of the army which is described. The Fourth is that of the flies crowding around the milk-pails in spring, and vehemently urging for an entrance; just as the Greek army with its vast multitudes is urging for admission within the walls of Troy. Although we might find this or that justification for this simile, we shall doubtless be excused for *not liking it*. What justness there is in it rests upon the disorderly impetuosity of the Greeks, which, before the battle array, would carry them to the enemy's walls, as if they had been a thick swarm of creatures without thought, like the flies. Fifthly, we have the ordering of the hosts as if they had been flocks and herds by their discerning watchmen. There is a shade of special adaptedness in this, inasmuch as now, while the host approach a better condition, a higher degree in the animal kingdom is chosen as the site from which to view them. Herd-cattle are better than flies or wild geese. Lastly, verse 780-85, the whole earth in a blaze would but equal the glory of their armor, and the ground keeps quaking under their tread, as if the wrathful Zeus were hurling about his thunderbolts, smiting therewith the land of his powerful and deadly foe Typhœus. The bolder tone of this simile, as compared with the first, is justified by the completed array and dreadful order of the marshalled forces.

Thus, we find amid the grander features of the poem, some evidences of a nice and just feeling in the management of the less conspicuous matters. But by glancing hastily over the corresponding passages in *Paradise Lost*, we shall discover the marks of a superior sagacity and judgment, not to say of a richer imagination. Not more than a word upon each simile will be necessary to make this plain to any one. Milton had that 'seeing eye' in which Carlyle declares the poetic faculty so largely consists. He discerned most skilfully between the *moments* of his epic narrative. And reserving his figures, the blind poet deals them out only as the varying color of the narrative would be suited in them.

First, his exuberant fancy supplies us at once with three similes to illustrate the appearance of the host as they lie

'Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire.'

First, they are thick as leaves in autumn strewing the brooks of Val-lombrosa. Then they are as the scattered sedge blown about on the Red Sea, when at the setting of Orion the south wind vexes the coasts. Thirdly, they are strown like the floating carcasses of the Egyptians overthrown by the waves of the self-same sea. Observe how exactly these figures, which at the outset profess to relate only to the number of the host, ('*thick* as the leaves,') yet describe the host just at that *moment* in its history. The faded and fallen leaves and the upturn sedge, both floating in a foreign element, are exceedingly apt pictures of the miserable multitude:

'In horrible destruction laid thus low;
Oh, how unlike the place from which thy fell!'

And nothing could bring up with more force the

'CHERUB and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns,'

than the reference to our familiar conception, aided as it is by master-

paintings, of the discomfited hosts of Pharaoh covering the Red Sea with wrecks of their mad and perfidious undertaking.

But the host is now fully roused by the general's voice. The prostrate angels rise from their bed of fire, and balance themselves upon the wing under the cope of hell. Now, again, the poet yields his pen to the guidance of imagination. And though he once more professes to describe them simply as innumerable, the nature of his comparison is skillfully modified to suit the altered condition of the multitude. The myriads of locusts that devastated Egypt are introduced, not as they covered the ground, which would have been sufficiently just if numbers only had been involved, but as they filled the air, 'a pitchy cloud,' 'warping on the eastern wind,' hanging over 'the realm . . . like night,' and darkening 'all the land of Nilo.' Nor should it escape observation that these formidable insects, like the angel multitude, are just 'up-called,' while a subtle comparison lies between the power of Moses and of Satan. In the First figure every thing was prostrate, humble, and without life or hope. Now every thing is busy, elate, rustling and threatening. The locusts contemplate settling: the bad angels only wait the signal of the waving spear till they light upon the firm brimstone. But scarcely have their feet seemed to touch a standing-place, and the whole host to have assumed a position which would be natural to man, when the poet's eye has glanced over the vast plain filled up by the multitude; and the steppes of the north, waste, barren, boundless, thronged with hastening troops of barbarians, come up before his inner vision. 'A multitude like which,' he sings, (and the tramp of thousands seems to echo in his verse:)

'A MULTITUDE like which, the populous north
Poured never from her frozen solus, to pass
Rhene or the Danau.'

The justness of this comparison is in the yet unmarshalled confusion of the crowd, but more especially in the farther remove which it indicates from the conditions implied in former similes. A swarm of men is better than a swarm of locusts. These hordes of barbarians were not only fierce and multitudinous, but they were powerful. The illustration is framed to suit the improved condition of the angels, who seem to require a firm footing for their comfort, as also for their efficient coöperation in planning and in action.

Finally, after the array has been accomplished, the banners raised, the forest of spears uplifted, shield laid upon shield, helm thronged upon helm, then, as they stand presenting

——— 'A HORRID front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield;'

then first the comparison is drawn, or rather their superiority is declared in contrast with the best and chiefest of human forces. In making up the list, the poet seems to have preferred to follow the course of mythology, fable and romance, rather than that of history; thus allowing more room for the play of imagination and for conceptions of ideal splendor in the minds of the readers. All of which would have been out of place in an earlier stage of the narrative:

'For never since, created man
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each hand
Mixed with auxillar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of UTHUR's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Justed in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco or Trebizond;
Or whom BICERTA sent from Afric's shore,
When CHARLEMAGNE, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarubbia.'

Now look at the complete picture we can make out of the similes alone. See what an eloquent series of *tableaux* we have, telling in poetical dumb-show the very story of the facts as they occur. Might we not almost omit the recital of the facts? Are they not like that temporary arch which builders can remove without risking the safety or beauty of the building?

First: Sad withered leaves, torn from their aërial connections, for ever deprived of their greenness and glory, and swaying helplessly to and fro on the bosom of the waves; sedge, suddenly rent from the water-side, and blown hither and thither by the fierce winds of autumn; then a warlike array that went forth in the morning, numerous, expectant, boastful, and that in the evening floated a host of carcasses on the top of the sea.

Second tableau, in mid-air: A swarm of locusts poised on the wing and darkening the sun. One endowed with more than magical power has called them up, and they seem to wait the movement of his rod before they light.

Third tableau: The barbarians of the north, thronging and jostling one another on the wide and barren plains: they regard one another with fierceness, but they are all eager for some mighty undertaking.

Fourth tableau: Splendid pictures and pageants, knights in armor, the order and the pomp of tournaments, of warlike movements, of renowned hostilities between the best-appointed forces and the most distinguished commanders in the world. All these dipped in the colors of ancient romance, and then emphatically declared to be inadequate to the comparison.

Let these pictures succeed each other in your mind, and you will gain accurate impressions of the nature of the facts to be illustrated. The single event of the rising of the host from their bed of fire to a landing upon the firm brimstone, you will see, is so accurately analyzed, and the similes are so judiciously posted at different turns in the process, that they represent to us the whole thing *as* a process, each simile giving us a true idea of the stage in the process to which it belongs. We are of opinion that the same power of analysis, the same sagacity in locating figures, and the same *sufficiency* and representative truthfulness of figures, will be found to characterize most of the works of this great genius; entitling him, so far at least, to the meed of superiority over many an ancient model to which he himself aspired:

'So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind THAMYRIS and blind MÆONIDES.'

Camden, New-Jersey.

THE WHITE-LAKE CREEK: A SKETCH.

BY REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

How lone and beautiful this place! Here flow
 The White-Lake's waters, forcing 'midst the rocks
 Their foamy pathway. High o'erhead, the trees
 Of this wild forest-track branch wide around,
 Forming vast, vaulted chambers, wrapt in shade
 Cool and delicious. Down the varying stream,
 Tempting the trout from his cold haunts,
 We pass; but not with eye unmindful now,
 Nature, of thy wild beauty, we renew
 Our wanderings along this lonely creek.
 The laurels tangled on the banks forbid
 The sportsman's steps upon the shore; nor, now
 That June's rejoicing sun is reigning high,
 Need he regret his steps must be along
 The pebby channels of the cooling stream.
 Or if we rest upon some open bank,
 Still cooling visions shall delight us: rocks
 Dripping with foam, and beautiful with moss;
 The shadowy haunt, above, of orioles;
 The glassy cave of yon old trout, who scorns
 Our fly and squirming bait, but darts like thought
 At every luckless miller fluttering by,
 With startling and exciting splash.
 These shall our thoughts beguile.

And we will dream
 Of icy drinks that float the fragrant rind
 Of the golden lemon; visions shall delight
 Of water-falls by sun-bows canopied,
 The fine spray flying in the restless breeze;
 Of couches spread in small craft on the lake,
 The air around with music sweet—with breath
 Of distant hay-fields and the fragrant meads:
 We'll dream of caverns in the lonely wild,
 The dim light glistening from the crystalled walls;
 And o'er the Stygian waters, cold as snow,
 That wash the statues rude, in rock, of men
 Whose battle-axes, of the flint-stone cut,
 Clashed in the conflict centuries ago.
 Such cooling dreams shall charm us, till again
 We tempt the timid dwellers in the stream;
 And the day grows rich as night steals on, like hopes
 More brightly blooming 'neath Death's sable hour.

O lonely, wild, romantic stream! with thee,
 And with the regions where thy waters gleam,
 There are blithe memories woven: of fair youths,
 Sunny and glad and winning; as with rocks
 And lonely cliffs upon the ocean shore,
 Majestical and rude, in Memory's glass
 Are blent the images of lovely vines,
 And soft, young blossoms, and the tinted moss.

Not thus, like thine, O lonely stream!
Be my life's destinies — through gloomy scenes
Perplexed and in deep solitude.
Let the soft light of true romance, indeed,
Be flowing 'round my course; but freer beams
Of heavenly sunshine be my constant lot,
With faith and hope and joy enkindling me.
Then with the free and beautiful Mongaup
Will blend thy waters, lonely 'White-Lake Creek,'
As though some pensive genius, lone and strange,
Were wedded to some maid of open face,
And fresh, fair beauty, after sorrowing years.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE LIFE OF 'RALPH ROANOKE.'

WITH A PREFACE TO THE EDITOR.

It would do your heart good, Mr. Editor, to hear the triumphant shout which has gone forth from the glad hearts of the rising generation, on finding in your valuable number for June, that 'Old Knick.' has declared in favor of the 'Rights of Children.' That able and interesting article, from the author of 'Schediasms,' has done good service to the cause of education in its broadest sense. It has aroused those 'slow coaches,' the present generation of conservative fathers and mothers, and set them to thinking; and may the light so shine upon their benighted minds that, seeing their evil ways, they may straightway abandon them.

I very much doubt whether there is any greater phenomenon in nature than the subtle instinct and early appreciation of justice to be found in children. When we remember how lasting are their early impressions, and how craving are their young minds for the *why* and *wherefore* of every thing, we should not wonder at the apparently sudden perversity of their natures, at the moment when we begin to elevate them to the standard of intelligent and responsible beings. The truth is, they have long before had heart-aches almost to bursting, at the various 'snubbings' which their infantile curiosity has brought down upon them from inconsiderate parents, who had not time, forsooth, to lend a helping idea in the early mysteries which their active brains were trying to solve; not to mention the thousand acts of injustice imposed by brute force. A fatal mistake is made in supposing their minds, wills, hearts, to be, as it were, mere blank sheets of paper, ready for *conservative impressions*, when, by the law of progression, they were *born into the world* with instincts, in very many cases, *far ahead of our experiences*, and are therefore almost perverted and estranged by being regarded as stocks and stones, at the very moment when we turn to them as ready for mental and moral culture. In the humble hope of awakening farther

thought, and eliciting other experiences on this most important subject, I send you a reminiscence from an early diary.

I commenced going to school at a very early age, and was doubtless sent for the very sage reason which operated upon the minds of most prudent parents in former days : 'to be kept out of mischief.' My first teacher was a young lady who bore the ominous name of Lynch, and I was the only male scholar in the school. The why and wherefore of this, when there were doubtless other schools in the village, I cannot attempt to explain; but I have a strong impression that my kind parents had no idea of subjecting their hopeful son to the strict discipline of the only boys' school, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory by the far-famed severity of its teacher. This worthy man went by the name of 'Old Flood;' and was so tenacious of primitive ideas, that he took his venerable name for his rule of action, so that whatever he did was not done in 'spots,' as the slang phrase of the day would have it, but in 'floods;' and if a boy got a scourging from 'Old Flood,' although it did not pour upon his devoted head for forty days and forty nights, yet, if he recovered from the effects of it in that time, he was esteemed a lucky urchin. I could not have learned much at Miss Lynch's school, not even to read, for I recollect my father's first attempt to teach me to read at a much later period. In fact, I brought away with me from that school only bitter reminiscences, one of which grew out of an early outbreak of gallantry, which I was egotistical enough to perpetuate in my veritable history.

The town of Liberty was built upon both sides of the main public road, which formed at that period the only street; and as each dwelling had its garden attached to it, the village partook of the *long and thin form*, rather than the *broad and short*, and extended over some two miles. The school-house stood exactly in the centre, on the democratic principle of equal rights; consequently the scholars residing on either end of the village had quite a long walk. It happened one morning that one of the girls forgot to bring her slate and pencil, and our strict disciplinarian was so enraged, that she ordered her to return home for them instantly. This unfortunate young girl was one of nature's tenderest flowers. Her father resided at the end of the village, and owing to the extreme cold weather and a heavy fall of snow, she had been sent to school in the family carriage, and the carriage had already been dismissed. At this command, some of the elder girls remonstrated, others declared it was enough to freeze the poor child to death, while the girl herself sobbed as if her heart would break at the harshness of the reprimand, without even realizing the task about to be imposed upon her. But in those days, no laws imposed by petticoat government could be disobeyed with impunity, on the retaliatory principle; for women were then so seldom entrusted with any brief authority, that it reminded one of the old adage of 'putting a beggar on horseback,' etc., to see one clothed with the baton of office. (I beg pardon, ladies, for this equivocal compliment; you will please remember that this is the age of progression, and women 'had n't ought to be' *now* what they 'used to *was*.') The novelty of my position, being the only young lord of creation in the school, called loudly for a display of my gallantry, and my indignation was with great

difficulty kept in respectful subjection. How gladly would I have stepped forward her champion 'to the death,' and put my veto upon the barbarous order, had I been a few years older! But the instinct of self-preservation whispered in my ear, that a box on the side of my head would send me rolling over the floor, to the evident amusement of all the school; for what child can check an impulse to laugh at any thing ludicrous? In this dilemma, I nerved myself for a middle course, and proposed a compromise, by suggesting that any other slate would do quite as well until to-morrow, to the no small admiration of the girls, who loudly seconded the motion with offers of slates all round the room. But alas! poor me; far better had I never been born than to have dared to interfere with Miss Lynch's brief authority. Alas! that I had not learned to reason from analogy, to comprehend cause and effect. Then, indeed, I might have suspected the temerity of the act. I might have known that the age of '*Lynch*' law was only one degree removed from the '*Flood*.' With the activity of an hyena she transferred her rage to me, and fairly screeched out, 'I'll teach you to mind your own business, you impudent puppy you! Put on your cap, and be off with you, and if you don't have that slate and pencil here in double-quick time, I'll make you remember me the longest day you live!' Now, by my troth, I feel it my solemn duty to record my testimony to the truth of her remark. The recollection of her ugly face and the hardships of the adventure are far more fresh and green in my memory than any remembrances of the laurels won and worn on that trying occasion. The cheerfulness with which I undertook the task had well-nigh commuted my punishment from banishment on a cold morning's walk to something more direful. I watched with anxious eye the struggle, the doubt, and finally the triumph of first resolves, as they passed rapidly through the mind of Miss Lynch, while, with door-latch in hand, I stood awaiting her final commands. Off I bounded at a round pace, singing merrily, with heart as light as the fresh air that was whistling around me. What a glorious train of high hopes and aspirations took possession of me, and kept me warm! I hugged myself with honest pride. I made speeches to myself, such as my imagination pictured would be made to me by the astonished and delighted father. I grew hungry in my enthusiasm, and debated my chances whether the grateful mother would offer me a quarter-section of pie, or only bread and butter. Of one thing I was morally certain: I was acting nobly, and would receive an appropriate reward. Under this train of thought and delightful dream, I reached the house warm and buoyant. A rap at the ponderous lion-headed knocker on the outer door brought the sable usher to his post, and his kindly smile and bland manner gave renewed assurances of a hearty welcome if the servant was a faithful prototype of his master. To my inquiry, 'Is Mr. Grumpy at home?' he answered, 'Yes, young Massa; walk in. Ain't you 'most froze? It am a berry cold mornin', and if I mout be so bold as to 'spress my 'pinion, I should kinder 'clude it must be 'portant business bro't you out dis raw day.' I told him my errand as quickly as possible, and was ushered into the presence of the father. Almost buried in an old arm-chair, lined with sheep-skin, sat

the lord of this castle, warming his gouty shins at a dashing hickory fire, which would make one's heart laugh to gaze upon now-a-days, and reading some musty old book that must have awakened but little sympathy in his old gizzard — for he was destitute of a heart.

Our entrance into the room had no visible effect upon him, and he went on reading, and would probably have read on until Gabriel's trumpet sounded his *réveille*, if it had not been for a stream of cold air that played 'Paul Pry,' as we opened the door. But how shall I describe my indignation, when the first word he uttered to me was a reprimand! 'What do you want here? What did you come in at that door for?' instead of knowing at a glance that I was the noble boy that had risked being frozen to death to serve his daughter, and taking me in his arms to express his approbation of my conduct. Even when told my errand, instead of making the 'amende honorable,' instead of expressing his gratitude, to say to his servant: 'Get him the slate and pencil quickly, and let him be off with himself;' and to me: 'Boy, mind you shut the door after you, or I'll teach you better manners.'

Oh, the agony of that moment! Oh, the chilling sensation awakened by such ingratitude! Never could it be forgotten; never could it be forgiven. The old brute! did he suppose it was *my* business to shut the door? What was his porter there for? The mortified look of the well-bred colored *gentleman* was some consolation, any how; and while my indignation lasted, I exulted in the ecstasy of an imaginary retaliation of leaving the door open, and breaking sundry panes of glass, to let the winds of retributive justice in upon his gouty old carcass.

With heart bursting with rage and mortification, every step I took back toward the school-house plunged the icicle of ingratitude deeper and deeper into my indignant breast; and the same winds that had whistled those buoyant melodies, and awakened those bright images as I went along, came back upon me on my return, freighted with dark and dreary thoughts, chasing away from my young imagination all the poetry of life, all the incentives to noble deeds. Long before I reached the school-house, instead of feeling the proud, high-souled, warm-hearted boy I started, I went moping along, a poor, half-frozen, weeping child. Thus in one moment, all those finer and nobler qualities of my nature that were just budding in the spring-time of life were outraged by a ruthless, unfeeling abortion of God's image, and sent back to curdle around and ossify my youthful heart. I have said that the memory of that adventure had no contrast in the form of laurels won and worn. This was literally true. I returned to the school-house, delivered the slate and pencil, taking my seat, with a charge 'to be sure and have my lessons, if I did not want to catch it.'

I was left to philosophize on my sad disappointment, and to profit by my little experience.

But, Mr. Editor, with your assistance, who are a host in your own divine right, and with the aid of your long list of able contributors, I trust the reminiscences of the present generation may portray the lights without the shadows of by-gone days.

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDES.

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

Oh, Mother EARTH! upon thy breast
Thy weary ones enfolding,
And through their long, unbroken rest,
Their peaceful ashes holding:
Strew gentle flowers and golden grain,
And hang the mourning willow,
Whose breath shall cool the burning brain,
And soothe the ghastly pillow.

II.

Let Morning breathe her sweetest breath
Above their stilly bosoms,
And noon-day veil their brows beneath
The shadow of thy blossoms:
And when the birds, at twilight gleam,
Have trilled their evening numbers,
Draw kindly as a pleasing dream
The curtain of their slumbers.

III.

We may not know the throbbing heart,
Proud swimmer on Life's billow,
That finds, where first the daisies start,
At last a quiet pillow:
We might not see the choking breath,
The weariness of sorrow,
That finds beneath the wing of DEATH
Its first sweet sabbath morrow.

IV.

We might not see, with genius fraught,
The mind for glory burning
Soar up beyond the stretch of thought,
And fruitless home returning:
We might not watch the daring flight
That sought the fields of heaven;
But ah! we know the starless night,
The long and cheerless even!

V.

Spread the green turf above their heads,
And fold thy mantle o'er them;
Roll, Lethe, o'er their humble beds,
And shroud the doom before them:
Strew gentle flowers and golden grain,
Each fairest, sweetest blossom,
And leave to HIM the burning brain,
Rent heart and weary bosom.

Brooklyn, August, 1852.

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

MR. SHORT MAKES LOVE IN ROME.

I HAVE several times, during the course of my narrative, given the reader stray glances at an erratic friend, one Wolf Short, who travelled, like myself, *à la venture*, joining and rejoining us, according to convenience or fancy. Now, the Wolf had an eye for a pretty face; and in the window of an upper story of an opposite house, a very passable article of this description was to be seen peering out at all hours of the day upon the passers-by in general, and the operations of a neighboring smith and farrier in particular. At a corner house, two nice young ladies were also occasionally visible; and the Wolf solemnly averred one morning at breakfast, that it had been revealed to him in a dream, during the previous night, that two or three pretty girls lived in the third story next door. Which revelation proved a reality!

Consequently the Wolf, when not otherwise engaged, was generally to be found at the window, armed with the Chevalier's splendid opera-glass, alternately inspecting Signorina *Vis-à-vis*; the cutting, shaving, shearing, cauterizing, and bleeding of the farrier; or his corner neighbors; not to mention an occasional twist of the head upward, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, in the direction of the third story next door.

All of which proved for several days a decidedly profitless amusement. In vain his lorgnette glances; in vain his friendly, good-morning, how-are-ye-over-there nods; in vain his affectionate kisses, shot with an imaginary bow and arrow at the hard-hearted divinities. They *would not* fraternize, and seemed to intimate, in the words of the illustrious Macaire, that all such subterfuge and vermifuge was useless.

'*I bide my time!*' remarked Wolf, one morning. '*Nil desperandum.* It will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown; it'll never do to give it up so!'

Two days of the carnival had passed, when one morning Wolf, tired of being pelted and hustled in the Corso, returned home with a load of flowers and confetti of different descriptions, resolved to vary the amusement by pelting people from his own window. This succeeded admirably; and so absorbed did the Wolf become, that it was some time ere he remarked that his opposite neighbor had also entered largely into the business. '*Now or never,*' quoth Wolf; and as the thought entered his mind, he let fly at her a bouquet of violets, with such violence that the poor girl would probably have been brained on the spot, had it ever reached its mark. As it was, it whizzed over her shoulder into the room, breaking I know not what pitchers and pans, kettles, chairs, tables, and looking-glasses.

To which the Signorina responded with another, but being weakly sent, it fell short of its mark, (the Wolf's nose,) and, tumbling on the pavement, was at once snatched up by a dirty little boy, botanizing about the

street, who began to scream, '*Fiori — ecco Fior-r-i!*' 'Flowers for sale, good people; here they are, all hot!'

So the battle begun; and during its interval, Wolf, seeing a shower of *confetti* fall from a new quarter, looked up, and beheld three new Richmonds in the field, in the form of the three young ladies whose existence had already been revealed to him in a dream. Taking aim with a big sugar-plum, he hit the eldest on her white arm, which she had incautiously exposed; to which she replied with such a delicate *bombon*, that our friend at once inferred the best, and modestly held out his bandit hat, beggar-wise, into which a stream of bouquets at once rained from above.

At this stage, *Signorina Vis-à-vis*, inspired by I know not what feelings of rage and jealousy, discharged an orange at Wolf, and immediately after a hard sugar-ball of the same size, both of which fell in the room. To which the Wolf, in expressive pantomime, remonstrated that though his head was as a target entirely at her service, yet the walls and windows of the house were the property of his landlord, a poor, but industrious, and withal respectable man, who had, moreover, a family to support, and on whom any damage caused by her sugared favors would fall heavily. Hearing a mild scream above, he then looked up, and saw the elder sister waving, in wild joy, a beautiful bouquet. She motioned to him to hold his hat, which he did, and caught with pleasure the gift.

Joining together the tips of his thumbs and fore-fingers, the Wolf suddenly separated his hands, still pinching the digits together, as if drawing out a thread. This demand in pantomime was at once responded to by a long sewing-thread being let down, with a flower tied to the end, which was swung to him. 'Stronger, if you please,' shouted Wolf; with which second demand the young lady complied, by continuing the silk-thread with a substantial bit of grocery twine.

To the end of this twine Wolf at once attached his card and a splendid bouquet, which was at once hauled up in triumph, and again let down, with a neat bunch of artificial flowers, and the name of his fair friend written on a queer strip of green paper.

What farther would have been done that day I know not; for just at that instant the bells and cannon proclaimed sunset, and all pelting ceased. The Wolf, donning his cloak, gloves, and bandit sombrero, sallied forth to the horse-race in the Corso, to the dinner in the Piazza di Spagna, and the subsequent opera and masked hall. As for the young ladies, they also retired, washed their hands and faces, ate dinner, and repented them of their sins.

With the earliest shouts, Wolf was again the next day at his window, well provided with artificial flowers, bouquets of natural ditto, note-paper, pencil, and thin cherry-colored ribbon. After a little preparatory skirmish with small bouquets and a few *confetti*, the twine again descended, and was again hauled up, bearing at its terminus a small box of *bombons*, a flower expressing emotion, and a small *billet*, all tastefully bound up in a jaunty bow of red ribbon; and was again let down with an ample equivalent.

Now, be it borne in mind, that the street below was full, yea crammed, with masquers of every description. There were bandits and Punches,

emperors and quack doctors, Sileni, devils, and dandies. And they, beholding three nice young girls hauling up a very evident *billet-doux*, tastefully adorned with present and ribbon, at once, with Italian quickness, inferred a love-affair; and, collecting in a great crowd beneath the window, watched with intense interest the process of tying on the gifts, testifying their ardent sympathy in the business by occasional shouts to Wolf, begging him to make haste as their dinners were waiting; that the young lady was sick with expectation; and that unless he hurried, Mamma would soon appear. Some of the graver sort ventured to inquire his intentions, and a facetious bear, led by a highly-rouged sylphide, chid his presumption in thus venturing to address one so much *above* him. As the note fairly swung upward, it was greeted with a tremendous shout of applause, and subjected to a fierce pelting with bouquets, which, however, like curses, only fell back on the heads of the owners, without inflicting any material injury.

After this, Signorina *Vis-à-vis* began intimating, by signs to the Wolf, that she too had something pretty for him, and in earnest thereof displayed a fine box, which, however, on account of its value, she dared not risk at a *throw*. And while in this state of blissful uncertainty, along came two youths, gaily attired as masculine Floras, or garden deities, *i. e.*, in stockinet tights and garlands of paper roses, each bearing a curious machine in his hand, so contrived that it could, like a patent fishing-rod, shoot up as high as the tops of the houses. And stopping under the window of the Signorina, they actually did shoot it up at her, with a brilliant flower attached; which she at once seized, and having nothing else by her, all the ammunition being expended, was obliged in return to give them the fine box, which she had already virtually promised to Wolf Short.

'*Adieu, my box!*' thought Wolf, as they vanished, 'and adieu, thou false-hearted one! Did I ask thee for thy sugar-plums, O treacherous Italian!'

Wolf's reverie was here interrupted by a very small, and remarkably dirty servant-girl, bearing, with the respects of her mistress, Signorina *Vis-à-vis*, the identical bouquet which had just been given her by the two garden deities!

It was in this manner that Monsieur Wolf pelted himself into the affections of his neighbors, and more than this was never revealed to me. Wolf, as I have already intimated, had an eye for a pretty face, and, to use his own expression, never considered that a lost day in which he beheld one. He kept by fits and starts all manner of diaries and journals, recording at one time all the new airs and songs of the different lands he visited, and at another chronicling all that he met peculiar in cookery. To one thing alone he was constant, *i. e.*, a memorandum of every pretty or interesting face and form which struck his fancy. As a specimen of the latter may not prove uninteresting, I subjoin a portion, communicated by him to me in an unguarded moment:

FEBRUARY 20, 1846.—'Contrived to become acquainted with a very nice little *Anglaise*, who, with her mamma, was inspecting Pauline Bonaparte, or the *Venere Vincitrice*, in the Villa Borghese. (Mem.: No. 215, via B —.)

'Saw a deliciously pretty girl in the street, above our house. Black eyes, oval face, hair *à la Grecque*.

'Rather a nicish girl at opposite window.'

FEBRUARY 21.—'Two beautiful girls R. and Left in the chorus at opera. R. hand intensely attractive.

'Three nice demoiselles next door. The eldest an agreeable *minois chiffonné*, not exactly pretty, but something better. No. 2: Hair *châtaigne foncée*. No. 3: Dresses in gray, tastefully alternated with black.

'Taglioni: Fine features, graceful. (A small essay on the style of Taglioni's expression here omitted.)

'In the ballet, one large-built girl, (*Théa*,) with immense feet and limbs, is, notwithstanding, very graceful and agreeable. Guiletta, who never smiles, is attractive from her pride.

'Very delicately shaped girl dances second in Sylphide.

'Contralto *may* be pretty in petticoats, *sans moustache*.'

FEBRUARY 22.—'Saw an exquisite *Napolitaine* in the street, tall and graceful.

'Mem.: A pretty, slim, delicious creature sat behind me last night at the opera. Fancy dress, velvet hat.

'Saw an interesting girl at Torlonia's ball. Black hair, blue eyes.

'A nice young female in the tableaux vivans.

'A lovely young creature, in white, with gold bandeau, in a carriage in the *Corso*.'

FEBRUARY 23.—'Another beautiful girl in carriage. Saw at night two extremely beautiful girls, in Turkish dresses. The Chevalier found out all about them, through our landlord, who is *in* with the police. Lovely!'

Such is a specimen of the Wolf, and his ways of thinking and living. We shall probably see more of him ere our journey be ended. What my lady friends will think of him I know not, but presume that such a devotee to their charms cannot be other than favorably received. *In hoc spe vivo!*

STANZAS: LIFE'S LESSON.

If to move a mountain task you,
Stone by stone you may achieve;
But a life would fritter past you,
Toiling all at once to heave.

Like a mountain beetling lofty,
Looms the Future to our view;
But approaching Duty softly
Points at simple things to do.

Long and weary roads are threaded
Step by step unto the end;
With the present all undreaded,
While we shrink from what impend:

So with Life: the care and sorrow
Torture by fore-running fear:
Oft the evil of to-morrow,
Like the day, is never here.

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE PLAIN OF CEUTLA.

CORTÉZ, hearing that 'the country was every where in arms,' and being cooped up in the city of Tabasco, which he had taken possession of for the crown of Castile, prepares to leave it, and march against the Indians, who are encamped on the Plain of Ceutla. He reviews his army, and appoints his officers to their respective commands. PRESCOTT says: 'The general commanded that ORDAZ should march with the foot, including the artillery, directly across the country, and attack them in front; while he himself would fetch a circuit with the horse, and turn their flank, when thus engaged, or fall upon their rear.' The Spaniards leave Tabasco; the sunrise of the misty morning; the appearance of the Tabascans, and their hideous battle-cries; the thunders of the cannon during the battle; the arrival of CORTÉZ with his small troop of cavalry; St JAMES, the patron Saint of Spain, is seen heading the rescue, mounted on his gray war-horse; the Indians, panic-stricken, 'supposing the rider and the horse, which they had never before seen, to be one and the same,' fling away their arms, and fly off in confusion.

 WITHIN Tabasco's wooden walls,
 The streets with music ring;
 Within Tabasco's Pagan halls,
 The Christians matins sing;
 'Tis early morn of Lady Day, the flowers still drink the dew,
 While gallantly the cavalier his faithful troops reviews.

 The chief's Castilian prancing steed
 His rider proudly bears;
 The offspring of a noble breed,
 A noble look he wears.
 He seems the Babieca, on which rode the Cid of Spain,
 That neighing, longs to trample down the Infidels again.

 See, CORTÉZ heads the cavalry,
 A small but valiant band;
 And ORDAZ of the infantry
 Now bravely takes command.
 Come, OLID, LEON, AVILA; come, gallant ALVARADO,
 Fight like your sires who crushed the Moors, the brave Moors of Granada!

 The pennons stream, the banners wave,
 The trumpets loudly blow;
 While from Tabasco march the brave,
 To fight the Indian foe.
 No fears have they who draw the sword, so burning is the zeal
 Of those who battle for the Cross, and the glory of Castile.

 O'er fields of maize and dripping grass,
 O'er marshes fank and wide,
 The glittering troops of Christians pass,
 With steps of martial pride,
 Till sounds of barbarous minstrelsy break on their startled ear,
 And dimly seeming legions of the dusky foes appear.

Round as MINERVA's gilded shield
That on her temple stood,
The sun springs up o'er Ceutla's field,
Red as a globe of blood:
And melts the misty covering where, marshalled, are concealed
Full forty thousand armed men, who savage weapons wield.

Now loudly wild Tabascans yell,
And curse the Spanish name;
So, MESA, charge the cannon well,
And fire with deadly aim:
To hostile ranks confusion send, and soon the fierce array
Of feather-crested warriors shall, vanquished, flee away.

The Indians stretching far and wide,
With lightning in their glance,
Now, quick as flows the surging tide,
'Mid savage cries advance:
On helmet, buckler, 'escaupil,' in showers their arrows fall,
But fail to kill, while on their gods they, frantic, loudly call.

The heavy guns their thunders roar,
The marshy meadows shake;
And echoes, never heard before,
From slumber startled wake.
The horrid scene of smoking blood the boldest heart appals,
And priests and gods alike are dumb to patriotic calls.

The death-storm rages on the plain
Where slaughtered thousands lie;
And files, that open, close again
Where balls and arrows fly:
The weary Christians, closely pressed by a brave and stubborn foe,
With spear in hand, deal right and left full many a deadly blow.

But see! yon Indian columns heave
With panic-struck dismay;
'Tis CORTEZ and his horsemen cleave
Through maddened ranks their way!
'San Jago and San Pedro!' the soldiers bravely cry,
And dash through fierce battalions, that now affrighted fly.

The eye of Faith without a stain,
Undimmed by guilt or doubt,
Could clearly see the Saint of Spain
The Unbelievers rout,
Well mounted on his gray war-horse, like some chivalrous knight,
Who proudly throws the gauntlet down, for lady fair to fight.

The combat's o'er: this awful morn,
So pregnant with dark fears,
Shows squadrons slain, and banners torn,
And bloody swords and spears:
But now the sun propitious shines where all was sullen gloom;
The Christians march to victory — the Pagans to their doom!
New-York, September, 1852.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

MR. BODGERS MAKES A WILL, BUT DOES NOT SIGN IT.

‘THERE is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty; the seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all.’
COWLEY.

It is a disagreeable thing for a bachelor to make his will. He is disposed to put it off to a very late day. It implies a certain hopelessness of any nearer ties to kindred than belong to his present lonely estate. It is a tacit acknowledgment that the world of feeling has waned; that the hazards of youth have been fruitless; that the path lies straight, and short, to the end. No man likes to feel this; still less does he like to act as if he felt it.

It is really a sad thing that a man cannot carry a few ten per cent. paying stocks out of the world with him. It would be a great relief to many of our brokers and capitalists. It would soften the way of a vast many people to the grave. It would excite brilliant expectations. I think I know of several, ladies and gentlemen, who, in that event, might hope to ‘make a sensation’ in the other world. Only fancy ‘an heiress’ in the realm of spirits; or a broker; or a heavy dealer in leather or pork! The very hint of such a pleasant transfer of worldly property, if deftly conveyed in the money article of the *Herald*, might possibly create a rise at the board.

I may venture to say, however, that such a thing cannot be done. If such transfer could be accomplished any where, it could be accomplished in Wall-street. It cannot be done in Wall-street. It is unfortunate; it is lamentable. And the worst of the matter is, that we do not find out the impossibility of the thing, until we come very near to the jumping-off place. Then, when the melancholy truth forces itself upon us, that all our stocks will be at a cent. per cent. discount in the other world, we conceive the idea of being generous. It would be an odd sort of generosity, if it were not so very popular.

Only on one occasion do I remember being forced into a summing up of my worldly effects, with this generous intent. It was on the occasion of the ruptured engagement, hinted at in the first chapter—I refer to the blonde of twenty-one. Life seemed to me then of a deep-blue color; and I allowed myself to anticipate a speedy departure from all objects of earth—my small amount of six per cents. among them.

I recovered, however, from the disappointment, and from any intention of making my will. At present, I live, like the mass of both large and small capitalists, with a tolerably sincere conviction that property is property, and life, life; that both will be enjoyed for an indefinite period

of years; and that possibly something *may* turn up, meantime, by which our property shall bridge us comfortably over death, and help us on the other side.

I do not mean to say that such opinions are openly avowed, but people live very much as if they entertained them; and this is my apology for putting them down.

To return, however, to Mr. TRUMAN BODGERS: there was a strong reason for his making his will, independent of any mistrust he might have about carrying his property with him. Without a will, his estate, which, as I have already hinted, is large, would follow the leading of the law, and revert to certain heirs, about whom Mr. BODGERS knew nothing.

To explain this extraordinary circumstance, which, I frankly confess, seems more like a fiction of the novel-writers than the simple incident of a family narrative, I must be suffered to go back a step or two in the history of Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. BODGERS had a brother much older than himself, who died long ago. This brother, very much against the wish of old Mr. BODGERS, had married a dashing lady of the town, who survived him in a long and blooming widowhood, relieved by the presence of one little girl, and by the added charms of a life in Paris. The old gentleman being a sturdy disciplinarian, and having cut off the son, was very little disposed to follow the widow to Paris. Indeed, report said she led an evil life, and that, under a changed name, she gave herself up to such of the gayeties of French life as are very apt to play the mischief with a self-indulgent woman.

My hero, TRUMAN BODGERS, grew up with very little knowledge of his elder brother, and with far less of the widow; who, long before the younger brother had arrived at manhood, had disappeared, under her assumed name, in the coteries of the German springs. Rumor had whispered several times of the marriage of the daughter to some needy American adventurer; but the alliance was not one which would warrant boastfulness, even in an adventurer. The whole connection had long ago proved itself an unwelcome one to Mr. BODGERS, and it is not strange that he should banish it from his thought in the drafting of his will.

Having thus cleared up, so far as I am able, this bit of family history, I take the liberty of introducing EBENEZER BIVINS, Esq., legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS, and Justice of the Peace.

Mr. BIVINS is a lean, lank man, in silver-bowed spectacles, and a snuff-colored wig. His spectacles ordinarily repose a long way down upon the bridge of a very sharp nose, yet cheerfully red. His wig is stiff, and glides off over a somewhat greasy coat-collar, in one of those graceful curves which belong to the sheet-iron roofs of a Chinese verandah. He has sharp speech, and a sharp laugh, although a very self-possessed one.

He has a respect for Newtown, as the home and birth-place of Mr. BIVINS; he has a respect for the world and for nature, as having been the play-ground and the nurse of Mr. BIVINS, when in infancy. He has a respect for summer, since it is a season which allows Mr. BIVINS to economize in fuel; he has a respect, too, for winter, since it is a season which allows Mr. BIVINS to enjoy that triumph over the elements and nature, which his foresight and prudence have prepared.

You would naturally (and correctly) suppose him to be the father of a lean young lady, of hopeless maidenhood and sharp voice, who is extremely neat, who wears a quilted petticoat of yellow and red, who delights in boxing the ears of the small boys of her class in Sunday-school, and who boasts the name of MEHITABEL BIVINS.

It has always been a wonder to me, and I dare say always will be, how any woman in the world could commit the absurdity of ever loving such a man as EBENEZER BIVINS, or indeed any one of that class of men. It has cost me serious reflection. How is it possible, I have thought, for a woman to fondle, in the loving way the poet speaks of, a man in a snuff-colored wig, projecting at such a sharp angle, over a greasy coat-collar? How can it be possible to kindle any romantic enthusiasm about such a peaked, red-colored nose, or such thread-bare pantaloons, so short in the legs!

Yet Mr. BIVINS and Mrs. BIVINS have no doubt had their poetic transports; they have loved, been coy, advanced, retreated, cooed, kissed, and been married, like all the rest of the world. Still, I cannot forbear wondering. I waste a great deal of wonder in the same way. I am not ambitious of becoming the subject of a similar wonder.

Mr. BIVINS is sitting before an open wood-fire, where two or three sticks are smouldering sulkily, throwing out a little smoke over the front of the stove, and a little smoke out of the stove-joints, (poorly calked with burnt putty,) and a little more smoke out of the easy scape-hole to the chimney. The tall book-case, with its reports and statutes, are comfortably browned with smoke; and the baize-topped desk, and the leather-bottomed chairs, and the round interest-table hanging on the wall, and the Christian Almanac, and the cotton umbrella in the corner, and the snuff-colored wig of Mr. BIVINS, all smell of smoke.

The ashes in the stove are crusted over, and honey-combed, like volcanic tufa, with old discharges of tobacco-juice; and the andirons show ancient, ashy drapers, formed by the continuous tobacco-drip of gone-by days and months. A few russet apple-parings and cores, half covered with soot, relieve the volcanic aspect of the ashes; and a broken ink-bottle rises from the débris, like some monument of art amid the ruins of Pompeii.

Mr. BIVINS is most happy to see Squire BODGERS. He removes his spectacles, gives his pantaloons a toilet hitch in a downward direction, and passing his hand with a rapid precautionary movement over the surface of his wig, throws himself back in his chair, with an air, as much as to say, 'You are welcome, Mr. BODGERS, for a handsome consideration, to the present employ of the superior legal acquirements of Squire BIVINS.' And he gives emphasis to this silent offer of services, by projecting a very violent column of aqueous matter upon the andirons, the apple-parings, and the ashes, before referred to.

Mr. BODGERS draws up his chair, touches Mr. BIVINS upon the knee, and drops a quiet gesture toward a young man busily writing in the corner.

'Ah, Mr. FLINT, will you be kind enough to step into the inner office for a few moments?'

Mr. FLINT retires to the inner office; but the partition is thin; and

busy as he tries to make himself with his own thoughts, the frequent mention of KITTY FLEMING, coupled with 'thousands,' and 'seven per cents,' and 'event of her death,' and 'event of my death,' and 'Mrs. FLEMING,' disturbs him very strangely.

The truth is, Mr. HARRY FLINT, for this is no other, with few friends in the world, living with an old aunt, and having none to care for save a sweet wee-bit of sister who clings to him every morning, and who welcomes him every evening with a pair of snowy little arms, and a kiss — HARRY FLINT, I say, has been foolish enough to conceive a strong fondness for KITTY FLEMING. He has done this, notwithstanding he has heard all the rumors about herself and Mr. BODGERS; he has done this, notwithstanding she has gone away to find new and more brilliant favorites in the city.

Entertaining such views, it is quite natural that he should be shocked, now that he comes to overhear, unintentionally, some of the details of the marriage settlement with Mr. BODGERS. HARRY FLINT is not without spirit, although he has passed his life in Newtown. Indeed, he has only lingered there through the influence of certain attachments, at which I have hinted.

He recalls now all KITTY's words, and her smiles, and her leave-taking, so gentle and tremulous; and he recalls all her little kindnesses to BESSIE FLINT, (as if a good-hearted girl would do any less,) and wonders if it all conveyed nothing of hope, nothing of trust, on which *he* might feed?

And old Mr. BODGERS — clumsy BODGERS, (guard yourself, HARRY FLINT!) can it be? — can KITTY FLEMING love him? Yet he is not so old; a ripe-hearted man; living proudly in the old paternal mansion: KITTY would honor it; KITTY would love it, perhaps. KITTY, KITTY! are these things worth more to you than the overflowing fondness of a young, strong-beating heart, aching to pour out its fulness of love?

HARRY FLINT walks back and forth across the inner office: and then he hearkens a moment.

'KITTY is a smart girl,' says Squire BIVINS.

'An angel,' says Mr. BODGERS. And why should he not say it, Mr. HARRY FLINT?

'She'll make a clever woman,' says Mr. BIVINS.

'I hope she may, Squire BIVINS; I know it, Squire,' (a strong thump upon the table here;) 'I shall guard her, Sir; I shall watch her; she shall have every thing heart can desire.'

Poor HARRY FLINT, struggling for your own support, and that little one which HEAVEN has cast upon your kind keeping, what can you offer of worldly goods? What fancies could you indulge? And the poor fellow tries hard to choke his sentiment with philosophy. Could he be ungenerous enough to tie that sweet creature to his uncertain fortunes? But the trial is over now. The hope that burned in him is gone out.

Yet, so strange is the lithe heart of youth, a new one takes its place. Tied no longer to that little corner of country, he will brave the world, and win a fortune; and if no dearer recipient of his bounty can be found, he will lavish it upon the tender sister, who is growing every day in beauty and in grace.

There is a change in HARRY FLINT when he goes home that day.

Nor less fondly does he clasp little BESSIE ; and stroking the hair from her forehead, he repeats his kisses oftener than ever before. Our loves are, after all, like rivers, which, if they be shut up here and there in their courses, will flow swift into side-channels, pushing always onward ! With the fire and pride of youth upon him, HARRY FLINT decides to try his venture upon a broader field ; and in a month, his arm and heart will struggle amid the whirl of a great city. The struggles of the country are light, and moderately rewarded ; but those of the city are stern and strong, and they bring ruin or else renown.

There is no prouder sight in this American world of ours than that of youth flinging off all the bondage of circumstance, trampling down, if need be, the memory of by-gone griefs, and measuring his fate, with a stout hand and heart, against the roar and vices of the world. He may be sure that singleness of purpose will bear him up, and earnestness of endeavor will bear him on, to accomplish just so much of work, and to win so much of renown, as his fullest capacities can grasp. Nothing lies in the way—thank God!—but the feebleness of individual effort. There are no old walls of privilege to batter down ; there are no locks upon intellectual attainment that need a golden key. Strike out boldly, friend HARRY ; the world is wide ; and although the memory of a love which *might have been* may haunt your eventide hours, and make your affections droop, warm hearts are beating every where ; and little blue-eyed BESSIE, wearing the mother's face, and more and more the mother's figure, shall steal upon your remembrance, like a golden sun of autumn upon the skirts of winter.

Mr. BODGERS finishes his will. He does not, however, sign it. He is a calculating man : he will keep it by him until the next day ; some new legacy may occur to him. And yet, without the name, it is no better than so much paper. What a waste of good feeling and of kindly intent lie buried between the crude technicalities of the law !

Squire BIVINS, being, as he thinks, a shrewd man, argues from all this, that Mr. BODGERS is plainly intent upon marrying, not KITTY, but the widow FLEMING. He even ventures to hint in a sly way, looking very drolly over his spectacles' bows, that 'the widow is an uncommonly smart sort of a person.'

Mr. BODGERS assents gravely.

Mr. BIVINS, smoothing the curve of his wig behind, thinks 'she would make a capital wife for the Squire.'

Mr. BODGERS says, emphatically—'Fudge !'

If any widow ladies translate this expression into a reflection upon their worth and attractions, I shall simply say that it is a disingenuous construction. Mr. BODGERS was undoubtedly referring to Mrs. PHÆBE FUDGE.

Whatever may be thought of the FUDGE, or its significance, Mr. BODGERS certainly did walk from the office of Mr. BIVINS straight toward the home of Mrs. FLEMING. The thought of marrying her, however, I do not think once occurred to him. Middle-aged men, who have tender recollections of their own, of lost ones, are not apt to fall in love with middle-aged widows ; at least such is not my own experience.

Mr. BODGERS was anxious to have the last news of KITTY : and he

threw himself, quite at ease, into an old arm-chair; and having placed his hat beside him, in the methodic way that belongs to him, and thrown his yellow bandanna within it, he listens to Mrs. FLEMING, as she reads to him a bit, here and there, from the last letter of KITTY.

Meantime, Mr. BODGERS looks earnestly into the fire, musing, in a philosophic vein: how it was once with him, and how it is once with us all; cheer, and joy, and sadness; and then, perhaps, decay and blight, and only glimpses of cheer; and at length, desolation, and the end.

'I am well, and happy,' writes KITTY; 'indeed, I am only not happy when I think of the distance that lies between us. You will smile because I make so much of so little distance. I am no great traveller, you know; and when I think of the strange things here—of all the noise, and the crowds, and the new faces, and the thronged streets—and then, a little while after, think of the dear, quiet home I have left, and the good friends, and the old parlor, with its sunny blaze upon the southern window, and the hyacinths shooting higher and higher in the parlor warmth, and of you, dear mother, sitting there alone, it seems a very great way off!'

'My cousins are very kind to me.'

Mr. BODGERS nods his head, as if he would say, 'No wonder.'

'Aunt PHŒBE I do not see very often, or cousin WILHELMINA; although they talk very kindly, more kindly than the other cousins; but yet, I cannot help thinking, they are not so kind. They have a beautiful house; but I never feel at home there. Uncle SOLOMON is so grave and so important that there is no loving him, even if he were willing to be loved.'

'Umph,' says Mr. BODGERS.

'I have a gift for you, Mamma; a rich, warm shawl, which I am sure will keep you all the warmer, because your own KITTY has bought it for you. You must not think me extravagant: you know I told you that Uncle TRUMAN had filled my purse for me. Is he not very kind?'

Mr. BODGERS takes occasion to look after his yellow bandanna. He likes to see that it is safe—that is all.

'You do not know how eagerly I am hoping for the time when I shall be at home with you once more. I like the city, and feel sure that I am gaining somewhat here; but it is not, after all, the old home, with the sunshine, and the flowers, and the walks, and you, dear Mamma!

'I shall be there when the birds come, and the garden is made again, and we will be so happy.

'God bless you, Mamma: and do not, and I am sure you will not, ever forget to love your own KITTY.'

'POSTSCRIPT.—Give my love to Uncle TRUMAN, and ask him if he is not coming to see us soon?'

'Very soon,' thinks Uncle TRUMAN.

'*Another Postscript.*—Pray what has become of HARRY FLINT and all the rest? Do write me. I love to hear about every body. KITTY.'

'Umph!' says Mr. BODGERS; 'a beautiful letter, Mrs. FLEMING.'

And if Mr. BODGERS were more learned in those pretty deceptions which a young girl forces upon her own heart, he would not admire her second postscript, or stroll in so pleasant humor toward his lone home.

Not that Mr. BODGERS is in love with KITTY FLEMING. Men of his age, they say, have outlived such weaknesses. Perhaps so. And yet Mr. BODGERS, with his forty-odd years upon his head, does feel from time to time a kind of spasmodic action of the heart; a sort of restless, inquisitive yearning; an unsatisfied, eager longing, which he cures for the time being by calling up some such healthful, blooming, cheerful, earnest girl-face as that of little KITTY.

It seems very absurd in him to do so, and he condemns it very stoutly, but very silently. If accused of it, he would deny it with perfect confidence, I feel sure.

'Forty-five,' muses Mr. BODGERS; 'it is not so very old. Many men marry later, and young girls at that. Thirty-five would be better: and KITTY — let me see — must be nineteen. KITTY is a sensible girl, very mature for her years; a sweet girl is KITTY, very.'

'Fudge! nonsense!' muses Mr. BODGERS; 'what an old fool I am becoming!'

Thereupon Mr. BODGERS takes his will from his pocket, and reads it over, commending its provisions; all, is not too much for KITTY. And in this mood he enters his lonely home. Very silent it is, with all its comforts. No little canary-singer on the wall welcomes him; there are no dainty hands to care for such sweet songsters. The fire is burning cheerily, but it lightens no pleasant faces. The afternoon sun comes stealing into the western windows blithely; as blithely as twenty-odd years gone by; as blithely as it will do twenty years to come.

Mr. BODGERS sits down under the warm rays, and tries hard to be cheerful. He runs over the outlines of his property; he sums up his large estate; but this gives no special cheer. He indulges in the recollection of some happy speculation; yet he grows no gayer. He recalls the fairy movements of little KITTY as she moved about that very parlor, in attendance upon his poor, blind mother; but even this does not make him cheerful.

He throws off his brown surtout, and strides across the room with a vigorous step; and glances at the mirror; and gives his hair a twist, and looks again, and half sighs. He is not growing cheerful, by any manner of means.

He feels the years creeping on him, (as we all do,) with their frailties and feebleness, and halting pulse, and sinking cheek. And memories brood in the twilight around the corners of his room, making him all the lonelier for these spectral visitants of his brain: harsh memories of losses and of deaths, of sickness and of sorrow; pleasant memories of smiles, and laughter, and rejoicings; but all leaving him only quieter, soberer, lonelier!

What a sunbeam in the old home would not KITTY make! If her pleasant face was only beaming there with half the gladness that he has seen upon it; if her pleasant voice was witching his ear, or she, leaning quietly upon his shoulder, growing sad with his sadness, looking as he looks upon the changing fire-play; imaging unconsciously his brightest thought in her own sweet, placid face!

Ah, TRUMAN BODGERS, TRUMAN BODGERS! if ———

But I shall end my chapter here.

THE RHYME OF THE DÉPÔT.

i.

VANITY of vanities,
Climax of vexation,
Waiting for the cars
At a rail-road station:
Thinking every moment
That the train will go,
Worrying out an hour
In a small dépôt!

ii.

Sultry summer day,
Hot Sahara weather,
Motley crowd of people
Huddled up together;
Crowded in a room
Filled with 'loafers' smoking,
Wits and politicians
Arguing and joking.

iii.

Every class of people
In this mighty nation,
Fully represented
In the rail-road station.
Restless, whistling Yankee,
With impatient tread,
Wishes that the cars
Would just 'go ahead'!

iv.

Funny little Frenchman,
With ejaculations,
Shows his great impatience
In gesticulations.
Rowdy at the glass,
With a fierce moustache,
Obviously thinks
That he cuts a 'dash.'

v.

Corpulent old fellow,
Looking very wise,
With a lazy yawn
Closes up his eyes;
Waiting for the cars,
It is no wise odd
That he takes a train
To the land of *Nod*!

vi.

Eager politician,
Closing up his peepers,
Runs off in a train
Laid on *heavy sleepers*;

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Paper in his hand,
So the stranger teaches,
He was lulled to sleep
By Kossuth's long speeches!

vii.

Philosophic stranger
Says the cars are late,
But we all must learn
'To labor and to wait.'
Suddenly is heard
An unearthly scream;
'T is the engineer
Letting off the steam!

viii.

Universal rush
For the narrow door,
Half-a-dozen sprawling
On the muddy floor:
One would think the people,
Crowding in so fast,
Thought that every moment
Was to be their *last*.

ix.

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling,
Train at length comes in
With tremendous rumbling:
Like a band of furies
From the realms below,
Wildly rush the inmates
Of the small dépôt.

x.

Elbowed, jammed, and crowded,
We may thank our stars
If we find a seat
In the rail-road cars:
Chuckling with delight,
With congratulation,
That we have escaped
From that rail-road station.

xi.

Worst of little miseries
That in life beset us,
Greatest of the troubles
That for ever fret us,
Waiting one long hour
For the cars to go,
Elbowed, jammed, and crowded
In a small dépôt!

J. S.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XII.

'THE TIGER.'

'Down with your bets, gentlemen! Cheques, Sir? Halves or quarters? Change for yours, Sir? Five, seven, ten; b'lieve that's right. Give us another call.'

The man who made the above remarks was a tall, stout, close-shaven personage, about forty years of age, with a sky-blue cravat, ruffled shirt, rather dirty, and a flashy vest. There was something in the expression of his eye and the tone of his voice that seemed familiar; but neither Mr. Riverman nor I could remember where we had seen him. He appeared to be officiating as change-taker, and doing the honors of the saloon, if the rough, unfurnished room, lighted with dim lamps and tallow candles, could be dignified with that name. We had strolled in after the ball to see what was to be seen. The change-maker stood by the side of a large pile of bank-notes and specie, and of ivory cheques, representatives of coin, which were arranged on one corner of a table covered with green baize, on the front of which were fastened cards of all the different suits. Behind the table was seated the gentleman who, on the night of our arrival, had so obligingly escorted us to the spring. He was slowly dealing out from a metal box the cards of a pack, and depositing them alternately on one or the other of two piles before him, pausing at intervals to distribute cheques to those who were lucky enough to have cheques or change on the cards of the table corresponding in denomination to that turned up on one pile, and to rake in the deposits of those whose cards corresponded with that on the 'bank' pile.

About a dozen persons were standing in front of the table, more or less engaged in play. One or two occasionally 'tried their luck' by throwing down a quarter or a half dollar, with comparative indifference as to whether they lost or won. Others intently watched the course of the game, and seemed to be guided, to some extent, in making their moderate bets by the movements of a third class of old players who, with printed lists of the cards in their hands, aided their memory by marking all that were out. Little was said at the table; but, after a pack had been dealt out, some would step aside to a stand where a darky gratuitously dispensed whiskey, brandy, and other stimulants to renewed efforts; and many recitals of what men had done, and what they meant to do, might here be heard. One was going to break the bank or get broke, before he left the Springs; another would risk five or ten dollars more, and then quit; a third liked to come in occasionally, and throw away five dollars or so, 'for the fun of the thing.' One or two appeared very thoughtful, as if hesitating whether to try it again,

evidently casting a lingering look at lost dollars, absorbed in the banker's pile. Among these is our acquaintance Williams, whom we had observed as not very successful with the previous play. Sydney is trying to prevail on him to leave, and he is half inclined to go, when the voice of Mr. Gambeadle (who has been circulating all around the room) is heard calling upon gentlemen to down with their bets; an invitation too tempting to be resisted, and Williams walks with the others to the table, lays down a half dollar, wins; down with the dollar, wins again, and stakes the two dollars. Again Fortune favors him, and yet a fourth time. He gathers up his cheques with an air, as if it were nothing unusual, and is about to place them on another card, when Sydney stops him, and they have a discussion apart. To our unsophisticated eyes, eight dollars out of fifty cents seems to be a pretty good operation, and we begin to feel some interest that he should retain his winnings, and risk no more. Sydney appears to have triumphed, for Williams goes up to Mr. Gambeadle, and gets money for his cheques. Just then his eyes light once more upon the table, so temptingly before him. We hear him say to his cousin: 'I tell you what it is, now, I understand the game; can just as well double my winnings as not;' he walks up, looks over a check-list of one of the players, and his countenance becomes intensely pale as he watches the movements of others; hesitating until but two or three cards remain to be drawn from the pack, finally he ventures. How strange if he should win five times in succession! But he do n't; the eight dollars are added to the banker's pile. He turns to Sydney, with a forced smile and a do n't-care swagger; asks some body to give him a piece of tobacco, and the two stroll leisurely out. Such is 'the tiger,' as the faro-table is called at the Springs: why, I never could learn.

There are plenty of people who play with the animal, and of course some get awfully scratched before the end of the season.

XIII.

A SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

Having left soon after Messrs. Williams and Sydney, we shortly found company by our side in the shape of Mr. Gambeadle, who saluted us with the remark that it was a very dark evening: 'Immense deal of rain lately; do n't know when the weather will be settled.' We immediately recognized in him the prisoner who had been so facetious from behind the jail-bars at the Warm Springs. He had parted with a large pair of bushy whiskers he wore then, which prevented our recalling him to mind before. He proceeded, in a low tone, somewhat as follows:

'Got to the Springs 'most as soon as you; though did n't look much like it when you saw me cooped up there like a fowl, eh? Fact is, 't was a devilish mean thing. A man I took for a friend; treated same as a brother; we roomed together at Bath Alum. I had occasion to go, and visit a friend some ten miles off; and, as my trunk was left on the road, I took the liberty of putting on a suit of his clothes which was hanging in his room; did n't think there was any harm in it, though. did n't ask him, 'cause he did n't happen to be thar jest then. Not least

idea of being gone more than a day; was kept a week. What does the fellow do but has me arrested for stealing his toggery. Jest as if I'd any object in taking a pair o' old breeches that bu'st out before I'd worn them a day. No jury in the world would ever believed it; and I was n't at all consarned about being convicted; but then I happened to be a stranger jest thar, and couldn't get no bail; and it was d——d disagreeable the idea of being locked up in that cussed little hot-hole for two or three weeks. The fact is, that's all the feller wanted. He was in the sporting business, and he wanted to get me snagged up for a while, so that he could come here and get the start of me, the mean scamp! Ef he'd a been frank, and told me he wanted to go shares, I'd a took 'im in in a minit, for I tho't he was a honorable man. Wal, he did n't accomplish nothing, for a friend of mine was up here, who came down and got security; and we've got the only decent room that's here. The sporting men wouldn't have nothing to do with him, and so he's gone off with his tail between his legs.

'How long you been here? I know'd you the minit you entered the room; but s'posed you wouldn't like to be seen too familiar with me thar, you know, so I come out to take a little fresh air, and let you know how 't was, you know; because I don't care 'bout having much said about it, you know; for sich things sometimes hurts a feller's character, you know, even though he gets clared.'

Having delivered himself of this explanation, Mr. Gambeadle seemed greatly relieved; and as it was too dark to damage our reputation by being seen with a gambler, we extended our walk some distance, listening to such details as he seemed disposed to give us, concerning his particular department in life at the Springs.

He was inclined to bewail the falling-off in the taste for sport of all kinds during the last few years, at these Springs. The people who came there now were of the more staid and sober order, and most of the young bloods went off to the north.

'Thar's Newport and Saratoga gits all the kind of custom that used to come here. I've seen the time when thar was business enough for four or five 'banks,' beside billiards, and all that sort of thing. And then the turf—that seems to be goin' down here, too. Why, it used to be a sight here of a morning to see 'em trying the speed of their blooded horses. And at all the courses down south, at Baltimore and Washington, *'specially*, there was a raälly fashionable attendance. They did n't leave every thing to the jockeys and Jake Dickson sort of fellers, in those days. The gentlemen all over the country entered their nags. But now, you know, thar's only jest a handful of regular betting boys here. Most of them that plays only puts down a picayune or so; though I must say I like that kind of custom the best where there's only enough of it to keep us lively; cos generally a gentleman that loses five, ten, or fifteen dollars in half-dollar bets, don't care much about it; but your high-fly fellers who bets by the hundred at a time often gets cleaned out entirely, and it becomes known of course, you know, and there's a devil of a talk about the sporting men, and they are going to have us kicked out, and all that sort of thing, as if we had n't played fair, or he was obliged to bet so large. Wal, you see, on the other hand, supposing

the feller wins, why one of these big hauls may pretty nearly clean us out, and then the gentleman perhaps walks off, and lives like a fighting cock on his winnings; never thinks he's bound in honor to give us another call, and give us a chance to win it back.

'Thar was one young chap thar to-night, Williams, played that game on us last year; won five hundred dollars the first night we opened, and never darkened our doors afterwards: but I reckon we're even this year. Along at first he bet rayther high; the luck was on our side: finally he's come down to the half-dollar stakes, and is always sure to return in hopes of better luck.' He paused a moment, and continued: 'After all, I do n't wish the feller any harm, and I have a great mind to tell some friend of his what I heard to-day. You seem to know him, and I'll tell you, jest to convince you that I'm not such a unfeelin' sort of a chap as I dare say you think I am.'

I told Mr. Gambeadle that, though not particularly intimate with Mr. Williams, yet, if I could serve him in any way, I should be glad to do so.

'Wal, it may be of some use to him to know it, in which case it will be our loss; may be no use; jest as he is inclined toward the lady. It's jest this: Thar's a rich lady here they say he's courtin'. She's got a very pretty colored gal, who told a sweet-heart o' hern here, that her mistress was very much afraid Mr. Williams was gambling hard, in which case she would have nothing to do with him. I told the feller to keep mum to the gal about his visits to our place, for I never will betray a gentleman.'

'I suppose,' said Mr. Riverman, 'you think if he succeeds in getting the rich lady, you may transfer some of her change to your table, through his pockets.'

'Wal, now that's rayther a ungenerous inference, I must say. 'Fraid you do n't think me fit to be a deacon in your church. However, here's to better acquaintance (tossing off a glass of sulphur-water, for we had gone around the grounds, and were now at the spring). Good evening, gentlemen; give us another call:' and Mr. Gambeadle returned to his post.

XIV.

M I S C E L L A N Y .

THE fine position of the White Sulphur among the mountains, the long-established reputation of its waters, the fact that it is the centre of a large group of remarkable mineral springs, have, all together, given it the first place in rank among the Virginia watering-places. But the waters of many other springs closely resemble those here, and the Warm, the Hot, or the Sweet Springs are much more remarkable. One sees here, too, comparatively little of the gayety and fashionable display which is to be found at other places more accessible by rail-road, such as Newport, Saratoga, or Sharon, at the north; or Capon, Warrenton, Berkley, and Shannondale, at the south. Formerly, the White Sulphur water was regarded, at the north, as more efficacious than any other to invalids requiring brimstone treatment; but the springs at Sharon, Richfield, and Avon, in New-York, have been found to possess quite as much efficacy in the majority of cases; and this, together with the superior accom-

modation lately provided there, has drawn off a large portion of the northern company which formerly assembled at the White Sulphur. A majority of the visitors at Greenbrier are from states south of Virginia, and among them are a number of families who have been in the habit of spending many successive summers here, their cotton and rice plantations being unendurable in the hot weather, except to the negroes.

Now and then a private carriage, of old-fashioned, lumbering make, with continental baggage conveniences on the top, two, sometimes four, fat, rather sluggish-looking horses, and two or three servants, male and female, before and behind, will drive up to the door of the reception-room, and having received the proper directions, pass on to the cabin which has been previously spoken for, where every arrangement will be quickly made for a long sojourn, all parties evidently feeling perfectly at home. The most of these equipages are from the Carolinas, and from places that are off from the regular stage-routes. Before the stage-lines were as convenient as they now are, a majority of the visitors came in this way, and then the farmers say that the Springs made a good market for hay and oats, much better than at present. Even now, there is a fascination about this mode of travelling where one can afford it, which will give it the preference over all other conveyances to those who travel for pleasure. To start and stop when you please; ride in the cool of the morning and evening, avoiding the heat of the day; to meet with old acquaintances in the host and hostesses of the farm-house inns, where the best of fare is always reserved for 'carriage folks;' and, when you arrive at the Springs, to have a conveyance always at command, and need no exertion to 'fill an extra,' is all very pleasant. But where there are only one or two in your party, the stage supplies company, and you see more of the world.

Let us take a seat under the trees with that group of gentlemen. A dashing young buck has been detailing the wonderful time made by his trotter on the last drive, to a sharp young lawyer from Baltimore, who remarks that 'it would be strange if such a *fast* man did not drive a *fast* horse;' and the owner of the trotter expresses the hope that he don't mean any insinuations. A third person exclaims on the beauty of a lady walking with Sydney to the bowling alley; and, looking up, we see Miss Dalton, who must be among the last arrivals. Mr. Williams follows with Miss Cushing, at sight of whom the young buck observes that, 'Talking of *fast* men, that Williams is a bird; he's always playing with the tiger, except when he's walking with Miss Cushing.' 'Does Sydney play any, Tom?' is the inquiry of a fourth. 'Oh, no; he seems to be acting the part of Mentor to Williams, who, on the other hand, thinks that Sydney is under his particular charge. It is amusing to hear him talk about Syd's being a mere boy, just out of college, and ready to fall in love with every pretty face he meets, while Williams evidently thinks himself a perfect man of the world. Who are they, any how?'

'They are cousins, from Prince George's county. Sydney has some property; Williams has run through nearly all he ever had. He's a good-hearted sort of a fellow, but is possessed with the notion of marrying a fortune, and thinks Miss Cushing has one. Don't he wish he may get it? Sydney has studied medicine, and knows what he's about.

But who's that with Mrs. Cushing?' 'That's old Larch, who has almost as much that is false about him as the Honorable Jim Brennum, who comes along there, dressed in boyish costume, (though he'll never see sixty again,) with that pretty little South Carolina girl on his arm. There is always some such old fool as that at every watering-place, who seems to come here expressly to make himself ridiculous for the amusement of people. There's Easy with Mrs. Snubbs, I declare. He's with her all the time.'

'Seems to me there's a deal of love-making this year. There's Willson and Miss Riverman: he danced with her about five times last night.'

Thus they while away the hour, commenting now upon horses and dogs; then on the people as they pass, until the first bell rings for dinner.

See that elderly gentleman, who arrived a few hours since with his coach and four. He joins a group, most of whom salute him as an old acquaintance.

There is something a little forbidding in his aspect at first, a sort of aristocratic hauteur; but speak to him, and you will see a pleasant smile light up his features. He has the grace and ease of one who has always seen the best of society, and the cordiality which a long habit of dispensing hospitality on a plantation, with all appliances and means to boot, has given him.

'All appliances!' Yes; that's a wonderful element in hospitality! Those who have slaves to do their bidding can well afford to be more social than the northerners, with all the inconveniences of hired 'help,' and that very indifferent in its kind; and hence a Yankee, transplanted to a southern soil, generally becomes as liberal as any of the warm-blooded natives. But, on the other hand, there is a great deal in having been brought up to it. Many a merchant in Gotham who has, by patient perseverance, accumulated a fortune, is just as stinted in his hospitality as he was when beginning life. His splendid parlors are never seen except by his immediate connections; superb dinner-sets are shown off in the china-closet, but rarely used; and the most valued correspondent, or the oldest friend, who comes to town, is only invited to tea; or if to dinner, it is with great preparation, turning the family upside down, and bringing in the aid of outside cooks and confectioners. And after all, it is a stiff, formal affair; all are glad when it is over. Such a thing as bringing a friend home to sit down with the family is scarcely thought of. The reason is plain. His habits of life have been different; and, however much he and his lady may desire to do their part, they 'do not know how,' and have grown too old to learn.

But to return to our South Carolinian, for such he is. He is saluted as Colonel, and you may observe by the manner in which he is treated, that he is a man of consideration. Inquiries are made of him as to the last news from the elections, whether the Union or the Sate-right's party is likely to triumph; and you can perceive that his sympathies are with the latter. He shakes his head, with an ominous look, and tells gentlemen there is no mistake about it—the state is in earnest; and as he proceeds, he waxes warm in dilating on the wrongs of the Palmetto people, especially when a tall, good-natured Virginian drops

the remark, that he'd like to know how it is that South Carolina knows so much more about impending danger than the people of Virginia and Maryland, who are more exposed to it. But the majority of the group sustain the Colonel, and comment with bitterness on the blindness of those who cannot see the cloud in the horizon. Poor fellows! They are all laboring under the unfortunate delusion that South Carolina is an object of persecution by all the world; and, like the one man on the jury, wonder at the obstinacy of the eleven others. Their state stands now just where it did at the beginning of the century: few changes, the same old sounding-boards over the pulpits; the same old legal forms; the same old family mansions, and the descendants of the same people are occupying them; cousins have married, and large estates have seldom passed into new hands; the same love for home, and dislike for going abroad, has remained; and consequently, the world of their ideas is not a very large one. All has stood still here, while all around has changed. Rail-roads, new population, commercial intercourse and enterprise, have infused a spirit of progress and of change, too often a *radical* change, into other and neighboring states, which has wiped out old prejudices, and, perhaps, opened the way for new ones; but, at any rate, the barriers of state-lines are broken down. Perhaps South Carolina has gone backward a little. At all events, she has not gone forward; and this the gentlemen, who sit sipping their rich old wine, down on the rice plantations, cannot understand, any more than would the old Knickerbockers, could they be suddenly brought to life, in the midst of the palaces of the Fifth-avenue, or in the quarters where the good old crooked streets and clumsy stone meeting-houses used to be. Hence they have always been in hot water in South Carolina, and as jealous of their neighbors' encroachments as were Irving's New-Netherland denizens of the Connecticut Yankees, and with about as much reason. But go among them, and you will hear nothing of this. You may dine out every day, and meet gentlemen of the most extreme opinions; but they'll never obtrude upon you their complaints. In the true spirit of entertainers, they avoid all useless discussion of disagreeable topics.

And so it is here at the Springs. Let a northerner join that group, and he will find that soon the topic will be changed, and every trace of sectional feeling disappear. They know what is due to the stranger. And so it should be with all true gentlemen who meet southerners at the north; but, unfortunately, when they come to our great gathering places, they must meet with all sorts of people, and their habits of life have not accustomed them to make allowances. There are some exceptions at the south, too, of course. That young man who is so much over-dressed, with such a profusion of hair on his face, who has lately come into the possession of wealth, is one. He thinks there should be a wall built around the state to keep off the rascally Yankees. That young Puseyite clergyman is so imbued with it that he cannot even pray for the President, except in subdued tone. Here is a young book-seller from Charleston, who is so afraid of not being identified with the chivalry, that he obtrudes his secession notions on all occasions, and has made himself a laughing-stock. He professes to be the repository of all Mr. Calhoun's last expressed opinions, and finds their weight very oppressive.

There is a family who are evidently parvenus, for the old Colonel's family inquire, 'Who are they?' These are the people who would n't call on the President of the United States when he arrived, because they did not believe in presidents, and they thought to ingratiate themselves with 'the Colonel's set' by this evidence of devotion to his principles. But when they found that he and all his family had paid their respects to the chief magistrate, they condescended to honor him with a visit, though taking pains to inform him that they called on him as a 'gentleman,' not as 'President.'

Intercourse with such narrow-minded persons is, of course, disagreeable; but even with those who kept their opinions to themselves, there was something of a restraint and embarrassment, from the fact that they seemed to have no interest in common with us. Politics was a forbidden topic, and all their civilities seemed like those of hostile parties during a truce. But let us hope for better things of a state which was one of the foremost to establish that Union with which she has always been in so constant a snarl. During the discussion of the compromise measures, I chanced to meet, in Washington, with an old college acquaintance from South Carolina, who was fierce for instant secession. We visited the national monument together. He was pleased with the work, and was about to contribute a half-eagle to the funds, when I checked him, asking why he gave money to build this monument, since he would soon have no common interest in it with citizens of other states? 'South Carolina will secede, you say. She must have a monument of her own, if she shall still cherish any regard for old associations. We do n't want you to have any lot or part with us in this, if you will not in other things.'

'Tell you what it is, my friend,' said he, as he threw down the gold, 'if you show so much anxiety to get us out, we won't go. We will have our place here in history, if we have to endure the Union for it.'

When the river and harbor bill was before the Senate, on a recent occasion, Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, who opposed it on constitutional grounds, said, that when any body now-a-days took the position he occupied in opposition to any popular measure, he was like an old-fashioned evangelical preacher, who should endeavor to prove a particular proposition to be true, because it was gospel doctrine, before an assembly of modern white-cravatted gentlemen, who regard the Bible as a book of elegant literature. I suppose that any South Carolinian who should read these remarks would reply, that if they are old-fashioned, and behind us in some things, they have at least the credit of having adhered to one construction of the constitution, while we have regarded it as a book of 'elegant literature,' to be read as we want to read it. May be so; although, were we writing for a political magazine, perhaps we might show that you have not always construed that instrument as you do now. But let us, like the apostle, forget the things that are behind, and look forward to those that are before.

It is among the unpretending North Carolinians, Louisianians, Virginians, and Marylanders, that you are to look for cordial greetings, and once well in with them, no better company can be found any where.

XV.

G O S S I P .

I AM afraid the reader will begin to think I am telling a regular story, in which all the parties introduced are to have something to do with the development of the plot; but let me assure him I am only narrating just such gossip as occurs to any idler who finds no better way of passing his time at a watering-place than to scribble letters to friends, in which form some of the matters here mentioned were 'made a note of.' They are the scenes of every-day life, such as every one will see who takes the trouble to look; and if, in the telling, they seem to lack piquancy, why, don't read any more, that's all. You may call it nonsense, and wonder that any one can waste time in writing such trifles; but let me tell you, especially if you are a young lady, that it is with just such trifles you throw away many an hour every time you go into company.

Having become somewhat intimate with Sydney, I mentioned to him what Mr. Gambeadle had stated about the espionage on Williams' operations with 'the tiger,' telling him that I thought the knowledge of this fact might perhaps deter that gentleman from indulgence in play to an extent which was becoming common talk. He thanked me for the information, and said he should try the effect of it, as he feared that gambling was becoming a passion with his cousin, which nothing but female influence would control. I inferred, however, from some farther remarks of his, concerning Miss Cushing, that he had not a very exalted opinion of that lady's warmth of heart, and feared lest, in rescuing Williams from one abyss, he was helping him to fall into another.

That evening, as Mr. Riverman and I escorted the ladies in our party from the ball-room to their cabins, Miss Clara remarked that she had heard Miss Cushing say that she had been told that Mr. Williams was very rich.

'What an elegant lace-cape she wore!' said Mrs. Riverman.

'Yes,' said Clara; 'but with what bad taste she dresses! What a contrast to Miss Dalton. They say Mr. Sydney's engaged to Miss Dalton. He's too sensible to like that Cushing girl.'

'I don't see why a sensible man should not like her,' said Mrs. R.

'Now, ma! you only say that because old Larch seems to fancy her, and you like old Larch because I do n't.'

'What's the matter with Larch?' asked Mr. R. 'He talks like a sensible man, worth ten of such moustached chaps as Colonel Wilson.'

'Now, pa! how prejudiced you are. He learned to wear his hair long in Mexico; and every body says he showed himself there a brave and noble officer. As for Larch, he's always looking after number one.'

'If he did n't look after it, who would? But, wife, what made you leave so soon?'

'So soon! Why, you wanted to leave an hour ago.'

'So I did, to smoke my cigar; but when I came back to the piazza, and saw Mrs. Snubbs on the floor, I wanted to stay and see her through.'

'Well! well! well! That's pretty well for you, Riverman: I'm glad we *did* leave so soon. That woman carries on so, that all the time

running after her. But you don't think that you can make me act like Mrs. Easy. If you were to devote yourself to her as Easy does, I'd let you know that there were two sides to that game.'

'Why,' said Clara, 'I believe he does it on purpose to worry her, for he used to laugh at her jealousy of me; and now, since I am deserted, his poor wife makes a confidant of me. Ha! ha! I told her she'd better let him see that *she* could flirt as well as he.'

'Exactly,' said her father. 'Colonel Wilson is just the man to flirt with her.'

'No such thing. He's not that kind of a person, I can tell you.'

'Oh, you *know*, do you?' Here we reached the cabin.

XVI.

THE SALT SULPHUR.

'WHEN *do* the stage go to the Salt Sulphur?' is the question one most frequently hears from southerners at the White, 'the Salt' being the next place in order on the programme. Leaving the Rivermans behind, we were off, with a beautiful day, and on a good road; and, in the course of five hours, found ourselves in the thriving village of Union, two miles from the Salt. You soon come in sight of the observatory, a tall tower erected on the top of a mountain, by a gentleman who was disposed to enjoy the scenery. The first you see of the Springs is an old frame-building, which once accommodated the visitors to the spring first discovered, now called the 'Sweet Sulphur,' by way of distinction. Both the building and the canopy over the spring are rapidly going to decay, and the water is only used to supply the baths about an eighth of a mile farther on, where you cross the stream, on the margin of which all the springs are situated, and enter a beautiful little valley. On the piazza of the bar-room on the right, Mr. Erskine, for many years the active proprietor, stands ready to receive his guests, who are soon distributed into a large stone building with porticoes, on the slope of the opposite side of the hill, or in some of the rows of cabins scattered about.

No great pretensions are made; but you find a good dinner ready for you, and eat it with all the better relish after the White Sulphur. Everything is neat and tidy, even the kitchen, which is an exception, in that respect, to all other kitchens on the road. One of the sights to be seen is the dairy, which is enough to make one relish milk, cream, and butter, as he never relished them before.

The two springs most used are near the centre of the grounds. Their waters, and those of the old 'Sweet Sulphur' outside, are substantially alike, except that one is said to contain, what has been seldom discovered in mineral waters, a trace of the simple substance called iodine. Whether this helps the medical qualities is perhaps a little doubtful, but many wonderful things are told about it. There is less of sulphur and more of magnesia and epsom salts in the water than at the White Sulphur; but it is recommended for about the same complaints as that, and is probably, in most cases, quite as good. The walks about the grounds are extensive, but might be rendered more varied and agreeable by extending them over the hill to the Sweet Sulphur or outer springs. A

fine band of music performed every day before dinner, and every evening in the ball-room ; but at first there was little dancing. The company, as is generally the case, consisted mainly of South Carolina families, among whom there were few young persons. It was not until two or three days after our arrival, when the Rivermans, the Daltons, Mr. and Mrs. Easy, and a number of the other belles and beaux from the White, made their appearance, that there was any gayety. Occasionally some of the ladies and gentlemen from Union came over, and then we had a good time. Mr. Erskine dispensed a hospitality worthy of a Virginia gentleman, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

XVII

STYLE OF LIVING.

A GREAT deal of comment has been very justly made by foreigners on the way in which Americans bolt their food. In Yankeedom it is bad enough ; but the go-ahead business habits of that people leave them scarce time to eat. At the luxurious south we expect to see more moderation in this respect ; but at the watering-places it is infinitely worse. The whole dinner, meat, dessert and all, is placed upon the table at the same time. Each guest has two plates, and perhaps a saucer. After discussing his meat on the one, he takes pie on the other, and winds up with sponge-cake, ice-cream, or berries. There is not even the breathing-time which is given by the interval between the courses at a northern hotel, and which materially helps the digestive organs. A man who has been lounging about all the morning, and who is perhaps a dyspeptic, takes his dinner as if for a wager, and hurries out, as if he were wanted on pressing business, instead of having the whole afternoon before him.

Whether it be because the use of wine is incompatible with the use of the waters, or because the wines carried so far by wheel-carriages are poor or dear, I scarcely saw a bottle of wine on any public dinner-table during the whole trip. Pitchers of milk are deemed indispensable, and no one eats pie without a glass of it well iced. But this temperance at the table is made up by the demand for mint-juleps and sherry-cobblers early in the morning, at noon, or late at night.

There is one abomination of northern hotels which has not crept into this region, and so long as the race of good old colored 'aunties' do the cooking, we may presume it will not. I allude to the parade of small side-dishes of pretended French cookery, but containing very little of any thing, and that little not very good. Good French cookery is very good ; but it must be served up very hot, and at just the right time. This mixture of English and French preparations in covered dishes, standing on hot water, may make a fine show on the bill of fare, but yield very little that is substantial to the guest. How much better would it be at Newport and Saratoga, if an abundance of the best cuts of beef, venison, or lamb, with good vegetables, were served up instead of the stews, and hashes, and bedevilled dishes which no one ever knows any thing about. There is good fare at most of the Springs we visited, except the White, where you are told that you are charged for the use of the

water, not for board. The introduction of courses would be an improvement, but probably they have not servants enough for that purpose.

There is a shiftlessness and neglect with regard to little things apparent at most places in Virginia, such as broken steps and decayed fences, which, if attended to in time, would save much subsequent trouble and expense. But there is more thrift and enterprise in the western half of the state than in those parts where there are more slaves; and, when there shall be a rail-road along here, it will give to the country an aspect not unlike that of the Erie rail-road region of New-York.

O L D A G E .

WHAT is old age?

Is it when snowy hairs, the brow surrounding,
 Soften, with halo mild, the prints of time;
 Or when, to the dulled ear, less loud resounding,
 Earth's din seems softened to a vesper chime?
 Is't when the eye is losing all its brightness?
 When the once firm voice trembles in its tone?
 No! — whatsoe'er man calls them in his lightness,
 These, these are not the signs of age alone.

For in the breast youth's fount, perpetual springing,
 May live, defying years as they roll by;
 The trembling voice may yet give forth its singing,
 Its sparkle yet abide in the dimmed eye:
 While round its brink young fancies bright are growing,
 And fresh affections, that no frost can chill,
 Call this not age, that is such gifts bestowing:
 Who has the heart's youth, has the true youth still!

What is old age?

It is to feel that health and strength are failing,
 The eye grows dim, and dull the clouded brain;
 The hand for its loved task is unavailing,
 The foot essays its fav'rite haunts in vain;
 The color, once so bright, the pale cheek leaving,
 Tells that the love it helped enchain is gone;
 The form, from health its airy grace receiving,
 Now both are fled, sinks helpless and alone.

This too is age — to feel the warm heart chilling;
 To see the eye of friendship turned away,
 Or dark distrust, or cold aversion, filling
 The glance, that erst to us was clear as day.
 Oh! what are years, that, love and wisdom bringing,
 Conduct us gently to a peaceful tomb,
 To the worn heart, that, pain and coldness wringing,
 Still must live on a long, long life of gloom!

P E B B L E S .

— 'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones.'

I TAKE my seat beneath a waving willow,
Beside a little, babbling, pebbly brook;
Then of the earthless roots I make a pillow,
And lay me down to listen and to look.

And as I watch the little wavelets glisten,
I see a truth shine out from every one;
And as their gentle murmuring I listen,
I learn a lesson from each pebble-stone.

The lives of men are like to pebbles rolling
Adown a brooklet, ceaselessly along,
The never-turning tide their course controlling,
The tide, though wayward, still for ever strong.

When first from off the parent boulder battered,
The little rocks are rugged things enough;
The hard and soft, throughout unequal scattered,
Make them sharp-cornered, angular, and rough.

They drop into the stream; the current seizes,
And drives them downward with resistless force,
Directs, controls, and changes as it pleases
The various zig-zag of each little course.

But ever and anon, while downward driving,
'Gainst some obstruction they perchance are brought;
Ah! then in vain seems all their tiny striving,
Each deems himself for ever fixed and caught.

Then what a mimic whirl-pool each one raises!
How swells with feeling every injured stone!
The pressing current grinds their softened faces,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, drives them harshly on.

Just so are men, poor little transient creatures!
Borne down the swiftly-running stream of life:
They have their clayey and their flinty features,
And in the current snags are always rife.

The snag, some failure of a high ambition,
Or pique of pride, or loss of love, may be,
Which seems to shut them out from all fruition,
And hold them firmly bound, and hopelessly.

But still the stream of life is swiftly rushing,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, with it they must go;
With still-increasing force behind them pushing,
It drives them on, whatever be the woe.

We feel, perhaps, some quite unpleasant grinding,
 Some rather roughish rubbing of the face;
 But ah! the careless current, never minding,
 Thinks nothing of the badness of our case.

And so we go, and all the snags that meet us
 Rub off some points or angles that had vex;
 The harder that each one we pass may treat us,
 The easier 'tis to get around the next:

Until at last, quite sleek and sober-going
 Respectable old pebbles we become;
 No more the roughness of our nature knowing,
We hasten onward to our endless home.

EDWARD WILLET.

New-York.

PAPERS FROM THE RED-TAPE BUNDLE.

FIRE ON BOARD A NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT IN 1840.

It was one afternoon in September, in the year 1840, that, while engaged in my counting-room looking over a trial balance, I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from my friend Dick B., a last year's fledgling of — College, and a very good fellow withal. He had been spending the early season at the Springs, and, having become *ennuyé*, had returned once more to the city; but a fortnight in the fashionable-deserted metropolis had been quite enough to cure him of his anticipated relish for brick and mortar: and hence the call, accompanied with the proposition to start on the first of October ensuing, with gun and dog, knapsack and fishing-rod, for the far west.

Dick B. was a man whom, from our first acquaintance, I had taken an incipient affection for. Noble and magnanimous from nature, quick and impulsive from indulgence, devoted exclusively to his studies till he left college, where he had taken a high rank as a classical scholar, he had spent the last year of his life in society, the pleasures of which he had pursued and run through with the same eagerness and zest that characterized every other action of his life. And now, completely satiated with society and its ceremonious refinements, he hailed with joy his new discovery of a race of beings of primitive simplicity in their feelings, and where they could be found in their primitive state, in their manners and habits; generous, hospitable, and grateful; brave and beautiful; uncere- monious and unartificial; and perfect as God had originally made them.

Such was Dick's theory, based upon a slight acquaintance with a lovely specimen of her race, upon whose education no pains or expense had been spared, and who in her culmination promised to realize all the fond hopes and ardent wishes of her friends.

My acceding so readily to Dick's request was partly from a habit of saying yes to every proposition for a 'lark' that he made, the sudden im-

pulse usually giving them a zest which they would have lost by reflection and consideration, and partly from a resolution, already formed, to devote a month to relaxation from the oppressive duties which had confined me to the city for the previous year.

The first of October brought a note from Dick, to meet him on board the S——, at the foot of —— street, at seven o'clock P. M. So throwing into my valise a dozen shirts, cap, shooting-coat and trousers, woollen stockings and thick boots, I took an extra glass of wine, and a cab for Pier . . .

Half-past six found me delivered at that modern Babel, a steam-boat landing. 'Four for a shilling, swate as honey,' by a red-faced Irish-woman, with a true type of her dear Johnny hanging at her breast; a thump from the shoulder of her dear Johnny, or some other scoundrel, with a trunk on his back, accompanied with a 'Beg pardon, Sir; did n't see you, Sir,' but which nevertheless sent me stumbling forward, and left my hat in the mud behind; an Evening Express (confidentially) thrust into my face by the evident progeny of some mysterious shoveller, who recovered my hat, and smoothed the mud over it very carefully with his coat-sleeve; porters and cabmen running, passengers hurrying, cabs backing suddenly up and dumping their loads with marvellous facility, with a few more such pleasant accompaniments, came over me with a freshness that proved to my own mind that I must have kept myself very quiet since the world began to move, and to the minds of the cabmen and porters that I was possessed with a degree of viridity that might prove profitable.

Ploughing my way to the forward deck, through the three or four hundred people, who, to a stranger, might have seemed to have hit by some unlucky accident upon this particular day and this particular boat for their journey. I discovered Dick standing with his arms a-kimbo, surveying with no little complacency a pyramid of baggage, surmounted by a handsome little mulatto boy, of about fourteen years of age, drumming with his heels the devil's tattoo on a champagne-basket.

The last bell rang, a few farewells were exchanged, a few hands shaken, and the noble boat, which had been snorting and panting like a wild steed impatient for its liberty, upon the halter being thrown upon its neck, darted out into the river through its moving crowd of fellows, and, apparently uncertain as to its course, as it made for the middle of the stream, turned its head gradually north, and with a final snort, started on its long race, with a speed and untiring vigor that in an animal would have excited the world's surprise.

Consigning my defiled castor to the care of the illustrious Sancho, and mounting in its place a cap, I ascended the promenade-deck, where, finding Dick in interesting communion with a pretty black-eyed acquaintance whom he had found, I took a seat on the after-rail.

This I chose, to feel the electrical quivering of the iron-sinewed monster, whose convulsive energies, like the leaps of a race-horse which you are riding at full speed, seem almost to identify themselves with and become a part of your own. The hissing of the parted waves, like a flock of valiant geese, as they throw up their spiral necks in the air, and then disappear in the distance, denote your progress. The constantly shifting

and changing scenery, the grouping and re-grouping, the opening and shutting vistas, present a rapid-moving double panorama, as it apparently passes you on either side, which it will occupy all your attention to appreciate and understand. When weary of this, you have before and around you an original and ever-varying medley, whose objects of travel, appearance, manners, probable pursuits and residences, can afford you any extent of speculation.

On retiring, we found the floor of the cabin covered with the usual complement of settees and their occupants. A black bushy head here; a bald and very shiny one in close proximity to it; a tall thin gentleman standing in the middle of the floor, half undressed, and looking very much disgusted at the necessity of displaying his leanness in the act of denuding, composed a part of the fore-ground. Stretched around in every possible variety of attitude and position, lay, sat, reclined, and stood the miserable multitude, dressed, undressed, and half dressed, a most unhappy group, each man inwardly wondering what in the name of comfort could have induced all the rest to have encroached on his exclusive privilege, and looking upon each new-comer as a new and unauthorized intruder.

‘One hundred and forty, and forty-one,’ said Dick, deliberately pulling out his tickets. ‘One hundred and forty-one it is,’ slowly drawing open the curtain of the lower berth, and revealing ensconced a remarkably corpulent gentleman in a particularly sound repose.

‘Sir,’ said Dick.

No answer.

‘Sir!’

No reply.

‘Well, this *is* cool!’

‘Never mind,’ said I; ‘the upper one no doubt he left for you, as you see it is empty; and you could not certainly be so hard-hearted as to wish to arouse him from such a refreshing slumber.’

‘I have half a mind, nevertheless, to try the depth of his blubber with the end of my walking-stick,’ said Dick, giving way to my suggestion in no very pleasant temper. ‘I do not believe the puppy is any more asleep than I am.’

He was not to be aroused.

Divesting myself of coat, boots and hat, I turned into the middle berth, and was soon in a dreamy maze of half forgetfulness, half consciousness. The silent and shadowy movements of the waiters, as they stole noiselessly round among the sleepers, collecting the material for their nocturnal labors, the regular plunges and hissing of the powerful engine, and the trembling of the solitary suspended lamp, were soon lost in indistinct visions of bull-dogs and bison-bulls, Indian maidens and red-faced Irish women, which flitted through my fancy in multitudinous profusion.

I was in the midst of a very interesting interview with a beautiful chocolate damsel, reclining on a couch of tiger-skins, and surrounded by the spoils of war and implements of the chase, when I was awakened from my trance by a sudden cry of ‘Fire!’ ‘Fire!’ ‘The boat’s on fire!’ which was instantly echoed by a hundred mouths, and followed by a noise and confusion that beggars description.

I had barely time to rub open my eyes and draw aside the curtains, when there was a general rush to the companion-way of nearly the whole of the passengers. Out they rolled, pell-mell, from their berths, tumbling over one another in the most amusing state of confusion. The heads and shoulders of the under tier were pounced upon as they were protruded by the upper tier, to the no small damage of noses and faces. Slipping, tumbling, swearing, striking; officers shouting it was a false alarm, which was generally believed to be a fetch; captain rolling on the floor, having been tumbled over the balusters in a vain attempt to stop the rush up the companion-way, were a few of the incidents.

A little fat man, with a squeaking voice, after one or two abortive attempts to get up stairs, in which he lost his wig, rushed with frantic energy to one of the wedge-like cabin-windows, and thrust his person so forcibly in that he could neither advance nor recede. What he said, the rudder could probably tell; but the violent flapping of his little turtle-fin legs was the only indication we had on this side of his state of feeling.

One tall and bony, but cool and collected-looking man, whose specific gravity was certainly greater than water, but whose natural gravity was much greater than the specific, after getting out of his berth, stretching himself, and giving a glance at the scene of confusion, coolly walked to the steward's closet, and after some fumbling, came out with two jugs! Drawing the cork of one, and smelling the contents, he applied it to his mouth, and after a long pull, smacked his lips with great apparent gusto, and pouring the remaining contents on the floor, replaced the cork, which he drove in forcibly. The same process was repeated with the other jug, the lifting up of the eye-brows in each case denoting a peculiar satisfaction. He then took a sheet, and giving an additional blow to the corks, tied one jug in each end; and after walking to the unoccupied window, and noticing the height of the water, slung under his shoulders his ready-made life-preserver, and sat down quietly, to wait till the companion-way should be clear.

The small and choked passage made the exit very slow, and the crowd still more furious. Determined at length to have a little closer view, I was upon the point of jumping from my berth, when a hand from above pushed me back, and the next instant Dick vaulted over my head, and lighted astride the neck of the corpulent gentleman, who had so coolly taken possession of 'forty-one, and who was at that instant slowly emerging from his den.

'Fire! fire!' cried Dick, twisting his legs together.

'Get off, you scoundrel!' said the corpulent man.

'Murder!' said Dick.

'Get off, you villain, or I *will* murder you!'

'Help! help! I am drowning!' said Dick, twisting his legs tighter, and seizing the stout man by each of his ears.

This was too much for poor human nature, and a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated in their rolling together on the cabin-floor, Dick still maintaining his position, and the stout gentleman's face blazing with rage and vexation.

'Oh, my poor mother! I shall never see her again!' blubbered Dick, holding on with the energy of a drowning man.

‘—— your mother, Sir! let go of my ears!’

Here Dick gave a tremendous twist of his legs, at which the fat gentleman opened his mouth, and evinced decided symptoms of strangulation.

‘If I get up I will pound you to a mummy, you villain, Sir!’

Dick took a better hold.

‘Do you intend to let me up?’ said the ‘prisoner.’

‘I wonder how far it is to land?’ said Dick.

Here the round gentleman made a violent plunge, which resulted in a somerset; and had not Dick maintained his position astride his neck, I do not know how far he would have rolled.

Succeeding at last in recovering from the convulsions into which the scene had thrown me, I jumped from the berth, and extricating the sufferer from his embarrassments with some little difficulty, raised him to his feet, and pointing to the companion-way, up which the tall man, who had been an amused spectator of the affray, was retreating, his jugs still slung under his arms, intimated that if he expected to save himself no time was to be lost. But no: rage had succeeded fear, and the sole objects of his existence appeared to be, first to regulate his wind-pipe, and then to avenge himself on Dick; and it was not till, tapping my forehead significantly with my fore-finger, and bending my thumb mysteriously toward Dick, I conveyed the impression that he was a little damaged in the upper works—in fact nothing less than insane—that I succeeded in quieting him.

Casting first a look of incredulity, and then one of mild compassion and contempt upon Richard, he seized his coat, and enveloping himself in its ample folds, prepared to mount the deck and encounter the apprehended danger.

He was, however, spared the trouble, and the Hudson the pain of having such a sizzling hot subject thrust into its bosom.

The tide had turned, and he was encountered on the stairs by the return current of angry, laughing, scolding, jesting, half-naked, tattered passengers, who had made the important discovery that there was after all no fire or explosion; nothing more, in fact, than the crazy fancies of a man troubled with the night-mare, whose alarming cries had found an answering echo in the breasts of some half-dozen others, from whom the contagion spread to the rest with the rapidity of wild-fire.

I have often thought that there is no better test of a man’s temper than an unnecessary fright or alarm; and the difficulty in this case with which sundry staid personages controlled their anger at being so suddenly astonished out of their dignity, and the unqualified pleasure with which a few of the victims enjoyed the joke, as they believed it, were as good indications of natural temper as of the amount at stake, which last is so well supposed to generally regulate one’s care for life.

The little fat man who had been serving as a plug to the cabin-window, and who had been enjoying the pleasing contemplation of the waves, rising to his excited imagination with alarming rapidity, and about to engulf him, was seized by the legs by him of the jugs, and after several powerful efforts drawn in. If he could have been wire-drawn, or length-

ened out by being pulled through the other way, it would have been a decided improvement to his person.

Dick's friend I noticed making a vain attempt to obtain from the indignant captain, who would not listen to a word, the name and address of his volunteer cravat. How he disposed of himself for the night I was never able to ascertain. One thing is certain, he did not trust himself in Dick's vicinity.

The man of the jugs exchanged with the steward his ready-made life-preserver for a pair of clean sheets, and quietly turned in, being soon after followed by most of the remaining passengers. My last recollection is of being lulled to sleep by the bugle-note of his snore, which had been sensibly stimulated by some cause, not in any way of course connected with the contents of the jugs.

' T I S O N L Y I N M Y D R E A M S .

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

I.

A FORM is ever at my side,
Mid sorrow, pain, and tears ;
And constant still, whate'er betide,
Through long and weary years :
And oft, when evening's fairest star
In radiant beauty gleams,
I clasp her hand in mine, but ah !
'T is only in my dreams.

II.

When grief and care upon my heart
Like darkening shadows fall ;
When those from whom fate bids me part
Have gone beyond recall ;
When friends are few, and hearts grow cold,
And earth a desert seems,
That form is with me as of old,
But only in my dreams !

III.

Though youth has fled, and, day by day,
The hopes of manhood's prime,
Like faded leaves, are borne away
Upon the tide of time ;
And though my years grow dark and chill
In life's declining beams,
That presence will be with me still,
But only in my dreams !

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

On the shores of the Pacific, in a wild sequestered vale,
Lay a miner, faint and weary, with a visage wan and pale;
The deep blue vault of heaven alone was o'er him spread,
The green turf of the valley was the dying sufferer's bed.

At his feet, a mountain river over golden sands was rolled,
For a thousand eager miners washing out the glittering gold:
Men had left a fellow-mortal, far from friends, to die alone,
For the love of gold had hardened human sympathies to stone.

The sufferer, pale and languid, turned his dull and glazing eye
To the fleecy clouds of whiteness that flecked the western sky.
The scene was passing lovely: Nevada's peaks of snow
Reflecting the rich sun-light on the sleeping vales below:

The mountains in the distance flung aloft their summits bleak,
In calm and silent grandeur, peak rising over peak,
Until their shadowy outlines were lost unto the view,
And the splintered, snow-capped pinnacles were bathed in heavenly blue.

But that wan and pallid sufferer, as restlessly he lay,
Marked not those scenes of beauty, for his thoughts were far away;
Far away to loved New-England, where a happy, joyous band
Had welcomed him in gladness to his rugged mountain strand.

He dies, that youthful dreamer; but his wild and fevered brain
Was roving in the pleasant scenes of his early home again:
A mother's face bent o'er him as he drew his latest breath,
And a smile played o'er his features when his eye grew dim in death.

As the sun was slowly sinking 'neath the broad Pacific's wave,
The heartless hands of strangers laid the dreamer in his grave.
No prayer was breathed, no tear was shed, no shroud enclosed his breast,
But with cold, unfeeling mockery they laid him to his rest.

Hoarsely broke the solemn surges on Atlantic's rock-bound shore;
Their deep tones were the requiem of him whose life was o'er:
And a wail came from New-England, a wail for the departed,
From a father, brother, sister, and a mother broken-hearted.

To that western El Dorado, that gorgeous land of gold,
The tide of emigration its mighty waves hath rolled;
And thousands that were toiling for the gold which millions crave
Have died alone and friendless, and found a stranger's grave.

In Nevada's mountain gorges, in every golden glen
In Sacramento's valley, repose New-England men:
Along each gliding rivulet, with music in its flow,
Full many a hopeful dreamer is sleeping lone and low.

California hath her treasures, whose value is untold,
But her soil holds treasures dearer, more priceless far than gold:
For many noble spirits in her bosom are at rest,
And the gold sands of her valleys shroud many a manly breast.

M O R E T R A N S C R I P T S

F R O M T H E D O C K E T O F A L A T E S H E R I F F .

T H E D O D G E R .

I WAS at a dry-goods' store in the Bowery one evening, engaged in the service of several writs of replevin, attended by the plaintiffs therein, with some of their clerks, whose business it was to select from the stock in the store the articles called for by my writs. They, the said clerks, being directed by me, placed the goods identified by them respectively as belonging to their several employers, and which were described in the aforesaid writs, in parcels by themselves, until the search had been made complete; and while they were thus engaged, opportunity was afforded to the rest of the company to converse with each other.

The subject most natural to us was the varied difficulties and trials to which a sheriff was subject. One declared 'it was a thankless office;' another 'disagreed with the last speaker, inasmuch as a sheriff must enjoy a pleasing satisfaction in restoring to one the goods unlawfully held by another.' Another admitted 'that, although the sheriff had the power to do an infinity of good, he was placed in circumstances at times when he was the instrument of great wrong.' Another remarked 'that the sheriff was merely a ministerial officer, and had no right, under any circumstances, but to obey his writ, and that the indulgence of any sentiment by him contrary to the interest and rights of the plaintiff was not warranted by law.' 'Yet,' said another, 'the sheriff is frequently placed in serious difficulty; and beside, he is imposed upon very often; and such impositions are put upon him as seriously to jeopard him in the way of dollars and cents.'

To all of these speculations expressed, and to others, which are legion, not expressed, I inwardly said 'Amen;' and yet how few are there who know any thing of the agitations and worriment to which those of our cloth are subject!

'I know,' continued the last speaker, 'of an incident of very recent occurrence, related to me by a party who was interested, and, by-the-by, a funny affair, of a dodge perpetrated by my informant upon one of the deputies of the sheriff. The facts are these: The sheriff had a writ against my informant, and two days since, at a very convenient hour in the dusk of the evening, doubtless to the sheriff known, who is expected to know at what time a defendant is *surely* 'at home,' asked the child who answered his knock at the door, if Mr. ——— was at home. The child answered that he was, and the child was thereupon desired by the officer to point out to him the particular room or apartment occupied by the defendant. And while the child was proceeding with the sheriff to do what was requested of her, a person met the sheriff in the hall of the house, and desired to know his business. 'I wish to see Mr. ———,' the sheriff answered. 'Mr. ——— is not at home,' replied the man. 'Not at home!' said the sheriff, with surprise. 'I was told,' he added,

'by the little girl who opened the door, that Mr. ——— was at home.' 'Oh, yes, yes,' replied the man, 'Mr. ——— was at home a moment ago; just got his tea, and left the house. I am a boarder with him, and we are very intimate, and if you would leave your business and your name with me, I will communicate the same to him, and he will call on you, Sir, *promptly*.' '*Promptly!*' said the sheriff, emphasizing the word; and having doubts on his mind whether or no the party with whom he was speaking was not the veritable defendant, he continued: '*Promptly!*' still emphasizing the word; 'I think *you* are the man I want to see; I think you are the man whom I have been asking for.' 'Indeed I am not,' replied the man; 'but you had better leave your name and residence, and when he comes in I will direct him to call and see you at once, if you desire it.'

'Well,' continued the narrator, 'the sheriff was satisfied, and he drew from his pocket his card, and handed it to the man, with special injunctions to give it to Mr. ——— as soon as he got home, with the request that Mr. ——— should call on the sheriff '*promptly*' at his residence.

'As soon,' continued the narrator, 'as the card was handed to the party, the thing was out. What was suspicion was now surety, and Mr. ———, the defendant, my informant, who was no other than the veritable defendant, rejoiced considerably at his *escape*, as he had it, 'from the clutches of the law and the vigilance of one of the most lynx-eyed of the officers of the law.' '

'Funny, ain't it?' was the general response of the auditors. 'Ha! ha! ha!' And they laughed heartily at the 'sell' of the sheriff.

'Come, sheriff,' said several of them to me, 'why don't you laugh? It is a good one: cunning fellow that, wasn't he?'

'Gentlemen,' I replied, 'he was shrewd; but I fancy that there is an adjective which will demonstrate that the sheriff who had charge of that business is not yet 'sold.' It takes two always to make a bargain; the seller and buyer. But may I ask, Sir,' addressing myself to the narrator of the 'sell,' 'the name of the party, your informant?'

'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'with pleasure. His name is James Hazelton.'

'Hazelton! that's my own case!' Linwardly said: and so it was. The facts as detailed were substantially true, and I at once determined to possess myself of all the information as to the whereabouts of the 'dodger' other than his residence, as at that place I was considerably well known and appreciated.

With this determination, I asked the narrator of the 'sell' where the party could be found, stating to him that it was a contemptible trick on Mr. Hazelton's part, and that I would like to know all about him, so as to assist the sheriff in his efforts to find the man who had so grossly deceived him.

The merchant, thus interrogated by me, answered, 'that he knew the whereabouts of Hazelton. He was accustomed to visit the auction-houses of the city, for the purpose of purchasing various odd lots that are occasionally sold at those houses; that Hazelton was generally at a certain auction establishment in William-street about twelve o'clock in the day, say about two or three times a-week.'

'Now,' thought I, 'here is a chance, with a little trouble, to catch

my man : ' and forthwith, on the next day, I started on my mission of love ; for so it was, because I was anxious to embrace him. Reader, start not at the thought that runs through your mind. ' Embrace, indeed ! — mission of love ! ' I think I hear you say. ' Embrace ! Ay, the embrace of the bear. Mission of love, indeed ! '

I called at all the auction-houses in William-street, stopped a little while at each of them, and did not find my man. I could not ' give it up so. ' I continued my search anxiously and vigorously for several days, giving out to no one what my business was, and what was my fondest desire.

A week had elapsed, and still, like Harry Hammer, ' I ham hon the watch ; ' but not like him altogether, for he fell asleep on his post. My eyes were wide awake ; so too were my senses. I ' felt it in my bones ' that Hazelton would be mine.

I had seen Hazelton but once, and I was certain that I possessed enough of his lineaments in my mind's eye to be able to fully recognize him at first sight. I visited and revisited the auction-rooms, scanned every one's face and features, still without success in my earnest desires and hopes.

At length I resolved to revisit the auction-rooms once more : with this determination I entered Messrs. C — and T — 's establishment, and when I got to the head of the stairs which leads to their rooms, I looked around me, and carefully observed the faces of all the persons congregated around the salesman. I was for the time an observer. I saw my man, I thought. I looked again : ' t is he, ' t is he ! and he recognized me.

' Four and a half : going, going, four and a half the yard ! ' cried the salesman. I walked quickly and smartly around and between the buyers and others, looked up, and my man was gone : missed for a moment, I caught his face again.

' Going ! going, at four and a half ! have you done ? ' cried the auctioneer. I was after my dodger : he was veritably a dodger ; dodging here and there, and I dodging after him. The race was getting interesting to him and me. The room was crowded ; the race at first was around the edges of the company, Hazelton walking fast at first, dodging in and through the centre of the crowd ; I after him as unconcernedly as one could be in a hunt of that kind. The chase continued, and meanwhile the parties present began to look, then to inquire the cause of the great commotion.

' Four and a half the yard ! going at four and a half ! will any one give me an advance ? ' cried the auctioneer. ' Gentlemen, why do n't you bid ? ' said he ; ' why do n't you bid ? '

' Well, we won't now — stay where you are, Mr. Salesman ; there's fun afloat ! ' said one of the by-standers ; and immediately it was whispered around them that ' I was the sheriff, and had got my game in a stump, and was proceeding to smoke him out. '

' Give them a chance ; fair play ; shake the bag well, Sheriff ! ' cried one of the party ; and meanwhile was heard the salesman's anxious ' Four and a half ! going ! going ! ' ' Give them room ; clear the passage ; hurrah for the Sheriff ! Go it, Shorty ; he's got good bottom. '

' Going ! going ! ' said the salesman. ' Four and a half, going ! once. '

' Go it, Haze ! Go it, Sheriff ! ' cried the excited crowd. It was an

interesting time ; the auctioneer standing on a counter, his head elevated above all the rest, hammer in hand, crying out, 'Four and a half! going, going! Will any one give a quarter?'

'Be easy ; no one asks for quarters, Mr. Auctioneer, but you. Haze wants, but can't get it. Go it, Haze! Go it, Sheriff! The sheriff's good at a long race. Go it, Short-legs!' Thus impelled, I continued the race after my man. Meanwhile the excitement grew hotter, the fun more racy ; the crowd, full of exhilaration, mounted the stands and counters, and thus had a full field of sight to witness the game yield.

'Going at four and a half the yard! Going at four and a half, TWICE!' The egress was barricaded by living bodies, and I was certain that while that favor was shown to me, fair play, and an open field, I asked and desired no odds. Sufficient glory was there in the affair for me, that the man's meanness would be made apparent to the by-standers, who judged, of course, that I had the majesty of the law on my side, and therefore would not interfere to assist him in escaping.

I pursued him vigorously. He had the advantage of me in one respect: he had longer legs than I had. He was a *dodger*, indeed ; dodging here and there, now under, and around, and about the crowd.

'Going at four and a half, half, half, half, arf, arf, and arf, four and a half.'

'Go it, Sheriff! Go it, Haze! Go it, Shorty! Hurrah for the waddler! now he's in for him; now he's — no — a little faster, Sheriff! Good! Go it! Ha! ha! ha! he's got him! he's got him!'

'Going! going!' cried the auctioneer at the same moment. 'Going! going! GONE!' and down came the hammer, as I laid my hand on the shoulder of Hazelton.

'Hurrah! three cheers for the sheriff!' and they were given right lustily.

Hazelton thus caught, and in so public a place, and amidst his friends and acquaintances, too, looked unutterable things, and addressed me after recovering himself in the mildest manner possible. (I began to think that he was *then* very amiable.) He begged me not to expose him any farther, while around us the whole crowd assembled to know the cause of the exciting race we had had.

'For God's sake,' cried Hazelton, 'Sheriff, do n't expose me; I am a ruined man if you do; my credit will be destroyed for ever! For God's sake do n't do such a cruel thing!'

'Expose you!' said I, triumphantly. 'I expose you? No, no, my friend; this proceeding is all of your own creation.' 'Gentlemen,' said I to the crowd, 'this man deceived me, lied to me.' And I recapitulated to them the whole of the circumstances of my having a writ against Hazelton; my application at his house; his denial of his person; his bragging of having done the sheriff, or selling the sheriff; and hence the anxiety of my mind in not agreeing to the '*sell*,' and my determination to make him revoke the '*sell*' in as public a manner as he could.

'Shame! shame! served him right, Sheriff!' said several voices; 'served him right! If you have any more agony to pile on him, put it on.'

'Ay, ay, gentlemen,' said I, 'a little more left;' and I thereupon drew

the writ from my pocket, and demanded of Hazelton that he should endorse the writ as being served in the presence of twelve of the gentlemen present, who consented to become witnesses in order still farther to degrade the architect of the 'sell.'

Amid 'all the accumulated horrors,' poor Hazelton did as I required him. Indeed, he was then the smallest piece of infinity. He acknowledged to me he was rightly served: begged my pardon, and said, 'I'll never try that again.'

'Not on me, I fancy,' said I.

'Not on any body; rightly served,' apostrophized he.

'Rightly served!' said the crowd.

'Now, gentlemen,' cried the auctioneer, 'as this bit of amusement is over, I announce that the order of the day will be resumed. Gentlemen,' continued he, 'what shall I have the yard for this silk? Thirty-five, five, five; forty, forty; going at forty cents! going at forty! forty-five, five, five, five, forty-five cents a yard! going! going! gone!' And I was gone, as the hammer came down.

FLAUVALL.

S T A N Z A S : ' L U M E N E T N U M E N . '

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER

WHAT beauty smiles from cloudless skies
When night with twinkling lustre gleams!
Yet lovelier far, to these fond eyes,
The light that from thy casement beams.

The Persian holds the East divine,
And thither bows on bended knee;
But in thy chamber's lighted shrine
A dearer kubleh* smiles for me.

How oft, when lated and forlorn
I've faltered on my darkling way,
That casement, like the glance of morn,
Has filled the midnight vale with day!

Oh, fair the blush of orient skies,
And lovely evening's starry gleams;
But dearer far, to these fond eyes,
The light that from thy casement gleams!

New - York, 1852.

* SEE LAYARD'S 'Nineveh,' anent the Yezedia.

O N T H E S T. C R O I X.

ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN D. T. RYAN, OF THE SHIP 'RIO GRANDE.'

BY W. B. GLAZIER.

ST. CROIX! I have been dreaming of the happy days gone by,
When first thy broad, blue waters flashed in beauty on my eye:
I saw again, in fancy, thy steep and rocky shore,
Thy pine-clad bluffs, thy long, green slopes, with harvest sprinkled o'er:
And once again a manly form seemed standing close to mine
Upon the RIO GRANDE's deck, and RYAN, it was thine!

It was the depth of summer: clear waves and clearer skies
Were steeped in all the softness that in northern nature lies;
Our ship lay idly sleeping on the river's sleeping breast,
And from the shore there blew at times a breeze that breathed of rest;
The flag hung drooping from the mast: oh! joyful was the day
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck I dreamed the hours away!

How fresh and fair the morning broke, and melted in the wave,
How rang the lusty 'Yo-heave-ho!' the toiling sailors gave;
How glistened in the sun-light the white and flapping sails,
How freshly came the odor of the salt sea on the gales!
Old Ocean! never had I pined to be a child of thee
Till, on the RIO GRANDE's deck, I mused upon the sea.

O days of blessed peacefulness! O nights of calm repose,
When life's stream flowed as fairly as that far-off river flows;
When we watched the sun at morning, or when, at twilight gray,
We saw the red moon rising o'er the dying bed of day;
When gentle ones, that gazed with us upon that silent tide,
Stood on the RIO GRANDE's deck in silence at our side.

True hearts are beating on the land, and honest hands are there,
And frank and faithful spirits dwell where blows the mountain air:
But as honest, frank, and faithful make their homes upon the sea,
And, gallant sailor! who could find a truer one than thee?
Ah! all I felt I still can feel, but vainly try to tell,
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck I said to thee, 'Farewell!'

Fade out from memory, gayer scenes! I will not mourn your loss:
If but the gold of life is left, who cares to keep its dross?
But, oh! in dark and dreary hours, return, dear thought, to me,
As birds in tempest seek their nest upon the storm-swept tree,
The thought of that departed, too swift departed time,
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck joy rang its sweetest chime.

Newcastle, (Me.) Aug. 23, 1852.

BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.

IN AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

Banks of the Hudson, August 28th, 1852.

DEAR 'KNICK.': Just one month has rolled by since the terrible catastrophe to the 'Henry Clay' occurred before my door: and with the flight of time, the intense excitement incident to the occasion has in a measure passed away. The hundreds and thousands who visited the scene of the disaster through motives of curiosity, and the thousands throughout the whole country who read the heart-rending accounts, at the time, with a thrill of horror, now recall the occurrence only as one of the incidents of the day: as a thing not to be remembered, but forgotten.

But there are some (alas! too many) who can 'never tear the bleeding image from the heart.' The soul-stricken father and the heart-broken mother will long '*mourn for their children because they are not*;' the widow's long, flowing weeds still remind sympathizing friends of *him* who has prematurely gone before; the disconsolate husband refuses yet to realize the sad truth, and would fain believe it all a dream; while the tender orphan, as yet unconscious of its loss, will only learn by buffeting, single-handed and alone, with the rude world, how great a calamity befell its early days.

Meanwhile, the waters of the majestic Hudson roll on in their ceaseless course, ever burying themselves in their own ocean, unmindful of the scores of human beings they have so recently washed into the fathomless ocean of eternity.

My attention was first drawn to the burning vessel by a servant's exclaiming, 'There's a steam-boat on fire!' Rushing to the window, a sight met my eyes at once awful and sublime. It was a bright, beautiful afternoon; the river was perfectly smooth, unruffled even by the strong breeze prevailing at the time, as down the stream, with fearful rapidity, came what seemed a mass of living fire! It was the steamer HENRY CLAY. Beneath her rolled the waters of the Hudson; above and around her forked flames of fire darted forth; while at the same moment a hundred human voices rent the air with their shrieks.

I started immediately for the river, but had hardly reached the water's edge when the boat, her helm having been in the mean time directed to the shore, struck the bank with terrific velocity, ploughing up the earth, as but a moment before she had ploughed the waves. The scene that ensued beggars all description: I can only inadequately attempt it.

The tremendous shock occasioned by the rapidity with which the boat was run ashore precipitated numbers into the water, while others, driven by fire, and smoke, and fear, jumped from the burning vessel, escaping death by one element, only to be swallowed up by another! Then were redoubled the cries which before pierced the air. Shriek followed upon shriek, louder and louder, as one poor creature after another sank for ever beneath the flood! The struggle for life was fearful to behold: the supplications of woman for aid from man, her natural protector, and the

convulsive grasp of children clinging to their parents, were enough to unnerve the stoutest heart.

But there were noble souls among the passengers of that ill-fated boat, and in the neighborhood. Many a brave fellow, at the peril of his own life, brought safely to the shore a helpless woman or child, and immediately returning, came forth from the waves with another, and yet another, like precious burthen. There was one, the lamented DOWNING, who, after having rescued several from the deep, and returning again on his errand of mercy, was himself swallowed up by the waters, as if in revenge for the victims of which he had deprived them. The generous-hearted and self-sacrificing CRIST met with a similar fate. Other like spirits doubtless there were who sank,

‘Without a grave, unknell’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown.’

Nor could the brute creation look upon a scene like this unmoved. A large dog, a St. Bernard, true to his instinct, was observed to save at least one life, and returning to the water, with the like noble intent, approached a woman, who, fearing the animal more than the deep, drove him from her, and immediately sank to rise no more.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents, touching the preservation of life on this fearful occasion, might be enumerated: but as most of them have been alluded to in one way or another in the various newspapers of the day, I will pass on to the most melancholy part of the whole scene: the rescuing of the dead from their watery graves. I was so circumstanced as to witness the recovery of most of the bodies; to hear the anxious inquiries of hundreds in search of lost relatives or friends; and I pray to God that I may never be called upon to look upon the like again.

Some of the bodies were recovered almost as soon as life was extinct; others were not found for several days afterward; while some, it is feared, will never be heard of until the last great day, when the ‘sea also shall give up its dead.’ Among them I saw that of an aged man; one who had far outlived the period allotted to his race, and who in life had enjoyed all that a spotless reputation, all that the honor and esteem of his fellows, or even wealth, could bestow. There, too, lay the lifeless form of Nature’s own gardener, protected from the burning sun only by leaves and shrubbery gathered from the banks of that river which, in the words of another, ‘had he lived he would have made a river Rhine, and done the little which man can, where God has done so much.’

About two hours after the accident, I met walking upon the bank an elderly gentleman, whom I had long known. He seemed to be in great distress, and I inquired of him if he was injured. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I’m not hurt, but I have lost my wife: there lies her body!’ He was too much overcome to say more at the time, but subsequently he remarked: ‘I have an abundance of this world’s goods, more perhaps than any one man ought to have. My wife and I have lived together many years most happily. We have been comparatively exempt from most of the cares and trials of life: but now *she* is gone! I have nothing left to live for. We had no children. What is wealth to me now!’

I have already extended this article beyond its original limits, and

will close by giving an extract from a letter received by me this morning from one of the survivors, as showing the fulness of a grateful heart. The writer and his wife were passengers on board the HENRY CLAY, and were saved through the instrumentality of the person alluded to in the letter. Enclosed was a check for fifty dollars, and accompanying it a valuable gold watch, bearing upon its case the following inscription :

Steamer Henry Clay destroyed by fire on the Hudson River. July 28th. 1852.
 HERRINGTON, JAMES AND ALBERT
 GIFT
 to
Robert Sherman,
 By whose exertions their father and
 mother were rescued from DEATH.

August 26th, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I do not address you with the hope or expectation of being able to describe the feelings which cluster around the heart, as memory recalls the scenes through which I passed on the 28th ultimo, or to express fully my appreciation of the courtesies which were extended to me, or the degree of gratification I experienced at 'Locust Grove,' a few evenings since, in the enjoyment of the comforts of your house and the society of your kind family. While the memories of the one occasion must ever cause an overflow both of sadness and of gratitude in my heart, those of the other will ever seem as the rainbow after the fury of the storm is spent, after the storm-cloud has passed away.

The value of the services of ROBERT SHERMAN (your coachman) to myself and Mrs. — can only be measured by the worth of our lives. We cannot compensate him, but would prove that we are not ungrateful. Please hand him the watch which accompanies this — the gift of our children. As it records the flight of time, ever rolling on to eternity, the inscription on its case may serve as a token to remind him of their and our appreciation of his services. The enclosed is Mrs. —'s and my gift. He will accept it, with the wish from us that the reflection that he has been instrumental in saving lives may ever be a source of happiness to him, and that hereafter he may receive a more abundant reward.

Yours, very sincerely,

— — —

A M O T H E R ' S L A S T P A R T I N G .

FROM her mother's bosom warm
 Take the child and bear her forth;
 Down the valley rolls the storm,
 Hurrying from the clouded north:
 When we made the grave to-day,
 Cold and frozen was the ground;
 Darker seemed it, that there lay
 Snow on all the church-yard round.

Take her from her mother's breast!
 She no more may slumber there,
 By those swollen lips caress'd —
 Lips that breathed so vain a prayer:
 When her father's door she leaves,
 She will heed nor rain nor wind,
 Nor that wilder storm that heaves
 One fond bosom left behind!

Round her pillow in the night
 How oft that mother's arms will fold,
 Dreaming, as she clasps it tight,
 That those arms her baby hold!
 Oh! to sleep that sleep whose dreams
 Gives us all we loved once more!
 Oh! those morning's waking beams,
 Telling us our joys are o'er!

Fondly may that mother tend
 Other children just as fair;
 Other voices soon may blend
 With that mother's evening prayer:
 Yet from all their careless mirth
 Many a night her heart will stray,
 Ling'ring round that spot of earth
 In the church-yard far away!

A. R.

Albany, September 9th, 1852.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PERSONAL MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EDITORIAL LIFE. By JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM. In two volumes: pp. 511. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE have read these volumes with continuous and unabated interest. Commencing with the earliest life of the author, or rather going far back of that, to the history of his parents, who were descended directly from the *first* 'Puritan Fathers' of Plymouth, and of whose sufferings and struggles, in a new country, especially those of the widowed mother, it is painfully affecting even to read, we follow the apprentice-boy through the vicissitudes of youth and manhood to the sober period of declining years. The work is a living picture of the 'future' of almost any boy who was living in New-England some seventy years ago; and involves the usual train of circumstances, which threw the youth of that period upon their own physical and intellectual resources, and made so many of them the true MEN they afterward became. We commend the first portion of these volumes to the young men of this *our* day, who are disposed to repine at the difficulties which beset their path, in the pursuit either of 'a living' or of knowledge. It is by such contrasts as are here exhibited, that they will best be able to appreciate the advantages which, with proper exertion, lie always within their reach. Mr. BUCKINGHAM gives us, in elaborate detail, the history of his entrance upon the busy life of an editor, in which avocation he lived and wrought for a period of over thirty years: the first eleven of which as editor of the '*Boston Galaxy*,' a paper still remembered as a spicy, well-conducted weekly journal, to which, as well as his own, some of the best kindred minds of New-England contributed. The account of the several libel-suits brought against the editor, for his habit of plain-speaking of 'men and things,' is not the least interesting portion of this part of the work. The description of the establishment of '*The Boston Courier*,' of which he continued the editor for upward of twenty years, ensues; and while it embodies a collateral history of the political men and events of that extended period, is made of still more general interest by the variety of private detail wherewith it is intermingled. Personal recollections, anecdotes literary and political, accounts of clever men who wrote for the journals of which our author had charge, and remarkable articles, in prose and verse, contributed to those journals, make up the agreeable miscellany we have been considering, and which we cordially commend to the consideration of our readers. We have six 'marks,' indicating various passages in the 'Personal Memoirs' of the first volume, for which we hoped to have found a place; one of which, the writer's account of his boyish impressions at seeing the dead body, and attending the funeral, of his father, we omit with a reluctance scarcely less than that

with which we yield to the necessity of leaving out a withering article from the 'Galaxy,' describing a case of imprisonment for debt by a vindictive creditor, and the death of his victim under circumstances of the most touching description. But for these, and numerous other passages of equal interest — the KEAN riots, the MATHEWS' libel, the MAFFITT controversy, etc., etc. — we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, which are well executed externally, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author, who, if the engraver who has 'taken off' his head has done his office faithfully, is a man of far less asperity and bitterness than his enemies were wout to give him credit for. 'So much for BUCKINGHAM!' ♣

THE BOOK OF SNOBS: 'The Snobs of England. By One of 'Themselves.' By W. M. THACKERAY. In one volume: pp. 278. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, that this very vivid picture of English 'snobbery' (a very expressive word, by the way, which somehow or another almost explains itself to the uninitiated, by its very sound when pronounced) should have been written by one of their own countrymen; a man, moreover, of rare accomplishments, literary and other, whose social position, which is of the highest accorded to any of his class in the British metropolis, gives force and point to all that he says of his 'contemporaries.' There are not wanting 'American snobs,' not original, perhaps, but the apes of foreign snobs, the 'second-hand' article, who will be touched to the quick by the exposition here given of their characters. The work contains an impartial satire of all classes embraced in the designation which the author has chosen for his title. In the 'Royal Snob' GEORGE the Fourth, the ci-devant 'first Gentleman of Europe,' stands forth the insincere, dishonest, trifling monarch that he was, with a back-ground of 'toadies' who took his manners, his faults and vices, as exemplars for their own. Political, military, clerical, literary, country, and club snobs all sit for their portraits, and they are depicted with a 'rich,' but at the same time exceedingly faithful brush. In concluding his work, the author thus sums up his aversion to the 'snobbery' he has depicted: 'I am sick of court-circulars: I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence: I believe such words as 'Fashionable,' 'Exclusive,' 'Aristocratic,' and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court-system that sends men of genius to the second table I hold to be a snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores arts and letters, I hold to be a snobbish society. You who despise your neighbor are a snob; you who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob; you who are ashamed of your calling are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.' But read the book. Meanness, pretension, servility, are admirably rebuked in its pages: from the monarch on the throne, through all the successive strata of 'respectable people,' to the 'flunkey' and the chamber-maid, none are spared. Again we say, 'Read the book.' Apropos of the author of this 'Book of Snobs,' and numerous other works of kindred attraction, we are glad to be able to 'promulge' that he is about visiting the United States, and that he is engaged to give his London series of lectures before the 'Mercantile Library Association' of this metropolis, during the ensuing autumn or winter.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONGS: from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Illustrated London Library. In one volume: pp. 312. New-York: BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-Row.

WE are right glad to welcome this beautiful volume to American hearths and hearts. It contains an admirable selection of ancient and modern Scottish songs, embracing some of the most tender and touching productions of the Scottish muse. The beauty of Scottish song is its truth and simplicity. BURNS, as well as his great forerunners, compeers and successors, always appealed to the heart. They never wasted their time in mere conceits and prettinesses. What they felt they said, and what they said they expressed in the language of real emotion. Their tenderness is as manly as their independence; and their wit, although sometimes coarse, is always genial and genuine; and their pictures of rural life are full of charm and of a vivid reality. You have in their lays the living landscape before you, with all its colors and sounds. Now we wish we could impress upon a certain class of our correspondents, who so frequently favor us with 'very fair verse,' in which *imagined* feelings are spun out to tenuity, the importance of an unaffected simplicity, and the exercise of that brevity which is as much the soul of feeling and of pathos as it is of wit. We must make room for one or two specimens of the poetry in the volume; and we commence with '*Waly, Waly*,' the touching lament of a damsel who has 'loved, not wisely but too well,' one who has betrayed and deserted her, leaving her sighing for the autumn wind to shake the green leaves from the tree, and for death to free her of her weary life:

'Oh, waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae!
I leaned my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed and syne it brak:
Sae my true-love did lichtlie me.

'Oh, waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
Oh, wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

'But had I wist before I kissed
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone,
And the green grass growin' ower me!

The '*Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale*,' by THOMAS PRINGLE, is a noble example of the fervent love of country for which the people of Scotland are celebrated. The fifth stanza is most musical and poetical:

'Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu:
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

'Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye brues and blossomed meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

'Farewell the blithesome broomy knowes
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell the hoary haunted hows
O'erhung with birk and aloe!

'To mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell,
To martyr's grave and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

'Home of our love, our fathers' home,
Land of the brave and free,
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

'We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

The work is clearly printed, and illustrated and really 'embellished' with numerous wood-engravings of the first order of excellence.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA : from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By **RICHARD HILDRETH.** Volume Third: pp. 739. New-York: **HARPER AND BROTHERS.**

MR. HILDRETH can justly claim the credit of writing pure and simple English, and to have faithfully followed the plan which he laid out at the commencement of the work now completed. We cannot but agree, however, with a contemporary journal, that he lacks the analytical tact and the imaginative power which go to the formation of a great historian, such for example as either IRVING or PRESCOTT. 'He is not skilful in resolving motives or tracing out effects, and he fails in reviving the past with its actual warmth and glow;' so that the higher philosophical purposes of history are in a measure lost sight of. But yet the positive qualities of the work give it great interest and value. It is methodical, lucid, and comprehensive. 'As a key to American history, its use cannot be dispensed with. It will be referred to as a standard authority by the statesman and the politician. Every one should read it before the perusal of more elaborate works on the same subject. If, in its prevailing tone, it has somewhat of the dryness of a geometrical demonstration, it has also its clearness and accuracy and unmistakable point. The fascination of a romance it certainly cannot claim; but no one can deny it the compactness and precision of a legal digest.' The volume before us comprises the period between the meeting of the Tenth Congress in 1807, and the close of the Sixteenth Congress in 1821; one of the most eventful portions of the history of the United States. The British orders in Council, the Embargo, the war of 1812, the Hartford Convention, the Financial Embarrassments, the Missouri Question, and the Commencement of a New Era, are among the topics to which the volume is devoted. The author relates the facts in the case, with but little collateral discussion, and although not without strong political predilections, with prevailing fairness and impartiality.

JAPAN: AN ACCOUNT GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL, &c. By **CHARLES MACFARLANE, Esq.** Author of 'British India,' 'Life of WELLINGTON,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 365. New-York: **GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.**

APPEARING at the moment when our Government are dispatching national vessels to Japan, this very comprehensive, entertaining, and instructive work upon that singular country will be widely welcomed. It begins at the earliest period at which the islands composing the empire were known to Europeans, down to the present time, and the expedition fitted out in the United States, which expedition, in fact, suggested the work; the inquiry in relation to the country, and information as to its character, manners, customs, etc., being very general throughout America as well as England. The author tells us in his preface, and has made the assertion good in his work, that the materials for a good book on Japan are as numerous as for a work on any other eastern country. He has sought his information among Dutch, Portuguese, Latin, French, German, and other works; the Dutch being the best as well as the most voluminous authorities. From these he has compiled, as we have said, a very full and well-digested account of Japan and its people, including notices of their history and relations with other countries. The volume is very liberally illustrated, and like all the issues of PUTNAM, is characterized by great neatness of typography.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE A. J. DOWNING. — We were about to indite a few sentences touching the general loss which had been sustained in the melancholy demise of the late A. J. DOWNING, Esq., of Newburgh, when the following tribute to his character, his talents, and his memory, reached us from an esteemed correspondent, who has known him long and well. We submit it to the reader, as requiring no commendation at our hands:

'AMONG those who perished in the waters of the Hudson, by the burning of the steamer HENRY CLAY, no one filled a wider place in the eye of our country, or had a stronger hold on our best affections and sympathies, than A. J. DOWNING, Esq., of Newburgh, Orange county. The aggravating circumstances of his untimely death add to the present pang of separation, while the peculiar talent which has so suddenly ceased from among us will leave a void long unfilled in the future. The life of this gifted and remarkable man offers ample 'matériel' for a biography, which we hope will be written by some appreciating friend; but for the present we wish to lay our tribute of admiration and love beside the many which already cluster around his newly-closed grave.

'MR. DOWNING was emphatically a 'self-made' man. His early years were quietly and humbly passed on the same spot where he always resided, in pursuits which gave a bias to his life. His father was a poor but respectable nursery-gardener, and the advantages of mental culture which the son enjoyed were not such as most young men would consider indispensable to success. He was not a graduate of any college. His classical studies, under a teacher, proceeded no farther than the limit of an academic course. He was for some time a member of an institution at Montgomery, Orange county, then one of the first educational establishments in the country; but even there his fellow-students saw in the quiet, thoughtful and reserved boy no token of that genius which was so soon to outstrip them all, and place their young friend in a prominent position before the world. When his companions went from his side to various colleges, his spirit began to rouse itself, and find an unknown strength hidden in its depths. When they returned to pursue various professions at home, they wondered to see how those silent years of unaided effort and communing had begun to develope in the self-guided student a rare and precious talent. Soon the smouldering fire began to burn, the necessity for expression to be felt; and the future author and scholar, to whom beauty and symmetry and order already appealed, as to their own high priest and minister, first tried his pen in praise of the unrivalled scenery surrounding him. His maiden essay was a description of the 'Danskamer,' or 'Devil's Dancing-ground,' a point on the Hudson, seven miles north of Newburgh. This was published in the *New-York Mirror*, and followed by a similar paper regarding Beacon-Hill, and the adjacent Highlands at Fishkill. A discussion on Novel-Reading, written soon after, and some papers on Botanical Science, in a Boston journal, are all the printed records of this stage of his life. Years of unrecorded toil succeeded, during whose slow lapse his mind gradually fastened on those subjects to which he afterward devoted the whole strength and enthusiasm of his being. It would be deeply interesting to know what forces compelled him into this channel, for he had the soul of a poet, 'born, not made,' and might have attained fame in that way also. He had the eye of a painter and the ear of a musician, sufficiently critical and acute to have excelled in either branch of art. Young and self-guided, it was strange that sound practical wisdom should so early master the dreams of a boy, and mark out for him an unique and untrodden path, whose only aim and end was the improvement and happiness of his fellow-men.

'For some time before giving himself exclusively to the peculiar literature of his profession, Mr. Downing was proprietor of an extensive nursery-garden, where he wrought out most of his ideas on horticulture and arboriculture, and earned by experience the right to speak with authority. In 1840 his first work was published, entitled *Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture*.' This drew public attention at once, by its immediate conformity to the want already felt in our country. Men of wealth and taste needed no longer to go to 'London' and his fellows for advice, which required adaptation to our climate; and while, by giving themselves to Mr. Downing's guidance they encouraged his efforts, they received in return the result of his faithful and persevering labors, and a taste which proved infallible in its deductions. From 1840 to the present time his course has been one of undoubted success. His books followed each other as the popular voice demanded, and were cordially and eagerly received. His *Cottage Residences*, *Designs for Country Houses*, *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America*, with one or two small works, and the editorial charge of the *Horticulturist*, comprise his literary labors. His monthly contributions to the last-mentioned paper, since 1846, embrace some of the pleasantest portions of his writings, and as essays only, if devoid of practical interest, would go far to make the reputation of any man. There is scarcely another writer in America whose language is so crystally pure, so simply direct, and yet so finished and elegant, as Mr. Downing's. It flows like a limpid stream, without effort, to the sound of its own music. From his books and personal attractions at home, his name soon went abroad, and gathered to him complimentary notice from distinguished persons in Europe. He was elected corresponding member of the Royal Botanic Society of London, and of the Horticultural Societies of Berlin, the Low Countries, etc., beside those in every region of our own country. Queen Anne, of Denmark, whose taste led her fully to appreciate copies of his works presented to her, sent him a magnificent ring as a testimony of her pleasure; and at the time of his death, and for years previously, he was in correspondence with men of high station abroad, who prized his friendship and his letters as they deserved. In 1850 he visited Europe for the first and only time, and was received, in England especially, by many noble and titled individuals, with an attention, and admitted to an intimacy, rarely accorded to a stranger. His letters, public and private, while absent, throw the freshness and sparkling interest of his own feelings around scenes often described and familiar to the traveller. This tour gave him great pleasure, and added confidence in his own powers, gained by contact and comparison with the best models of his art in older countries. But Mr. Downing was altogether AMERICAN. To his own land, in her young and luxuriant life, his feelings were truly devoted. He studied how to prune her wildness, direct her growth, and harmonize her chaotic elements. His eye roved with real fondness over every hill and valley where he wandered or rested. His unerring and intuitive taste saw at once the utmost possibilities of every landscape, and the direct means to attain a desired result. Neither was it a wearying or anxious process. Beauty nestled in his thought fully fledged, and needed only the fitting word to soar at once into air and sunshine. The public grounds at Washington, recently placed under his charge by Government, would have been a worthy field for the display of his great gifts, and he would have chosen no nobler monument, could he have wrought out in them his own magnificent idea. The question has been asked, had he no pupil in training who can complete them as they are begun? How could he teach to another what came to himself by inspiration? He was a gifted genius, one of a century, and could no more infuse into another soul the motives of his own, than his breath could move another's pulses. Hundreds of homes, daily increasing in beauty, will retain the traces of his forming hand. Houses, whose pleasant rooms, and cool arcades, and embayed windows, were of his own creation, will remain to guide the future architect, by the combination of beauty with utility. He had done much to refine, to elevate and expand the taste of our country, but those who knew him best, felt that his work was only commenced. His large and commanding intellect, his far-reaching views, his unaccomplished plans, seemed to demand a long life of industry for their fulfilment. Oh, how much of hope and promise is ended in his early grave! The finest whispers of the life of Nature thrilled his frame like a well-tuned harp. The most exquisite phases of feeling vibrated through his heart in cadences of emotion. The mysteries of thought unfolded themselves to his vision, for he was their interpreter and judge. The Spirit of Beauty surrendered herself to him, and grew lovelier in his care. Yet never was man freer from mere romance, or sickly sentimentality, than Mr. Downing. He was comprehended and appreciated by all, and brought to the level of the common-place and thoughtless ideas which ennobled and purified the slumbering elements of the most sordid soul. The laborer who planted his fruit-tree, and trained a vine about his door, followed this influence as truly, though blindly, as the man of millions who came to him for personal direction. No political causes, no wealth or adventitious circumstances, placed Mr. Downing in the high social and literary position he attained. *The quiet, resistless force of his own genius*, added to a charm and fascination of manner rarely seen, a keen and delicate wit, conversational powers of remarkable vigor and interest, drew toward him inevitably those who had the taste to understand and the heart to love him. His elegant mansion, built on his paternal property previous to his marriage with CAROLINE, eldest daughter of J. P. De

WINDT, Esq., of Fishkill, became an Arcadian home of beauty and enjoyment. The charming and cultivated hospitality dispensed under such united influences, carried life in its daily details to a height of refinement, of which one may well congratulate himself to have been a partaker. Every tree and shrub around that desolated home speak of him in thrilling language. The flowers he tended with so much care, and whose unfolding always gave him joy, blossom brightly to-day, although he watches them no more. Here, among the scenes of his childhood, youth, and manhood, his spirit lingers, and the impress of his genius, his all-controlling sway, is written on hill-side and by stream, in humility and splendor! Here will abide, in increasing power, for years to come, the impulse he has given to public and private improvement; and here he is, and will continue to be, deeply and truly mourned. As his fame abroad spread wider and wider, the love of his neighbors and townsmen and their pride in him was striking deeper and deeper. Reserved to strangers, as a friend none was ever more constant, tender, and true. No one more delighted to pay those thoughtful, considerate attentions of friendship, which sink so gratefully into the heart of the recipient, and in time of sorrow none could more faithfully sympathize than he. We 'cannot choose but grieve,' when we feel that the 'places which knew him once shall know him *no more for ever!*' He is gone, from usefulness, from enjoyment, from his unfulfilled mission; and the clamoring heart constantly inquires: 'To what purpose was this *exile?*' From the throne of the CREATOR we hear the reply: 'Be still, and know that I am God, who doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. *What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*'

M.

RURAL LIFE 'UP THE RIVER.'—We must let our esteemed friend and correspondent, in his pleasant retirement 'up the river,' hear occasionally what is said of his 'Letters' by competent critics. 'Thus then' *'The Tribune'* daily journal, in a notice of the September number of the KNICKERBOCKER: 'A new and invaluable vein is opened in the *'Letters from Up the River,'* by a correspondent who wields a honey-dropping pen. His pictures of country-life are genuine masterpieces: he describes the familiar facts of natural history which daily pass before his eyes with all the charming naïveté of old WHITE of Selborne; and slyly introduces into his pleasant narrative a roguish humor that is quite irresistible. Our praise of these letters is not prompted by the fame of the author, for we had learned to admire them before we discovered that they are from the pen of a writer whose originality and vigor have already made him a favorite with the public.'

— 'Up the River, August 15th.

'THE drought during the present season has been severe, and has joined in an offensive league with grasshoppers and potato-bugs to produce a diminution of the crops. When my lawn was shaved a month or two ago, notwithstanding the expensiveness of hay, I reserved a single stack, and forbade it to be stored away, because I had not a sofa in the house. There I found it agreeable to lie every evening for a half hour or so during the month of July, looking up at the stars, listening to the music of the spheres, and the more palpable sound of a feminine voice crying, 'Get up this instant!—come into the house!' But I disregarded the feminine voice, and paid attention to the celestial melody. This is the way to look at the heavens above you, O my friend! and, losing sight of things terrene, to hang as if suspended in the middle of the concave vault, as though your eye were central among the orbs, and yourself were at the Delphi of the universe. How much companionship and study in the stars! Nor can I wonder at TYCHO BRAHE, who spent so many years in cold and solitary spots to hold communion with them; to welcome each new planet born to human sight, and give his shining protégé a name; to follow in the burning track of comets, and be with the constellations, even like

'BRIGHT PHOEBUS, shepherd of the night,
Tending his flock of stars.'

Astrology is not yet dead, and horoscopes are not yet banished. Oh! how untimely and discrepant is the tinkling sound which calls from meditations such as these to come and drink a cup of tea! I do not want a cup of tea. A couch like this, scented with clover and verbena, with the heavens for a dome, and the night-dews for a diadem, is better than VICTORIA's throne. Yet I have known the same to be despised by an ungrateful beggar, who told me that he had not slept a wink the night before because the smell of the new-mown hay was so strong. I gave this beggar a bowl of ambrosial tea, and he would not drink it, but he requested coffee. I threw the tea away and gave him coffee. He blew it in hot waves from the rim with his pouting mouth, shook his head, and then worried it down to the extremest dregs. He crooked his fore-finger and told the girl to make him another bowl. She refused to do it, but I told her to go into the cellar and set the mill a-going; that may-be he was an angel come upon us unawares, although he looked like an angel in distress. He swallowed the contents of the second bowl, and said: 'They not know how to make coffee in this countree;' but presently he stroked his stomach leniently, and remarked, 'Now I feel petter.' Then he went on to complain of the new-mown hay. But the new-mown hay is a couch for a king to lie on, although my little stack, which was soft and ample a month ago, is matted down to a mere handful, and the dews of the night have become too chilling.

'Corn-husking is a merry festival, but the harvesting of the hay arouses all the sylvan sympathies, and puts me in a pleasant mood. There is a rich, broad mead before my door, and its distant edges undulate in shadowy coves, over which the mountain with its waving woods casts a deep shadow. Now it is shorn as neat and trim as the beard of any popinjay. In the burning noon-tide from day to day I watched the measured motion of the reapers' arms, the heads and spears of the clover and tall grasses as they fell in regular ranks before the whetted scythes, and then the tossing it on bright tines, and turning it to be cured by the sun and air. This is clean work, suited alike for patriarchs or boys, and truly to be envied in a cloudy day, or when the sun sinks low. Then have I marked the transfer of the conic heaps into the arms of the lofty man upon the loaded cart, the animated dialogue and witty rejoinders between the workers on the ground and him in air, as he packs down the fragrant masses beneath his feet, and the pleasant pilgrimage from heap to heap. There is a strength and grandeur in the patient ox, exciting admiration and almost love, beside a well-considered keeping betwixt himself and equipage. How do his great utility and the cumbrous, bulky masses which he has to draw; his elephantine movement and clumsy grace; the plain but outspread horns surmounting his expansive forehead, and his big liquid eye, accord with the unwieldy cart, with the burdensome yoke which bows his thick neck and spinal column to the ground, and with the long goad which draws forth a hollow sound as it is brought down with remorseless violence upon the frontal bones! And then his vocabulary, which he understands so well, composed of a few roots of Hebraic simplicity: 'Haw! Buck! Gee haw! Come around! I tell yer to haw, now!'

'The author of the 'Babylonish Ditty,' a cunning and melodious set of verses, came here to spend a Sunday in the country. He is a man of business, but he does not talk of stocks over his meals, nor sleep with a ledger under his pillow; but he intermingles the counting-house and the academy, and gathers time to pick a flower by the way-side, to play a tune on the guitar, or to throw off with facile hand at just and dexterous intervals some little balmy poem such as the

occasion may require. It was three by St. PAUL's clock when we started off together, attended to the dépôt by a witty body-guard, and passing through the reeking streets over as many husks of corn as would have fed a thousand prodigals, and cobs enough to have treated all the pigs of Cincinnati, radishes for which there was no market, and the exfoliations of wilted cabbages, the whole leaguings together in a grand compound smell which would have made the town of Cologne jealous, we emerged presently, with a great roaring, rattling sound, to an expansive view of the Hudson river. When I lived in the town, there were, as COLERIDGE has it, so many 'well-defined' odors in my neighborhood, that I gave them each a separate name in honor of the Common Council. That which proceeded from where the old he-goat used to sit on the steps, in Greenwich-Avenue, I entitled Odoriffe; and that where the pig-pens and distilleries joined in a powerful compact, I christened 'Big Tom;' and so on with the rest; and every morning I used to be regularly saluted by them all. In the month of August they acted on the offensive, and drove me out of town, where now and then you might still encounter a wafted and straggling essence come out on a visit to 'Bone-boiling Terrace,' to form a matrimonial alliance with Quintessence. But oh! how pleasant, after the company of Odoriffe, Big Tom, and all that troop, the amicable jostling of daffodil and lily, eglantine and wild roses, sweet clover and new-mown hay! When from the cemetery of unburied cats, mephitic deleterious gases, and miasms of the gutter, you come upon the rivulets of fresh air, the perfumed streaks which intersect the aerial flood, the light zephyrs which have cooled their wings in the broad Hudson, and the delicious jets out-gushing from the caves of classic Kaätskill, the contracted lungs swell out with greedy suction, and in the first prickling sensation of the invigorating draught you sneeze tremendously with delight. How does the thickened blood roll back in ruddier globules from the heart upon the sallow cheek, with an erubescence like that of a timid maid when the aromatic breezes are wafted from recesses on the river's brink, from the wild spots, sweet hollows, coves, and knolls, which bloom at every season with the violet, the butter-cup, the liverwort, the azalia, the blue gentian, and the rose — enough to make a botanist lift up his hands with glee:

• 'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where cowslips and the nodding violet blow.'

But I shall be getting into the realm of thin sentiment among the CHLOES, PHYLISES, DAMONS, and pastoral personages, and Della-Cruscan shades.

'When arrived at night-fall at my own door, I called to FLORA with a most mitigating suavity of the liquids and vowel sounds: 'FEL-O-O-O-ER-RAH! has any one called here since I have been gone? Are there any letters or papers? Are the chickens well?' 'A-yes, Sir; the hen has left her chickens and gone to setting!' 'Good! good! let not her incubation be disturbed. Is there any cream in the house?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Are there any eggs?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Is there any ham?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Are there any radishes in the garden?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Are there any tomatoes?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Is there any bread?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Then go over to the neighbors and get them, and put the kettle on, and let's have tea.' In a short time the desired meal was accomplished, and the Babylonian put his little boy to bed, for he was drowsy in the extreme. The morrow dawned, and it was like all the Sabbath-days ever described in print, 'so cool, so calm, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky.' The little stream which rolls at the mountain's base before the door was roughened by a susurring

breeze into crisp waves sparkling in the brightness of the sun. The sound of the church-going bell was heard afar off. The author of the Babylonish Ditty came down attired in a pair of cool, well-ironed white breeches, white stockings, and patent-leather shoes, and his little boy in a ditto style, with elegant ruffles on his shirt, and with a variegated riband around his throat. My friend has his place of business in the city not far from where the naughty Wall-street debouches with its enormous tide of worldliness against the buttresses of Trinity Church, and then falls back to mingle with the current in the Broadway; and he said it was very grateful to him to have his religious sensibilities excited among the sequestered scenes of nature on a Sabbath-day. Then, as he walked along, with a sharp pen-knife cutting a scimeter out of a shingle for his little boy, he remarked on the vanity of town-worshippers; of the crowd of gilded carriages before churches whose inmates were listening to some 'crack preacher;' of the number of young men who stood sucking their canes in the porticoes, and staring at ladies; of the well-dressed and fat dinners afterward partaken, and the lethargic slumbers indulged. 'How many worship God,' said he, 'in sincerity and truth, of all the multitudes who keep holy day?' When he had done cutting his townsmen and the shingle, we drew near the antique church. It is in a thick grove of locusts, and built long before the Revolution, and its interior arrangements are extremely quaint, especially the pulpit where the very worthy minister holds forth.

'The service always held in it is after the model of the Church of England. C—— asked, with a little apprehension, if a long sermon might be expected; but on the present occasion it happened that there was no sermon at all. They had been pulling down the worm-eaten tower, and the congregation were dispersing to their homes as we arrived. The excuse alleged was, that the strong smell of the bats made the ladies sick. Some had already adjourned to the neighboring Dutch church, where HARVEY BIRCH was formerly confined. We found the whole porch covered with rubbish, consisting of old nails, decayed shingles, rafters gnawed to a thin and ragged edge, like crusts of bread, the mummies of deceased bats, their thin, vampire, black-ribbed wings, so different from the rich and sun-lit plumage of cherubs, sticking to the old boards.

'Into what deeper, blacker Erebus can bat-spirits go than the moonless nights in which they delight to flit with jerking rapidity! From the eaves and accidental loop-holes of this antique, sacred tower, which they had profaned for a hundred years, these obscene birds were now turned out in one filthy flock into the open day. Many of them went right smack into the golden sun, and fell stone dead on the graves of revolutionary and holy men. Others clutched the branches of old trees in the thickest gloom of the mountain woods, and when night drew on swarmed about the neighboring garrets, to the great dismay of long-haired women, diving into the windows of unlit chambers, or any blacker cavern than the surrounding night. The unfledged batlings tumbled down at the base into the midst of the timbers and hereditary rubbish; and now there was a cry of alarm, an exclamation of surprise among the small conclave who remained about the church, as if some wonder had been brought to light. The wardens and vestrymen, who were holding a council in the middle of the road, as they looked up through the trees to the place where the lamented tower had stood, with respect to some plans of rebuilding, and whether they should call in the aid of UPJOHN, and what kind of a cornice would afford most relief in this architectural distress, hastened up to the pile of boards, when, lo! it was proclaimed

that they were overrun with — chintzes, shall I say? — no, my brethren, they were overrun with bed-bugs! harbored among the penurious feathers of the birds of night. This obloquy also attaches to the cooing pigeons and to the dear doves. But a council of investigation, on putting their heads down closely to the decayed beams, decided that the bugs by which they were over-crawled were of a different kind. The fair sex, however, would not rely on the opinion of the committee, and the kindling-wood cannot be sold. They did not care what the warden said, or what the vestrymen thought: they would not admit the condemned timbers into their houses or at their hearths. Moreover, many have not been to church since. This is a valid excuse, and much better than that usually advanced by those who do not go to church on Sunday. For it must be confessed that the reigning piety of the day is of a very slim description. It is liable to colds and is affected by catarrhs, is scared by a passing cloud, and invariably kept in-doors by a shower, but hastens thin-clad to a ball on Monday night 'in thunder, lightning, or in rain.' But no one could wish his best friend to attend a church, if he were sure that he was going to the bugs.

'The fate of the old tower is much lamented. It was a picturesque object seen through the trees as you came down the hills into the suburbs. The landscape which it set off misses it much, and the very eaves of the church, which it has overlooked and overshadowed so long, drip sympathizing tears. Once it had a sightly steeple and a musically-sounding bell. But the steeple had an inclination that the centre of gravity should not fall within the base, which sealed its doom; and the bell was transferred to the near church of St. HARVEY BIRCH, wherein the Dutch worship; and last of all, the tower came down, which was the crowning glory of the whole. Now the edifice presents a Quaker-like plainness, but the quaint pulpit and sounding-board remain.

'The author of the Babylonish Ditty was much grieved and disappointed at the loss of prayers and a sermon, and his little boy brandished his wooden sword in vindictive anger against the bats. In the afternoon, numbers of people came from a distance in carriages, but finding the place vacant, the tower prostrate, and the bat-odor enough to knock you down, they drew up in a sort of general levee before the parson's door. They wanted to know what was to be done in the emergency, how long the church was to remain closed, and whether the tower was to be rebuilt.

'Thus was the sacred stillness of the day, so good for meditation, turned into buzz and bustle by profane birds, to admire which a naturalist must have the heart of a ghoul. When pinned to the surface of a board by their extended wings, they afford the most violent contrast which can be imagined to a butterfly or bird of paradise. Their flat heads, big mouths, big ears, ugly little sharp teeth, hideous expression, and offensive smell, fairly make one sicken with disgust. How angry they must have been to be turned out of the tower of which they held the lease for a hundred years, and paid the rent in guano! When the workmen began to hammer against their hiding-places, they responded by the faintest pe-wee mewings, like a nursery of Lilliputian cats. Well, they are gone, and where they will again find such good quarters, I know not. Let them inquire of some very wise owl. Rents are high.

'I meant to have said something about a Sunday in the country, but all this has been long ago charmingly sketched in CRAYON, and exhausted by a more practised hand. Suffice it, when the sun sank down, calm and contemplative we sat in chairs upon the river's bank. Heat-lightning flashed in the battle-

mented clouds, while vapors imbued by the risen moon rested in fantastic forms upon the mountain's crest: the waves sparkled and flashed, and the snowy sails glided by like shadows from the spirit-land.

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 'TWENTY-FOURTH OF AUGUST. — To-day, at a beautiful seat on the Hudson, I saw a cherry-tree in full bearing. The fruit was as large as the morello, and as agreeable to the palate as the English ox-heart. I plucked and ate a few, drawing a comparison very unfavorable to plums, which are now luscious and abundant, and vary in size from a pigeon's egg to a pear. Of peaches we mourn the almost total loss. The fruitless limbs bring back the memory of many an eager and a nipping air in the bleak months which killed the buds. The watering mouths now long for the red cheeks and somewhat (to me) indifferent pulp of the Melicatoon. Where are El-Dorado, Lemon-Cling, and Lump-of-Gold, which whilom made the eyes to dance with joy? Oh! how precious was the fruitage! how inestimable the treasure on the bending, breaking limbs! Nevertheless, of melons, musk or water, there is no lack. How does the one, like pine-apple, almost excoriate the palate; and how does the blood-red pulp of the other, so beautifully variegated with its black and chocolate-colored seeds, (cut it how you will,) awaken anticipation for the parched and feverish tongue! It is a gushing fruit, and when the cooling chunks are in the mouth, the mercury which is in the veins goes down to temperate heat. You do but press it gently beneath the palate, and that apparently solid superficies which painters love to imitate has all vanished. It was but a mass of succulent and delicate veins and fibres filled with juice. This they say will be a good 'apple year,' and truly I am glad of it, for there is no fruit of which the loss is more severely felt. The taste never tires. All people are fond of a good apple. It is an interesting fruit from the very start. How enchanting is the orchard in the delicious season of early spring, when it is in full bloom! How pleasant at a later period to see the clean barrels stand beneath the trees all ready to receive the crisp and crackling Newtown Pippin, the Rhode-Island Greening, verdant as the grass, the Russet, the Pearmain, the Lady apple, which is so dear, and whose modest cheeks blush as if at the frequent praises of its delicacy and excellence. The apple is the companion of the winter evening, associated with a cheerful room, a bright fire, a pleasant tale, Scott's novels or the Arabian Nights. Perhaps it is nearly bedtime. Your eyes grow dim. You are fatigued with study, with chess, with checkers, with books; you sigh, you yawn, you stretch your arms above your head. All of a sudden a happy thought strikes you. BRING IN THE APPLES! It is like magic. The foot-lights go up, and the scene brightens.

'I mean to have some crab-apple cider this winter, if any can be had. I am subject to occasional fits of jaundice, when my feelings are hurt, or I have no money. The liver gets torpid, the skin becomes yellow, the eyes suffused with a saffron hue, (*Difficile bili tumet jecur*,) and nothing but crab-apple cider goes to the right spot, or does me any good. I mean to freeze out the watery particles, bottle it up, put in a raisin, cork it, seal it, bury it, and draw it out as jaundice may require. Is there any harm in that? I should think not. I will say to a friend: 'Aha! now let me give you a taste of something which will make your eyes open; something as delicate as ARIEL, and as fruity as was ever imprisoned in glassy walls; a pure juice, full of native flavor; and if you do not smack your lips, you are the incarnation of ingratitude.

'On for a vintage which hath been
 Cooled for a long age in the deep-delved earth'

There's amber for you! See the bubbles running races with each other to the beaded brim! This is no sour trash, sugar-of-leaded, and pumped full of gases in a New-Jersey cellar, and labelled 'Heids'ck.' This is *Crab-Apple Cider*, O my friend! Then he will taste it, and the widening ripples of approbation chase one another over his appreciating countenance, and you can see that he is much refreshed and recreated, and he will perhaps nod his head ominously, saying: 'If that is not good, call me horse, spit on me.' All hospitality is flat and ungenerous, good my friend, without some outward sign to represent the grace of welcome. The sign, too, must have a little of the warmth and spice of friendship testified. Mark that, for it accords with the established laws of genial human nature. It is as old as ADAM and EVE's eldest children. It is on this account, more than for my own yellowness or jaundice, that I will be provided with crab-apple cider in the fall. It is a somewhat acid fruit, but when expressed the fluid is brisk, and sparkling, and refreshing. There is an apple-tree of an unknown kind behind my house, and ever and anon the apples fall with considerable violence and with a thumping sound upon the roof, roll down upon the piazza, thence to the ground. The other night they startled me in my bed, and I thought the knocking-spirits were on hand. I came down stairs to see that all was right, and being loth to return again, sat down, seized a pen, spread out paper, and to this circumstance the present long-winded, I fear uninteresting, epistle is partly due. *Adios.*

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We are indebted to an esteemed friend resident in Washington, for the ensuing letters from the elder ADAMS. They have never before been published, and will be read with interest. They are copies of original manuscripts, forming part of a large and extremely interesting collection of rare American and other autographs, in the possession of JAMES C. MCGUIRE, Esq., of Washington, a gentleman well known for his refined tastes and genuine love of art, to whom we have already been indebted for autograph-letters of CHARLES LAMB, and other English worthies:

'Quincy, November 38, 1814.

'DEAR SIR: When my son departed for Russia, I enjoined upon him to write nothing to me which he was not willing should be published in French and English newspapers. He has very scrupulously observed the rule.

'I have been equally reserved in my letters to him: but the principle on both sides has been to me a cruel privation, for his correspondence when absent, and his conversation when present, has been a principal enjoyment of my life.

'In the enclosed letter he has ventured to deviate, and has assigned his reason for it. I think, however, that I ought to communicate it to you.

'I have no papers that I recollect that can be of any service to him. I published in the *Boston Patriot* all I recollected of the negotiations for peace in 1782 and 1783. But I have no copy of that publication in manuscript or print, and I had hoped never to see it or hear of it again.

'All that I can say is, that I would continue this war for ever, rather than surrender one acre of our territory, one iota of the fisheries, as established by the third article of the Treaty of 1783, or one sailor impressed from any merchant-ship.

'I will not, however, say this to my son, though I shall be very much obliged to you if you will give him orders to the same effect.

'It is the decree of PROVIDENCE, as I believe, that the nation must be purified in the furnace of affliction.

'You will be so good as to return my letter, and believe me your respectful fellow-citizen and sincere public and private friend,

JOHN ADAMS'

'PRESIDENT MADISON.'

Quincy, April 22, 1817.

'DEAR SIR: As I can make no apology for so long forgetting to return the volumes enclosed, I must without qualification beg your pardon. This work, though it bears the name of CONDORCET alone, was understood to be written in concert between him and his great patron, the Duke DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT; as well as the 'New Heaven,' and several other publications in favor of a government 'in one centre,' genuine disciples of Mr. TURGOT. I was personally treated with great kindness by these three great and good men. But I lamented and deplored, notwithstanding their profound science and learning, what appeared to me their blind infatuation to a chimera. I shuddered at the prospect of what appeared to me the inevitable consequences of their theory, of which they made no secret. I wondered the more at this, because the Abby DE MABLY was their intimate friend, their social and convivial companion, whose writings were familiar to them.

'The truth is, that none of these gentlemen had ever any experience of a free government. It is equally true that they had never deliberately thought, or freely spoken, or closely reasoned upon government, as it appears in history, as it is founded in nature, or as it has been represented by philosophers, priests, and politicians, who have written upon the subject. They had picked up scraps, but had digested nothing.

'CONDORCET's observations on the twenty-ninth book of the Spirit of Laws; HELVETIUS, too, in his Letters to MONTESQUIEU, printed in Mr. JEFFERSON's translation of TRACY; CONDORCET's Life of TURGOT; his Progress of the Human Mind; and even NECKAR's Executive, appear to me the most pedantical writings that ages have produced. Every one of these writers must be an original genius. He must discover something that no man had ever conceived before him. 'Genius' and 'simplicity' are their eternal idols, or rather hobbies. Genius with them is a more privileged order than ever existed among men. Is not Despotism the simplest of all imaginable governments? Is not Oligarchy the next, Aristocracy the third, and a simple Democracy of twenty-five millions of men the fourth? All these are simple governments with a vengeance! Erect a house of a cubic form, one hundred feet square at the base, without any division within into chambers, parlors, cellars, or garrets. Would not this be the simplest house that ever was built? But would it be a commodious habitation for a family? It would accommodate nothing but a kennel of hunters' hounds. These gentlemen all affect to be great admirers of nature. But where in nature do they find the models of their adored simplicity? Is it in the *mécanique céleste*? Is it in vegetable or animal mechanism? Is it in Mynheer LIONET's dissections and microscopic observations on the willow caterpillar, in which he has found more veins, and muscles, and fibres than in the human body? No. The real wisdom, the genuine taste, the correct judgment, consists in adapting necessary means to necessary ends. Here too much simplicity cannot be applied.

'I am not an implicit believer in the inspiration or infallibility of MONTESQUIEU: on the contrary, it must be acknowledged that some of these philosophers have detected many errors in his writings. But all their heads consolidated into one mighty head would not equal the depth of his genius or the extent of his views. VOLTAIRE alone excels or equals him. When a writer on government despises, sneers, or argues against mixed governments, or a balance in government, he instantly proves himself an Ideologian. To reason against a balance because a perfect one cannot be composed or eternally preserved, is just as good sense as to reason against all morality, because no man has been perfectly virtuous. Not only MONTESQUIEU but the Abby DE MABLY, who some of them said never wrote any thing but '*choses communes en style commun*,' might have taught them more sense, though he too indeed was not always steady nor correct in his opinions. Scattered here and there in his writings are correct sentiments. Accidentally his PHOCION is on my table. In the second conversation, page forty-five and forty-nine, he censures Monarchy, pure Aristocracy, and popular government. The laws are not safe under these administrations, which leave too free a career to the passions. He dreaded the power of a prime, sole legislator, sole judge of justice and law. He was terrified in Aristocracy with the pride and avarice of the grandees, who, believing that every thing is theirs, will sacrifice without scruple the interests of society to their private advantage. He shuddered, in Democracy, at the caprices of a multitude, always blind, always extreme in their desires, and who condemn to-morrow with fury that which they approve to-day with enthusiasm.

'What is the security against these dangers? According to PLATO, PHOCION, and DE MABLY, 'An able mixture of all these governments; the public power should be divided into different parts, capable of controlling, restraining, over-awing each other; of balancing each other, and of reciprocally moderating each other.'

'In the Abby's own remarks upon this second conversation, page two hundred and four, he says: 'All the ancient philosophers thought like PLATO, and the most celebrated statesmen have always wished to establish in their cities a mixed policy, which, by confirming the empire of the laws over the magistrates, and the empire of magistrates over the citizens, should unite the advantages of the three ordinary governments, and have none of their inconveniences.'

'To ask which is the best government, Monarchy, Aristocracy, or Democracy, is to ask what greater or lesser evils can be produced by the passions of a prince, of a senate, or a multitude. To ask whether a mixed government is better than any other, is to ask whether the passions are as wise, as just, and as moderate as the laws.'

'The accidental discovery of your books in my little library, and the name of CONDORCET, have drawn my thoughts to a subject which I had long since endeavored to forget, as wholly desperate.

'I fear, Sir, you will wish that I had feloniously appropriated your books to my own use, rather than have returned them with so impertinent a letter.

'I return them with thanks for the loan of them, and with thanks for your long, laborious, able and successful services to your country.

'With best wishes for your happy life, I am, with respect and esteem, your obliged servant,

'JOHN ADAMS.'

'PRESIDENT MADISON.'

SITTING at the desk of our esteemed friend and correspondent, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' a morning or so ago, we encountered the following open epistle, addressed to a mutual friend, whose 'Up-River Letters' impart such life and interest to these pages. Forthwith we resolved to send him the missive in print, through the mail, to the end that others might have an opportunity of profiting by his private correspondence. If in so doing we have 'done evil,' it is to be hoped that 'good may come' of it:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I am at home, after spending a few days with our hospitable friends in Huntington, with whom we had much cheerful disport, now taking the scaly wags of the deep, and anon refreshing ourselves with cheerful beakers under the lee of the canvassed mast. To me there is something inexpressibly charming in the coast scenery of Long-Island, nor do I believe there is any much more beautiful in the world. To be sure, there are shores that rise sublimely into the clouds; savage and inaccessible cliffs, where the sea-birds make 'their beds and procreant cradles;' immense mountain ranges, like the Alps, that overlook the Mediteranean, or the still grander Andes, uplifting their giant shoulders above the clouds, and casting their reflections leagues and leagues upon the surface of the Pacific: but to me there is an element of beauty in the scenery around Huntington that is peculiar to itself, or rather peculiar to the island, not to be under-estimated even when compared with grander works of the celestial PAINTER. There is something in those gentle sweeps and curves of creamy sea-sand; those inlets and cradled coves, overbowed with leafage; those blue lapses of water, seen through tree-trunks and ornatures of cottage gardening, that is full of unspeakable beauty. The eye drinks the delight placidly: we are not confounded, awed, overwhelmed, surprised, but simply happy.

'For my part, I am weary of city-life, and sigh for the Great MOTHER. I see the waving of trees, but they are rooted in a church-yard, or grow between flag-stones. I hear the notes of singing birds, but they are pewter canaries at sixpence a-piece. I am tired of water running up and down leaden pipes, and through cocks and filters: I want to see it rise like a Naiad, dripping from the well. I am haunted of 'stoops,' and have a sort of green-sickness for porches clambered over with greenery: I wish for other flowers than artificial; and desire to look upon rain, not as an inconvenience, but as a blessing to the crops:

'I'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres, more or less,
With maples, cedars, cherry-trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'T would suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With bells of pendent woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And 'round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses, white and red.

'To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook,
Where I might sit and read my book.

'Such should be my retreat,
Far from the city's crowds and noise;
There would I rear the girls and boys,
(I have some two or three,)
And if kind HEAVEN should bless my store
With five or six or seven more,
How happy I would be!'

Now, 'up-river' friend, peruse you the foregoing, and also the two following passages from other epistles; for, as DOGBERRY says, they 'discern you nearly:' 'Your correspondent has at last got his Shanghai hen! I wish him joy of it. He should have seen the brutes, as I have, in the unmitigated ungainliness of early youth; stalking about the barn-yard on stilts, gazing stupidly around from that bad eminence; blown over by every sudden blast of wind, or coming down heels-over-head on a kernel of corn. My Shanghais began life with an inordinate pair of drum-sticks, and have been running to legs ever since. They remind me of nothing but the ostrich, which I saw long, long ago, with my little brother, who in his excitement fed the creature on pennies, and burst into tears when, as the last copper was gulped down, the sense of utter bankruptcy broke upon him. Their crow is not the honest Saxon crow, expressive of day-break, love, war, and animal spirits, but a horrid guttural ejaculation, between a Chinese sentence, as described by missionaries, and a badly-blown dinner-horn. They move like a man whose legs are asleep: in fact, their whole carriage is such that I wonder the country louts, stumbling along the road to church, do not recognize their own gait in that of the wretched fowls, and feel 'the deep damnation of the taking off.' My game-cock has gone mad on the subject. Reared by that noble EARL OF DERBY, who lately forsook breeding race-horses and fighting-chickens to assume the reins of government, this bird, whose family is as old as the earldom, cannot bear the sight of a great commoner like a Shanghai. Every one of their actions, however innocent, he considers personal. He climbs their sides holding by one feather, like a midshipman boarding a 'liner.' He cannot take his own meals, for fear that they will get a morsel. He follows them all day like a shadow, which, at this rate, he will soon become. One question presses upon me: Will the Shanghais ever stop growing, or shall I wake some morning to find the barn-yard in their possession, several farm-hands in their crops, and a deputation of domestic poultry waiting at the door of the house to pick up the family as they come out, and breakfast on their benefactors? Let your correspondent consider this while his fowls are yet in the corn-crib.' GEOFFREY CRAYON, learned in hen-craft, told us the other day at Sunnyside that his opinion of the Shanghai was not at all in favor of that bird over the better class of his American 'contemporaries.' But listen to another correspondent, who discourseth of bats: 'I always believed that bats were injured individuals, and now that the old slander against them has actually appeared in print, they have some claim to a defence. So your 'Up-River' correspondent killed the bat, after a long chase around his room? What for? The poor bat took no particular pleasure in being there — rather was trying to escape. It was not *he* that killed the canary: he had no evil designs upon Shanghai. 'Oh, but I was afraid he would get into my hair!' But did a bat ever get into *any body's* hair? If so, I would like to know when and where; 'specifications of time and place,' as the court-martials have it. Why *should* he have any such wish? Would he find any thing there to suit him? Monkeys have a trick of 'hunting heads,' but bats differ in their tastes. To be sure, the silky locks of a lady the bat might be commended for seeking to

nestle in; but a gentleman's hair—possibly red, and perhaps the 'dowry of some second head'—is altogether a different matter. 'Is it his own *hare*, or a *wig*?' That bat was a victim to gross prejudice! - - - DICKENS'S '*Bleak-House*' continues with unabated interest. If one were to object to any thing in the progress of the narrative, it would perhaps be, that the descriptions of unimportant scenery and objects are occasionally too minute, implying a necessity to eke out the requisite number of pages. So we thought, at least, while reading in the number before us the over-elaborate picture of 'Mr. GURRY'S Entertainment.' But what a touching scene is that depicted in the visit by BUCKET the police-officer to a modern 'Alsatia' in the heart of London, where poor humanity reeks like compost in the midst of old, decayed, and desolate dwellings, full of 'all loathsome things that are!' It is altogether in DICKENS'S most felicitous vein:

'AND who have we got here to-night?' says Mr. BUCKET, opening another door, and glaring in with his bull's-eye. 'Two drunken men, eh? And two women? The men are sound enough,' turning back each sleeper's arm from his face to look at him. 'Are these your good men, my dears?'

'Yes, Sir,' returns one of the women. 'They are our husbands.'

'Brick-makers, eh?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What are you doing here? You don't belong to London.'

'No, Sir. We belong to Hertfordshire.'

'Whereabout in Hertfordshire?'

'Saint Albans.'

'Come up on the tramp?'

'We walked up yesterday. There's no work down with us at present; but we have done no good by coming here, and shall do none, I expect.'

'That's not the way to do much good,' says Mr. BUCKET, turning his head in the direction of the unconscious figures on the ground.

'It ain't, indeed,' replies the woman with a sigh. 'JENNY and me knows it full well.'

The room, though two or three feet higher than the door, is so low that the head of the tallest of the visitors would touch the blackened ceiling if he stood upright. It is offensive to every sense; even the gross candle burns pale and sickly in the polluted air. There are a couple of benches, and a higher bench by way of table. The men lie asleep where they stumbled down, but the women sit by the candle. Lying in the arms of the woman who has spoken is a very young child.

'Why, what age do you call that little creature?' says BUCKET. 'It looks as if it was born yesterday.' He is not at all rough about it; and as he turns his light gently on the infant, Mr. SNAGSBY is strangely reminded of another infant encircled with light, that he has seen in pictures.

'He is not three weeks old yet, Sir,' says the woman.

'Is he your child?'

'Mine.'

The other woman, who was bending over it when they came in, stoops down again, and kisses it as it lies asleep.

'You seem as fond of it as if you were the mother yourself,' says Mr. BUCKET.

'I was the mother of one like it, master, and it died.'

'Ah, JENNY, JENNY!' says the other woman to her; 'better so. Much better to think of dead than alive, JENNY! Much better!'

'Why, you ain't such an unnatural woman, I hope,' returns BUCKET, sternly, 'as to wish your own child dead?'

'God knows you are right, master,' she returns. 'I am not. I'd stand between it and death with my own life, if I could, as true as any pretty lady.'

'Then don't talk in that wrong manner,' says Mr. BUCKET, mollified again. 'Why do you do it?'

'It is brought into my head, master,' returns the woman, her eyes filling with tears, 'when I look down at the child lying so. If it was never to wake no more, you'd think me mad, I should take on so. I know that very well. I was with JENNY when she lost hers—warn't I, JENNY?—and I know how she grieved. But look round you, at this place. Look at them,' glancing at the sleepers on the ground. 'Look at the boy you're waiting for, who's gone out to do me a good turn. Think of the children that your business lays with often and often, and that *you* see grow up!'

'Well well,' says Mr. BUCKET, 'you train him respectable, and he'll be a comfort to you, and look after you in your old age, you know.'

'I mean to try hard,' she answers, wiping her eyes. 'But I have been a-thinking, being over-tired to-night, and not well with the ague, of all the many things that'll come in his way. My master will be agains' it, and he'll be beat, and see me beat, and made to fear his home, and perhaps to stray wild. If I work for him ever so much, and ever so hard, there's no one to help me; and if he should be turned bad, 'spite of all I could do, and the time should come when I should sit by him in his sleep, made hard and changed, ain't it likely I should think of him as he lies in my lap now, and wish he had died as JENNY'S child died?'

'There, 'here!' says JENNY. 'Liz, you're tired and ill. Let me take him.'

In doing so she displaces the mother's dress, but quickly readjusts it over the wounded and bruised bosom where the baby has been lying.

'It's my dead child,' says JENNY, walking up and down as she nurses, 'that makes me love this child so dear, and it's my dead child that makes her love it so dear too, as even to think of its being taken away from her now. While she thinks that, I think what fortune would I give to have my darling back. But we mean the same thing, if we knew how to say it, us two mothers does, in our poor hearts!'

If you have perused the above without a little moisture in your eyes, reader, you are 'not of our way o' thinking.' - - - ALTHOUGH it may be 'JOHNNY THOMPSON's news' to many of our readers, to speak of the '*Opening of the Buffalo and New-York City Rail-Road*,' when the celebration has been so elaborately described by the daily journals, and copied far and wide by the contemporary press, still we cannot forbear a brief record of our own impressions on the occasion—an occasion which will never be forgotten. With two friends, we swept over the Erie Rail-road to Owego; one an English gentleman, who had never before passed along the valleys of the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Chemung: and sitting in an open car, (thanks to the kind attention of Mr. ELY, Government Mail-Agent,) looking out on either side upon the alternate beautiful, picturesque and sublime scenery that flitted past us, the frequent exclamations of surprise and admiration were not unexpected to us, who had so often enjoyed the same scenes before. But from Owego—whence we were to be accompanied by the genial friends who had joined the train at 'Sh'nang P'int' and the latter place—all was to be new, even to ourselves. Of our journey through the beautiful valley of the Chemung; of the charming and flourishing villages of Elmira and Corning; of the primitive region through which the rail-road leads from the latter place to Hornellsville, it will be our province and our pleasure to 'speak from full notes' hereafter. At Hornellsville, where it intersects the 'New-York and Erie,' begins the 'Buffalo City and New-York Road' proper. It is of the 'broad-guage,' and without exception the most firmly-built and smoothly-running road we ever traversed. Arrived at Portage, the grand 'stand-point' of the day, we found some ten thousand people, gathered around a large hotel, recently erected, and straying, in crowds and picturesque groups, to a neighboring tent, surmounted with flags and streamers, 'flouting the breeze:' of which latter commodity, by-the-by, there might have been more, without much detriment, for it was an *intensely* hot day. But who could think of the heat, the crowd, or *any* 'désagréments,' when the awful gorge, 'rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,' through which the Genesee seeks its tortuous and tortured way toward Lake Ontario, lay before us, and the even more sublime spectacle, the *Portage Rail-Road Bridge*, which spans it! This wonderful work, altogether the most imposing of its kind in the world, owes its first conception, its successful progress, and triumphant completion, to the genius, the energy, and the skill of Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR, and the capable and chosen assistants whom he had the forecast and good fortune to assemble around him. Taking the arm of an old and esteemed friend, himself an engineer of the first distinction, we went zig-zagging down the deep, *deep* bank alone, and standing at the bottom, by the water's edge, looked up at the dizzy pile, the work of Man's art, as it sprung from its massive stone piers of thirty feet in height, and melted in the 'celestial blue' above. Tier on tier it rose, with upright timbers, the smallest of which would have made the biggest 'mast of some tall admiral,' and multitudinous braces, ties, and counter-arching timbers—up it rose! The eye was *fatigued* with its vastness—eight hundred feet in length, and two hundred and thirty-four feet in height; while below was a first fall of seventy-five feet, farther on another of twice that distance, and beyond the Genesee, winding its way to the first of our great inland oceans! While we are looking at this, and wondering at the 'handiwork of MAN,' in the 'image of God,' an enormous train enters upon the western end of the bridge, at that giddy height above us, and crowded, 'inside, outside, on the top, brimming, swarming, running over' with cheering, shouting

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passengers, almost *spans* the bridge: yet is there not the slightest jar; not the least creaking; no trembling in *any* part of the vast structure, which will sustain with entire safety twenty times the weight that can possibly be put upon it. Such is the *Great Rail-Road Bridge at Portage*, with all the choice timber of two hundred and fifty acres of pine forest, and one hundred and ninety thousand pounds of iron bolts and bands swallowed up in its symmetrical mass! And yet our friend the engineer thereof, slightly built and strangely youthful, walked modestly amidst the wondering crowds that thronged around the monument of his genius; thinking, it may be, of his triumph over all doubt and apprehension, but 'aperiently' as calm as a summer's morning. 'Long may he wave!' We are left but little space to speak of the entertainment so liberally provided, and so admirably prepared for the occasion, by that well-known caterer, Mr. BLOOMER, of Buffalo. Every thing was there that a *gourmet* could desire; rare meats, vegetables, fish, flesh, fowl, fruits and flowers, in the utmost profusion, with abundant wines, of all kinds, and of the best, from champagne *frappé* to choice Hocks and Burgundies. Three thousand persons in all partook of this bounteous repast. Of the speeches of Governor HUNT, Mr. President LODER, and other distinguished guests, 'can we not now report,' save to say that they were replete with interest, and warmly received by the assembled multitudes. - - - A FIRM in the State of Delaware, some years ago, wrote to a man in Ohio, saying that they had a claim against a Mr. J — T —, and asking for information concerning him. They received the following reply: 'Gentlemen: I received your letter of the sixteenth. It was forwarded to me at this place, with twenty cents postage *unpaid*. When the firm of 'A. AND W. H.' is sufficiently prosperous in business to be able to advance twenty cents postage on a letter, I may give them some information about Mr. J — T —.' The firm of 'A. AND W. H.' then wrote to another person in the same place, and thereupon the writer of the preceding letter addressed them another, as follows: 'Gentlemen: I am informed that you have written to Mr. O — for information concerning Mr. J — T —, and that you actually advanced the postage on your letter! Allow me to congratulate you upon this evidence of your commercial prosperity. I am also informed that the amount of your claim against Mr. J — T — is ten dollars. I guessed as much. I knew no body could ever escape from the State of Delaware owing you *above* that sum. Let me caution you against such imprudent expansion of the credit-system in mercantile transactions.' Sharp correspondence this, it strikes us! - - - A CLUSTER of clever 'cur'osities' from the private gossip of a friend in Saint Louis, in a recent letter to the EDITOR: 'Speaking of 'brute creations,' reminds me of a specimen of the 'flat-head tribe' who honors us with his presence and 'patronage' about these days. He is an amateur-sportsman, and owns a beautiful setter-slut, his constant companion. Walking with a lady a few days ago, she remarked to him: 'What a fine dog you have, Mr. M —!' 'Miss —,' said he, 'that is not a dog: it is *one of your own sex!*' — I know of a rare specimen of the '*Dandy in Words*,' who now 'holds forth' in the city of Louisville. He writes very blank verse, and quotes from TUPPER, and is, in fact, a 'progeny.' In the course of a discussion in that city, at a small party where he and divers young ladies were assembled, they were agreed as to the mistake that two of their friends had made in getting married, being, as was supposed, so very unlike in every respect. Our 'dandy' broke out as follows: 'Did you ever know any such mismating among the *brute* species? There, dove mates with dove, and wood-pecker with wood-pecker. Did you ever hear of the mild

and gentle dove mating with the wood-pecker! Cries of 'Never! never!'—A little friend of mine being asked by her mother, after she had said the Lord's Prayer, what she supposed was the meaning of 'Amen,' said: 'I guess it means 'Good bye, Lord!'—I went to hear an eccentric WESLEYAN preacher some time ago, and was very much amused and edified. The discourse was on love, and the superiority of heavenly over earthly love. As a proof of the weakness of the latter, he mentioned Job, who, he said, 'had plenty of friends as long as his 'property' lasted; but as soon as that was gone, and he became as poor as his own cat, his friends all left him, and even *Mrs. Job* deserted him!'—Now and then, of a cool evening, I stray into the colored Baptist church of this precinct. The exhorters and preachers are all Ethiopians, and the performances are sadly ridiculous, and exceedingly like a caricature. It is customary there to sing and exhort at the same time, and a more confused and noisy mode of worship could not be invented. The congregation were engaged in a hymn a few evenings ago, when a black elder, with a very loud voice, commenced calling on awakened sinners to come 'farrard' onto the anxious bench. 'Ef there is 'ary' hungry soul,' said he, 'let him *come along!* Ef there is ary 'thusty' soul, let *him* come along!' And in his prayer he asked for a 'sin-drivin' power' and 'a devil-drivin' power,' to drive away all 'inickerty!' - - - A FRIEND whom we have never seen, but whom we should be right well pleased to take by the hand, at the door of his own hospitable mansion, writes us as follows from his '*Home, Crawford county, Georgia:*'

'SAM SLICK never uttered a more profound truth than when he said that it was 'harder to do without a luxury, once indulged in, than a real necessary.' I find it so in regard to the KNICKER-BOCKER. I have been a delighted, instructed, and amused reader thereof for several years; but in December last, a fit of economy (false economy, I acknowledge,) came over me, and I discontinued your Magazine, with several other publications. I have been regretting and missing the KNICKER-BOCKER so much, that I cannot rest satisfied any longer, but have ordered it this day through the publisher, requesting all back numbers for this year.

'I am a planter by profession, taste and choice. I reside on my plantation. I greatly regret the change of society in the planting States. Formerly the planters almost invariably resided on their farms, and the society was not so convenient as in a city. Yet it was purer, equally refined, and more intelligent. Now, the foolish and fashionable custom has banished 'the good old way;' and parents must leave their proper homes and go to the city or town, for the sake of society for their children. Such association may give them more pertness and show, but less solid worth. No better people ever lived, or more polished gentlemen, than the Southern planters, in days gone by. True, no one loves or enjoys society, or mixing with friends, more than I do; but I never *requires* it for my contentment. With the KNICKERBOCKER, HARPER'S Magazine, BLACKWOOD, and about twenty other publications, of all varieties, and such standard novels and other works as I can command, I never lack for society. I am sometimes months at home without leaving: yet I am ever ready to receive a friend, and give him a warm welcome, and as the tavern-keepers invariably advertise, 'the best the country affords.' I wish some of those delightful jaunts into the country, of which you sometimes speak, could be given to my sunny home.'

We cordially thank our correspondent for his kind invitation, and his kinder words of sympathy with the 'little people' of whom we sometimes make mention in this familiar chit-chat of ours with the reader. 'Who *but* a parent,' he adds, with truthful fervor, 'can truly appreciate and enjoy all the little winning ways of children? I am keeping my own at home with us, and not hunting society for them. I am letting them follow nature rather than art: at least until they are well prepared for boarding-school, college, and travel.' - - - JUDGE J—, of Ohio, is noted for his keen perception of the ludicrous, lively imagination, and just appreciation of the beautiful, as well as for his sound sense and judicial knowledge. He related to a friend of ours in Washington the other

day, while speaking of a recent visit to the Falls of Niagara, the following: 'You cannot take any position on the banks of the river below the cataract, where it is possible to find a seat, that some new and yet more beautiful view does not present itself. One feels like a very insignificant creature, and the idea of a superior Power comes to his mind and heart with awful impressiveness. I could have remained for half a day in one spot, musing and meditating in this temple of God's own making; but I had all my poetry and reverential feeling marred by the observations of a practical Yankee. 'This is all very fine,' said he, 'but there is a right smart stream which divides tew keöunties in the State of Varmeöunt, that pitches deöwn abeöut a hundred and twenty feet, and is every way sueperior, as a water-peöwer, to this 'ere!' He then went into a mathematical calculation as to the number of spindles each would drive, and talked voluminously (if not luminously) of hydraulics and hydrostatics in general. 'But, you see, what gives the advantage to the falls in Varmeöunt,' he continued, 'is, that there is a fust-rate place to put up cotton-mills, while here yeöu can't find any greöund at all to build on.' The suspension-bridge, however, took his fancy. 'That,' said he, 'I consider a great work of art; and the beauty of it is, there doosn't appear to be any effort in putting it there, for the hull thing cost only abeöut ten theöusand dollars, and it paid itself the fust year!' - - - An Oswego journal speaks of Mr. J. AUCHINCLOSS, a gentleman formerly of this city, (who has opened a new store in that flourishing place, for the sale of all kinds of fancy artielees, useful and ornamental,) as 'one of those valuable packages that come done up in small parcels, his heart being so big as to be out of all proportion to his body.' We have only to add, that if any of our northern friends have a 'fancy' for the KNICKERBOCKER, they can order that 'artiele' through Mr. AUCHINCLOSS, and be abundantly supplied. - - - Isn't there much truth in the ensuing brief passage? We put the question to all among our readers who are parents: 'Few parents realize how much their children may be taught *at home*, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make a companion of his child; converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and the reason of things; and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task; and he himself will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple that none need hesitate about its performance.' - - - 'Two friends of mine were walking about one fine evening,' writes a correspondent with the 'cacoëthes scribendi' strong upon him, 'when they observed a star 'shooting.' What was rather remarkable, after falling to the earth a short distance from them, it continued to gleam. 'Here, at last,' said one of them, 'is an opportunity, which I have long desired, to examine the matter of 'shooting-stars.' ' The two friends hastened to reach it while it was yet warm, picturing the while the extent to which they might possibly figure among the *savants* as the original discoverers of an aërolite, hot from the foundry. They reached the vicinity of the mysterious mass, expecting to encounter a stifling odor of brimstone and an overpowering sensation of heat. Imagine, then, their 'pheelinks' on finding the 'thing,' whose earth-ward hegira and final arrival they had witnessed with such rapture, to be nothing but a—*lightning-bug!*' - - - We have, as our readers are aware, heretofore borne testimony kindred to the following, voluntarily tendered by 'The Star'

morning journal: 'If there is one man in the community who has made himself a 'shining mark' among his compeers by dint of sheer tact, industry and enterprise, that man is GENIX, the hatter. He is a striking example of what can be accomplished by resolution, assiduity, a constant endeavor to please, a liberal expenditure of means for the necessary notoriety, a character for producing the best goods at reasonable prices, and for incomparable promptitude, energy, and dispatch. His store in Broadway, beside the Museum, is a model in every respect, turning out its hundreds of hats per day for all classes of society in this vicinity, and its thousands per day for the supply of the great West, the South, and other distant points, where comfort, elegance, and economy are appreciated. His Bazaar, up Broadway, by Spring-street, is another brilliant specimen of his genius; furnishing almost every thing for men, women, and children, in a certain line, that taste can demand or luxury prize.' - - - We annex two 'samples' of American verse, which are somewhat remarkable for not stumbling upon any sort of regular rhyme. The first is from '*A New Song in Praise of Louis Napoleon and the Americans*,' and is from the pen of some expatriated revolutionary Hibernian:

'Ye sons of Erin and friendly neighbors,
I mean to sail to my native home;
Although situated in a happy nation,
In New-York regaining I do n't disown:
I am dally shaking in contemplation,
Meditating the old Fairs and Gouls;
I wish I was at the trade cordwaining,
In Ennis Clare, as I was before!

'As I am contented to venture boldly
To see my home in the County Clare,
I hope to meet there brave LOUIS NAPOLEON,
With his forces, at the break of day;
His splendid regiments from rich Paris,
Perfectly guarded to march away,
To walk with millions of the Irish party
To give the paupers enough to eat!

'It may be formed for the Irish paupers
To get to war in their latter days,
From Shannon harbor to Giant Causeway,
And from Killarney to Abbey Feal:
Sell your furniture, mugs, and sauce-pans :
To the British guardians, to pay the rate;
And tell the DEARYS you are going to Paris,
To join that party to get fair play!

'I now do mention to all Christians breathing,
The Americans are the fairest of all I know,
To favor emigrants from foreign nations,
And dally aiding to their support!
May God protect them in the time of danger,
Against invaders and enemies:
Join heart and hand with France and Erin,
And the place I came from shall soon be free.'

The second effusion is from the 'Barnstable Patriot,' and bears the patriotic title of '*The American Eagle*.' Three stanzas will be 'suffegance':

'Long! long! may thy talons our country protect
From Liberty's foe and haughty monarch;
May thy beak pluck disunion away in its bud,
And keep us united in friendship and love!

'May thy eye, as it pierces the clouds far away,
Look down upon Columbia, the land of the free;
And thy wing, as it opens 'like fearless in storm,
Invite the oppressed and emigrant home!

'And as far as the Ocean is heard in its roar,
May thy cry call to arms, as our fathers of yore,
And show that their sons are behind not a whit,
In defending their rights now in seventy-six!

'JOHN OF YORK,' (from whom our readers have frequently heard before,) hailing from the sanctum of the Providence '*Daily Mirror*,' to which journal he imparts marked editorial spirit and variety, writes to us characteristically as follows: 'I was up the 'ked'ntry' lately, visiting among old friends, whom I had not seen for ten years. Many changes had taken place, you may be sure, but one of them was quite romantic. Old uncle —, sixty-seven years of age, a widower, and 'well-to-do' in the world, was attending a church-conference in a neighboring State, and in conversation with his brother deacons, one day at dinner, was asked if he never intended to marry again? The old man 'owned up' that he might do so if he could find a woman to his liking. Two or three of the party

told him they knew a maiden lady of fifty, in C —, who would suit him exactly, and described her many virtues so enthusiastically that when the old man returned home to his lonely dwelling he resolved to make her an offer by letter. This he did, in a very frank and explicit manner. He first set down his age, height, personal appearance, state of health, temper, etc. He also transmitted a plan of his dwelling-house, barns, the farm, its value, etc., and sent it on, referring the lady to the gentlemen who had recommended her. He also suggested that as at their time of life unnecessary and expensive courtesies were not necessary, if she accepted his proposal, she might name some dépôt on the Erie Railroad where it would be convenient for her to 'meet him half way.' The lady did accept, and named the station at O —. At the appointed time the old gentleman was there, and so also was the lady. This singular pair, thus met for the first time, went to a hotel, and a minister was sent for. While waiting for the parson, the methodical old lover informed the lady that he had been keeping bachelor's hall for some time past, and would need scrubbing up; 'but,' said he, 'we can manage that easily enough if you are so minded: I will carry the water and you can do the scrubbing.' This was assented to, and the pair were tied in the knot-indissoluble, and departed in the highest sort of spirits. At the time this story was told me, another, equally good, was related, and like it, it is *true*. Old Uncle JACK — took a notion into his head to have a second or third wife, I forget which, and happening to remember a charming widow whom he had seen several years before, and who lived some twenty miles off, sent her a proposal of marriage, with the proviso that if she accepted she should meet him at — Corners on such a day, with her light wagon, he having no vehicle. The widow was on the spot at the time indicated, and at the forks of the road found 'Uncle JACK' waiting for her. They drove to a tavern, had a priest brought, and were married. After the ceremony the good vrouw asked him for six-pence to get some snuff with. This sum was promptly 'forked out,' and the old lady went over the way to a store and got her snuff, while Uncle JACK stepped into the bar and took a 'snifter' of Old Rye. These little comforts having been attended to, they drove off.' - - - Our 'Mrs. NEPPINS, 'on old Long-Island's sea-girt shore,' bids fair to become famous through the exertions of her chronicler. 'Hear him yet farther: 'Mrs. NEPPINS went to camp-meetin' here last week, and on being asked if she loved the LORD, replied: 'Wal, I ain't got nothing ag'in' Him!' Also, her son, 'of the name of' CONKLIN NEPPINS, ate for a wager a whole roast goose, and then drank up the oily gravy; and being asked if it would not 'make him sick,' replied that 'the goose sot well enough onto his stummick, and as for the gravy, he thought that the grease would kind o' work out of his skin!' But it *did* make him sick, for when our captain met Mrs. NEPPINS, and asked after her son, she replied: 'Wal, he enjoys very poor health, but this mornin' he complains of feeling better.' 'What is the matter with him?' asked our captain. 'Wal,' replied Mrs. NEPPINS, 'he's kind o' troubled with a dreadful risin' of his vittles!' - - - 'S.'s *Anecdote* is welcome: 'I entered a log school-house once, where a 'Debatin' Society' was holding forth upon the question: 'If a man saw his wife and mother in the water drowning, which should he help out first?' The question was considered with animation upon both sides for a while, when a 'backwardness' began to manifest itself. The president desired debaters, 'if they had any thing to say, to continue on.' After a pause, a peaked-looking man in the back part of the house got up and said,

with considerable diffidence and embarrassment: 'Mr. PRESIDENT: I think if a man saw his mother and wife in the water drowning, he ought to help his mother out first: because, you see, if his wife *did* get drowned, he could get another one, but he could n't get another mother, not easy!' This settled the question and the verdict 'accordingly.' - - Our publisher is a fortunate man. He has been again 'upon his travels,' and this is the 'Report' he sends hitherward; awakening in us emotions of envy, discontent, and a kind of remorse, that *we* did n't go, and let him stay at home *this* time. *N'importe*: perhaps our 'good time' may be 'coming:'

'AT Rochester I took one of the fine boats of the Ontario and Saint Lawrence Steam-boat Company, who have now two lines on the lake; one of which is known as the U. S. Mail Line, and the other as the American Express Line. This company have been most successful, and I am told have never met with any serious accident. The Express Line runs through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburgh without stopping. I took the mail line, stopping at Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, etc. By this line passengers go through the Thousand Islands by daylight, and remain all night at Ogdensburgh. Leaving there at seven A. M., they will pass down the St. Lawrence, over the Long Sault, Couteau, Cedar, the Cascades, and Lachine Rapids, reaching Montreal about five P. M. There is no river in America more interesting to the traveller than the St. Lawrence. The passage through the Thousand Islands gives a series of views indescribably beautiful, while in the hurried descent of the rapids you feel an excitement almost breathless. The Lachine Rapids, nine miles above Montreal, have been considered unsafe for steam-boats till within the last two or three years, but they now go over them every day. The JENNY LIND stopped her engine just above Lachine to take on board an Indian pilot from the Indian village of Caughnawaga. A more noble specimen of humanity I never saw. His stalwart, muscular frame would have been remarkable in the days of chivalry, while his fine manly countenance gave assurance that you might safely trust him to guide you through the foaming torrent, which threatens every moment to engulf your rocking bark.

'If I had time, I should be pleased to say something of Montreal; of my sojourn at COLEMAN'S Montreal House; of my ride round the mountain; of the ascent and view from the tower of the French Cathedral, etc. I left Montreal at seven P. M., in the large and elegant steamer JOHN MUNN, Captain ARMSTRONG, for Quebec, and arrived there early next morning. Here for the first time in my life I entered a walled city. In addition to the great historical interest which Quebec has for the stranger, the vicinity has natural attractions which scarce any other city possesses. The plains of Abraham, where WOLF and MONTCALM met in their last conflict; the spot where the brave MONTGOMERY fell; the citadel, which is the Gibraltar of America; the Falls of Montmorenci, and the Indian village of Lorette, are among the most notable scenes visited by strangers. If the traveller can extend his visit to the Saguenay, one hundred and forty miles below Quebec, the scenery on that noble stream is said to possess a wild grandeur and magnificence unknown in any other portion of the country. The best time to go there is the latter part of June, July, and August, during our warmest weather.

'I returned by Lake Champlain and Lake George, and it was my good fortune to take passage down Lake Champlain on the new and elegant steamer R. W. SHERMAN, Captain CHAPMAN. This is the largest and best boat on the lake, having been finished only last fall, with all the modern improvements, combining safety, speed, the best of fare, and elegant accommodations. The attention to the comfort of travellers by the captain and other officers renders a passage through this beautiful lake a real pleasure-trip. Captain CHAPMAN knows every point and bar on Lake Champlain, having for several years run a night-boat through, and was previously with Captain SHERMAN, of the Burlington, after whom he has named his beautiful boat. I left the 'SHERMAN' at Ticonderoga to take my first view of Lake George. No description can impart any true idea of this lake among the mountains; and as the neat little steamer JOHN JAY wended her way from the outlet to Caldwell's, I felt that her progress was too rapid for any true enjoyment of the glorious panorama through which we were passing. I remained for the night at SHERRILL'S delightful Lake House. The pure mountain air, the fresh fish from the lake, with the luxuries of the city, render this a most delightful retreat from the business and bustle of the metropolis. When Lake George shall be improved by the erection of elegant cottages on the numerous available sites upon its banks, when its mountains shall be terraced into vineyards and gardens, it may better satisfy the critical eye of the lotus-eating 'HOWADJI,' and other travelled gentry; but in its native beauty I find a charm which these improvements would only destroy, and for which they could make no adequate amends.'

Among the 'regrets' of the past month — and we have been obliged to tender many — we number, as involving the largest loss of heart-cheering and heart-giving pleasure, the apology we were compelled, from previous engagements, to send to those well-known and valued merchant-princes of New-York, MOSES H. GRINNELL and SIMEON DRAPER. These gentlemen made up, by way of special compliment to the 'PRESS CLUB,' an excursion down the Bay, in their own pleasure-yacht, under convoy of the new pilot-boat 'JULIA.' One of the 'Kore,' who was of the party, describes the excursion as full to the brim of genuine delights. The delight of embarkation off the Battery, at noon, the sun in its softest, brightest, balmy mood, and the winds just sufficient to fill the sails; the delight of the six hours' sail down, and five hours' sail up the Bay; the delight of the sumptuous dinner, served after the sea-air had provoked a capital appetite; and, above all, the delight of hearty social and convivial intercourse between hosts and guests, and the admirable *oneness* of sentiment pervading a company, which, for all the world, seemed formed for each other, and all made for this day. The party, we must add, on the authority of the friend aforesaid, proved themselves good 'trencher-men' all: the dinner-table was voted by common consent a 'great institution,' and the champagne, with equal unanimity, made to pay the penalty of its own excellence. - - - Our friend 'R. P.' doesn't 'hit the mark' exactly, in talking about 'the honorable insignia of years that crowns the brow of 'Old Knick.' We respectfully decline the 'honor.' Not a 'gray monitor' there, Sir, and only five or six as yet in the east whisker. AUGUSTUS, Count BLESSING, successor to our umqwhile worthy townsman, Alderman JAMES GRANT, of San Francisco, operates upon our occiput once every three weeks, and declares 'a fair average clip' for the last ten years. With many friends younger than ourselves, whom we meet occasionally in the thorough-fares, the 'almond-tree' of the sacred preacher flourishes, while of others it may indeed be said, that the 'hairs of their heads are all *numbered*,' and a very small account-current at that. One of these latter is much annoyed at calls that are daily made upon him to testify to the virtues of a nostrum for the promotion of the growth of the hair; a poor joke of some of his waggish friends. His reply has become pantomimic. He lifts his hat, points to the smooth ostrich-egg that surmounts his rotund person, and conviction flows in upon the mind of the observer. - - - 'ONE day walking the portico of the United States' Hotel, at Saratoga,' said a New-Jersey friend to us the other day, 'my attention was directed to the following, tacked up on one of the pillars: 'FOUND, a pin supposed to belong to a lady made of gold!' I am afraid the pin never found its owner: although some there were who had plenty of 'shiners,' none, I think, could come up to *that* notch!' - - - The following touching epitaph is inscribed on the tomb-stone of a young child who was born out of lawful wedlock. None but a repenting mother could have written them: so full of meaning and of sorrow are they:

'PAULINE, thy rest is now secure:
A loving SAVIOUR called thee hence
Knowing thy gentleness could ill endure
The world's unpitying malevolence.'

This beautiful epitaph may still be seen upon a tomb-stone in an ancient graveyard at Trenton, New-Jersey. - - - Our friend 'A. B.' has achieved a triumph in the following couplet:

'THERE is no rhyme, 'tis said, to 'month';
Here's one which he may read who *run'th*!

Who will not be ready to admit, after reading the foregoing, the incorrectness of the assertion, in rhymes of kindred smoothness:

‘A MAN cannot make himself a poet,
No more ’n a sheep can make itself a go-at!’

NEITHER the celebrated GEORGE ROBBINS, the great London auctioneer, nor the ‘rich’ advertisement-monger of Little Pedlington, has excelled Dr. S. SILSBEK, superintendent of the ‘Xenia Springs Joint-Stock Association,’ in his especial vocation. Some of the attractions of these Ohio springs are thus set forth in a ‘Report to the President and Board of Directors,’ now lying before us:

‘ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the establishment of

A Circulating Library,

next season, which cannot fail to meet your approbation. The erection of a

CHAPEL FOR RELIGIOUS SERVICES

is strongly desired and urged by our friends. The Company who propose to run a

BRANCH RAIL-ROAD

from the Hotel to the Columbus road, a distance of less than a mile, await the action of your body to carry the project into execution.

A Telegraph Office

can be established, connecting the Hotel with the world at large, at a very small expense, and is thought desirable. The establishment of

Post-Office,

at the Springs, is a consummation much desired by our visitors, and will meet with the warm assent and hearty approbation of the entire neighborhood; and I would respectfully urge immediate action upon this point. In relation to

IMPROVEMENTS IN CONTEMPLATION

by others, I have made such inquiries as the time permitted. From ten to fifteen cottages are in contemplation. Others will doubtless be added; and in all probability, the lawn will be filled up with elegant and tasteful buildings, giving to it that

SYMMETRY AND BEAUTY CONTEMPLATED IN THE PLAN!

Our sanguine ‘superintendent’ would succeed in ‘*prospecting*,’ we should think, in the mines of California, if the ‘Xenia Springs’ prospects should by any chance fall short of fulfilment! - - - ‘ONE day last spring,’ writes a friend from Ohio, ‘over the river, in the neighboring town of Zanesville, there was a dedication of the new Catholic church. The rumor got abroad that Madame BISHOP was to sing upon the occasion—to lead the choir, in short, in honor of the newly-erected house of God. I made one of a company who went over ‘there to see.’ Bishop PURCELL was present from Cincinnati; and the ceremonies were going on inside the cathedral when we arrived. We were compelled to await outside, amidst a large number; among the rest, a good-natured Irish woman: ‘I’m shure and her name was BRIDGET O’SOMETHING.’ The inquiry was made of her, by a lady who accompanied us, ‘whether it was true that Madame BISHOP was to be there?’ ‘Oh, dear! bliss ye!—and don’t ye know that our *Bishop* niver marries!’ This was a *sequitur* from the query too rare to be forgotten. Let me mention to you another incident. I know it to be true, for it occurred here in Zanesville. Judge H—, the individual mentioned, is our present member of Congress, and Parson JONES, the old negro preacher—HEAVEN rest his bones!—with his old gray mare and rickety cart, have long since returned to the dust. The Judge was present at the delivery of one of his sermons, and

was brought in by the speaker, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him: 'My dear friends and brethren,' said he, 'de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de LORD as de soul ob de white man. Now you all see Judge H—— a sittin' dah leanin' on his golden-headed cane: you all know de Judge, niggas, an' a berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, I's gwine to make a little comparishment. Supposin' de Judge some fine mornin' puts his basket on his arm, and goes to market to buy a piece ob ment. He soon find a nice, fat piece ob mutton, an' goes off wid it. Do you s'pose de Judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob white sheep, or ob a brack sheep? No: nuffin' ob de kind! If de mutton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de Judge: he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jes so it is, my frens, wid our hebenly MASTER. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man; wedder his head was kivered wid straight ha'r, or kivered wid wool: de only question he will ax will be, 'Is dis a *good soul*?'—an' if so, de MASSA will say, 'Enter into de joy ob de LORD, an' set down on de same bench wid de white man: ye'se all on a perfect 'quality!' - - - The modest young gentleman who penned the following lines has never been able to summon up courage to 'pop the question.' He is therefore desirous that they may be printed in the KNICKERBOCKER, trusting that they may thus fall under the eye of the young lady for whom they are intended, who is 'very beautiful and accomplished, and subscribes for the Magazine!' He feels confident that the EDITOR could 'not refuse a request of this kind if he had ever been in love himself.' Listen, therefore, to 'O. D. R.'s' apostrophe 'To BETSY C ——:'

'MAIDEN fair,
With yellow hair,
Who can compare
With thee!

'Oh, might I dare
But to declare

What fell despair
Hath seized on me:

'You would repent,
You would relent,
You would consent
To marry me!'

AN Albany correspondent mentions a rather singular circumstance which recently happened in that ancient city. It is as follows: 'Deacon B—— and Deacon C—— called, in the course of their 'parochial duty,' upon a young and interesting lady of their flock, who was confined to her room and hed by severe illness. Having been conducted by the young lady's mother to her apartment, they found the invalid very weak, and little able to receive visitors—least of all *such* visitors. Both deacons asked divers and sundry questions, going in fact through the regular spiritual formula. At length Deacon B—— said: 'Deacon C——, will you lead in prayer?' 'No, brother B——,' he replied, 'I will hear *you* first, if you are willing.' 'BARKIS was willing,' and the twain kneeled down. The prayer was a long one, a *very* long one. Deacon D——, in the mean time, had kneeled in front of a wash-stand and looking-glass; and to pass away the time, took up a comb and brush, and during 'the exercise' of his persevering and long-winded 'brother,' proceeded to comb and brush his hair! Ill as she was, the poor invalid said it was as much as she could possibly do to avoid 'laughing out in meetin'!' - - - Two darkies, one Sunday morning, were standing at a corner of WILLARD's hotel in Washington, when a discussion arose concerning our PRESIDENT's military experience. One was sure that Mr. FILLMORE fought the battles of Mexico; the other that it was General TAYLOR. 'Now I tell you what I do,' said the FILLMORE adherent; 'I bet you half a dollah on it,

and when Massa FILLMORE come along here I ax him.' Pretty soon the PRESIDENT and his lady came by, on their way from church; and when opposite the hotel, he was accosted by the ducky: 'Massa FILLMORE, please, Sah, want to ax you a question, Sah!' 'Certainly, my man,' said the PRFIDENT, stopping to listen. 'Massa FILLMORE, please, Sah, didn't you fight de battle ob Mexico, Sah?' 'Oh no,' replied Mr. FILLMORE; 'it was General TAYLOR who was in the Mexican war.' 'Oh, yes, Sah: I on'y wanted to know, Sah: General TAYLOR: t'ank you, Sah: had a little bet on it—half a dollah, Sah!' What an outrage—what a 'plum' for police-reporters—would a similar interruption of a 'reigning monarch' have been in Europe! - - - To the '*Gold-Digger*,' of San Francisco: 'Yaäz'am! That's what the cap'n said!' - - - On the evening of September the thirteenth, at eight o'clock, at 'the Club,' the following came from 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' without the slightest effort, so far as could be observed by those present: 'What is the difference between the North Pole and a common soldier?' Several auditors 'threw themselves upon the subject,' without avail: 'when thus then' HAYWARDE, in explication: "'Cause the one controls the *magnet*, and the other the *bagnet*!' There was silence. - - - A MEDICAL gentleman having, by dint of hard struggling, achieved his diploma from the board of examiners of one of our largest medical colleges, was enjoying the approving smiles of beauty in return therefor. One of the ladies kindly remarked to him: 'So, Doctor, you've passed the Rubicon?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered he, modesty struggling with triumph in his countenance, 'I *passed them*!' - - - THE Buffalo '*Daily Courier*,' by our old friend WILLIAM A. SEAVER, formerly of the Batavia '*Spirit of the Times*,' comes to us in a new and very handsome dress. It is as we predicted, when we announced the proprietor's translation from Batavia to a wider field of exertion. The subscription-list of the '*Courier*' has increased more than four-fold, and its advertising and job-printing ten-fold. Industry, and an ever-open 'eye to business,' have not been without their natural result. The editor's original design to make a 'good *newspaper*, in the best sense of the word,' has at no time been lost sight of in the management of the '*Courier*.' It is a political journal as well, but it is neither rabid nor discourteous. Continued success attend it! - - - We paused not, save for a moment, in our recent trip to the 'Portage' of the Genesee, at the flourishing village of Elmira; but that they have good houses of entertainment there, we may well infer, from the manner in which the passengers, smacking their lips the while, came on board the cars from the new 'BRAINARD House' and HAIGHT's renowned hotel, both which establishments are warmly commended of travellers. Of the new, spacious and admirably-kept *Dickinson House at Corning*, we are better prepared personally to speak. In the words of OLLAPOD, newly applied, we may say of Corning, that it 'hath an hotel, reader, whose superior is not to be found, whether thou go to the south-west or north-west, or indeed any point of the compass. Comfortable and expeditious DENNIS! The voluminousness of thy periphery indicateth the tasteful epicure; upon the pullets thou sacrificest are the pin-feathers of youth; thy warm rolls are done deliciously brown; thy yellow butter, thy irreproachable eggs, thy unimpeachable coffee—our mnemonical palate remembers them all;' nor shall thy large and cool sleeping-chambers, and spotless bed-linen soon fade from the recollection. By-the-by, speaking of Corning and the '*DICKINSON House*,' we should be pleased to show to any visitor at the sanctum a daguerreotype of the entrance to the hotel, with a group of 'friends and fellow-travellers' assembled on the

portico, exceedingly well taken, in a second of time, in the open air, by Mr. A. HICKCOX, daguerreotypist, of DYER Hall, Corning. Judges, doctors, senators, merchants, artists, lawyers, DENNIS, editors, etc., etc., figure in the group, as large as life, 'and twice as natural.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT, himself distinguished as a member both of the bar and the bench of his own State, sends us the following '*Anecdotal Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of Vermont.*' One seldom finds pleasanter reading than gossiping accounts of the ways and manners, the 'quips and quirks,' of eminent lawyers:

'Among the distinguished members of the legal profession in Vermont, whose mortal coil is spent, DUDLEY CHASE deserves early mention. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1791, and began the practice of the law in that State before 1800. He was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and senator in Congress for two terms, and was a man of very considerable learning, both in and out of his professional range. But his chief excellence was as an advocate. Here he was almost without a rival in the State. But his manner was sometimes not a little loud, and bordering upon the boisterous perhaps. In his temperament he was ardent, and in his convictions and conclusions he was always self-relying and sanguine. This made him sometimes carry the air, if nothing more, of contempt for an antagonist. His wit was always pointed, and sometimes exceedingly cutting to an adversary. This has resulted in the traditional remembrance of more cases where others have gained a seeming advantage, at his expense, than where he was the victor. This resulted almost of necessity from the consideration that the sympathy of the public feeling, at least if it border at all upon a sentiment of pity, will always be on the side of the weaker party. And where a combatant is constantly gaining victories in the warfare of wit, an occasional defeat will make more impression, and often be longer remembered, than all his other conflicts.

'As the elections of the judges in Vermont have been annual from the first, (in that respect, if in nothing else, outrunning the times, and anticipating future progress,) the judges have esteemed it allowable to argue those causes where they had been retained before their promotion to the bench. When CHASE became Chief Justice, from his extensive practice he was compelled to argue causes before his associates in nearly half the counties in the State. On one of these occasions he became greatly roused, and was sweeping the chords of a most commanding voice with tremendous fury, when some one, who had come in from a remote portion of the county to listen to the proceedings of the Supreme Court for the first time that term, had occasion to leave the court-room, and was inquired of by some one at the door how the cause advanced; and having noticed that the Chief Justice always addressed the jury near the close of the trial, and seeing him now engaged in a most vehement appeal to them, and not observing but he occupied the same position he had in the former trials, replied, with great assurance, that the trial was near its close, 'for,' said he, 'the Judge is *charging* the jury, and a h—ll of a charge he is giving them!'

'He was a man who did not always regard the rule of civilized warfare in regard to the use of poisoned arrows. He would at least speak daggers, if he did not use them. On one occasion, in some conflict between him and the late Mr. Justice TURNER, but before either of them came upon the bench, in a social circle of the members of the bar from different parts of the State, during the session of the Legislature, we think, the tide ran very hard against Mr. TURNER, who was more generally a match for the mightiest in careless irony and off-hand wit. But here the shots from CHASE were of so deadly a character, and aimed with such fatal precision, that for a time TURNER could do little more than flutter and spit. Finally CHASE gave him apparently the finishing blow, by calling upon him to abandon his pop-gun warfare, and resort to shots of a calibre worthy himself and the occasion, and give them no more *squibs*. 'Ay, ay,' said TURNER; 'you know, doubtless, that in our part of the State we always *charge* according to the *game*!'

'Another incident is related of a passage between Chief Justice CHASE and the late Judge MATTOCKS, then a young man, but always a man of 'most excellent wit.' CHASE came down to the bar to argue some motion in a cause where he had been retained before his promotion to the bench. Numerous counsel, younger and of subordinate rank, were engaged upon the opposite side, and MATTOCKS among the rest; and, as was natural, if not reasonable, felt some solicitude lest the position of the counsel opposed should have more weight than his arguments. In this dilemma each was eager to say and suggest every word which could weigh in their favor, and among others, some that it was not altogether easy for CHASE to answer by fair argument. The result was, what is common in such cases, a resort to some kind of forensic finesse, a sort of *coup de main*, which should supply the want of argument, and thereby, if possible, put his antagonists *hors du combat*. 'What do I hear about me?' said he. 'First a word from A., then a word from B., and so quite through the alphabet, all about the bar, croaking like frogs!' Quick as lightning MATTOCKS ejaculated:

'When JUPITER descends from Olympus among mortals, he must expect to hear the croaking of frogs!'

'This, in every point of view, whether as a reply to the taunt, or as a playful rebuke to the Chief Justice for continuing his practice before his associates upon the bench, is equal to any thing of the kind we recollect to have heard of.'

'Another passage between Mr. TURNER, while at the bar, and Chief Justice CHASE, is not without its point, and savors possibly rather too strongly of the social habits of the profession at that time, perhaps at all times. But if my Lord MANSFIELD did not scruple to draw his figures from the play of games, in delivering a solemn judgment in the King's Bench, when he adopted or originated what has since become a standing maxim in jurisprudence, that 'the play is not worth the candle,' we know not why the same license is not allowable to others.

'TURNER had argued an important case before the court, in which he felt a most absorbing interest; and when the Chief Justice came to give judgment, he resorted to what is a not uncommon feint, by taking up in detail several points which had been argued by Mr. TURNER, and showing their fallacy. This process of dissection soon became absolutely agonizing to TURNER. He rose unconsciously, and began to fortify his former positions, and even to suggest new points; all of which was exceedingly improper, of course, and uncourteous to the bench. Chief Justice CHASE was not the man to submit to an indignity, however unintentional, very tamely. 'Mr. TURNER,' said he, 'do you propose to trump your own trick?' 'Ah!' said TURNER, 'your honor, I am no gambler; no gambler, your worship;' and sat down.

'Chief Justice CHASE presided at the trial of the BOURNS for the murder of their brother-in-law, COLVIN, in Bennington county. This case is famous the world over for its most wonderful dénouement. After the trial and conviction of both respondents, and the confession of one of them to his actual perpetration of the murder, with all its minute circumstances in detail, and when the day of public execution drew near, COLVIN actually returned in full life, after an absence of some six years. Of his identity there was never the least question. We have now before us a detailed statement of all the evidence, by the Chief Justice's own hand, which exhibits a most astonishing amount of circumstantial evidence of guilt.

'Of the career of Judge CHASE as Senator in Congress we are not informed. But from his general activity he was, no doubt, a useful member of the committees upon which he served. Take him for all in all, he was a superb specimen of the race. Tall and majestic in person; of most expressive and commanding mien; powerful and athletic beyond a parallel almost; earnest and inflexible in purpose, resolute and invincible in will, he brought to the aid of his advocacy a most potent oratory, the irresistible eloquence of a manly and almost divine bearing: and however we may affect to despise such things, it is a rare gift, and for which nothing else almost will compensate. In addition to this, Chief Justice CHASE entertained a high sense of moral and religious principle, without which honor is a mere 'scutcheon; a thing which may be felt by the living, but which cannot embalm the virtues of the dead, or wipe out the stains upon their memory; and this no doubt gave him greater weight in his advocacy.'

'DURING the summer of '38,' writes a south-western correspondent, 'if I do not mistake the year, I was present at a court held at Pascagoula, Mississippi, (a favorite resort for Mobilians during summer,) to try the landlord of the hotel for selling liquor in less quantity than a gallon, it being contrary to a law of the State. Present, Justice HAWKINS, sitting upon a decayed stump in front of the hotel, with a pea-brush alongside of him. 'Prisoner! what have you to say?—guilty or not guilty?' 'Not guilty!' 'Prisoner! you know you lie, for I have drank myself in your house at least twenty times a day, and I am a pretty good witness, as well as judge of liquor; but as there are some doubts in my mind whether Pascagoula belongs to any particular State, and as half the Mobile boys would die without their liquor, the court, in its clemency, imposes on you a fine of one picayune: but blast the man that informed upon you! Mr. SHERIFF, take this pea-brush and whip the informer out of town! Court's adjourned. Landlord, you had better treat the party!' This was the first and last complaint ever made in that district for selling liquor.' Such a judge would hardly 'pass muster' down in Maine. - - - We had accidentally mislaid, until a week since, our York (Penn.) correspondent's comments upon the '*Talk on Antiquity*' in our March number. Although now something of a post-mortem critique, it shall have a corner in the 'Gossip' of next month, if the writer should so elect.

Will he please inform us? - - - We have just witnessed a little touch of '*The Mother*,' that we cannot help jotting down. An infant boy, of a year's span, had been sent to the country in charge of a faithful nurse, for the space of two days, as an initiatory step toward weaning. While he was away, the mother bemoaned his absence, and could not choose but dwell upon the trials of the little innocent in his struggles against the claims of nature: but lo! when he returned, he sought no more the maternal bosom; whereat the mother comes weeping into the sanctum, because the 'wee thing' had been won from her arms so soon! Cur'ous, isn't it? But mothers will understand it. - - - 'T. R. Q.', of Pittsburgh, is informed that articles sent us '*must* be subject to such delays' as he complains of. We have many things in our port-folios awaiting insertion, and some from esteemed personal friends, which are as good as any thing we have published, and only published earlier because they had the *promise* of publication, public or private. There will be 'room for all' by and by. - - - How many 'politicians by trade' are there, about these days, whose 'principles' are as clearly defined as DICKENS's modern partisan orator: 'His principles, he would boldly avow, were commercial prosperity coëxistently with perfect and profound agricultural contentment: but short of this he would never stop. His principles were these: with the addition of his colors nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were these, concurrently with a general revision of something — speaking generally — and a possible readjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly.' What could be more pellucid and satisfactory? - - - We find in a late number of '*The Metropolitan*' of Washington, a very neatly-executed journal, which we should judge to be conducted with no ordinary ability, an '*Address by Hon. Robert M. Charlton before the Washington Young Men's Christian Association.*' It is worthy the talents and the character of its gifted and distinguished author. In proof of the justice of our estimate of the Address, we invite attention to the only extract for which we can make room:

: 'ABOVE the bosom of the broad Potomac, a hill lifts its head on high, and throws its shadow on the dancing wave: there on its summit is an ancient mansion — the relic of another age, one of the gray hairs upon the head of our young country. It is curious to look on, but tarry not now to behold it: come with me a few steps farther: there on that gentle declivity is a vault, and there exposed to view is a marble sarcophagus, and there, fast mouldering into dust, is a noble and a gallant heart, that throbbed once with the purest patriotism, the highest, loftiest courage; there withers the arm that struck down the hosts of the enemy, and flung to the breeze the banner of our freedom; there, the feet are at rest that plunged through ice and snow, that trod the burning sands; and the mind that conceived, and the spirit that nourished, and the iron energy that executed, and the bold and noble man whose form contained all these, and to whom, under God, we this day owe our greatness and our glory, all are buried there: and that tomb is the Mecca of our country: no unhallowed foot tramples upon that sacred soil; the rude laugh is hushed, and the fierce strife restrained; and with tearful eyes, and uncovered brows, generations have stood, generations will stand, around and about the grave of WASHINGTON. And why? Was it simply because he was a mighty warrior? So was NAPOLEON. Was it because he struck boldly for his country's honor? So did thousands beside him. It was these, but it was more: it was because he combined the three great objects of your association; because he added to his powerful mind the pure and lofty principle of morality, and crowned the rest by a heavenly faith, a confiding hope, a holy life; and thus thrice armed, he passed through the serried ranks of men and devils, and while he raised his country to its freedom and independence, he walked in Christian humility and love, and died with a cheerful and a happy spirit, leaving a name and a memory, 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' Never be ashamed, my young friends, of being esteemed religious. If any mock at you, if any ask you what courageous, what holy mind has ever embraced its holy teachings, point them to that tomb, beside yon bounding river, and answer, 'WASHINGTON;' and then ask them in your turn if that can be worthless, if that can be

insignificant, that could control the life and the actions of our country's Father? Another name should here be mentioned. The tears are still in the eyes of this great nation, the heart of our country is still throbbing with unfeigned sorrow, at the loss of one who was chief among the orators, the patriots, the sages of America. Amid the pride of station, the crowd of honors, the cheering uproar of applause; surrounded by prosperity, by friends, by fame, the still small voice of the messenger from heaven whispered to his heart, 'All this is not thy rest; follow thou me:' and he obeyed; first doubtfully, then willingly, and at the close gladly: and so life sweetly, beautifully passed away, leaving the name of HENRY CLAY dear to us for his brave and patriotic and splendid achievements, but dearer to the Christian heart for the humility, and faith, and hope, which cluster around life's closing scenes. Tread we lightly over his honored grave! Mourn we bitterly our country's loss; cherish we ever his glorious memory! And believe not, my friends, that these are the only examples I could bring: ten thousand times ten thousand of bright and pure intellects, of indomitable, fearless courage, have acknowledged the same sway, have worshipped at the same shrine, have gloried in their homage, and given their blood as a cement to their faith.'

PETERSON AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, are publishing, in well-printed numbers, with upward of one hundred and twenty fine steel engravings, '*The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*;' a work well deserving American patronage. - - - SPEAKING of the English cockney, on the Erie Rail-road, mentioned in this department of a late number, who complained that the conductor didn't 'blow an 'orn so that one could 'ear it,' a town-friend writes: 'What is the mark of the case in front of you?' said a forwarding-clerk to a cockney-lad just 'arrove' from 'merry England.' 'O Hell, Sir!' he replied. We 'laughed consumedly' at his profane announcement of the initials, 'O. L.' - - - We have received, and read with no ordinary satisfaction, *Mr. C. B. Burkhardt's Masonic Oration*, delivered before two prominent Metropolitan Lodges, on the late Festival of Saint JOHN. It has been highly praised by the public press, and is warmly commended by the 'Brothers of the Mystic Tie.' - - - A MIS- SIVE from the printing-office informs us that the 'forms' for October are complete; so that farther present scope must not be expected. Notices of some of the following works are already in type, and the remainder will 'have immediate dispatch:' 'Men of the Time;' 'HUGH GROTIUS on International Law;' 'American Literature and Manners;' BRISTED'S 'Five Years in an English University;' 'Mr. WEBSTER and his Contemporaries;' 'Sicily, a Pilgrimage;' 'Summer-Time in the Country;' 'Pioneer Women of the West;' PUTNAM'S 'Library for the People;' CHEEVER'S 'Voices of Nature;' 'WILLIAM TELL;' SOUTHARD'S 'Sermon on the Life and Death of HENRY CLAY;' CALVERT'S 'Scenes in Europe;' 'Laws of Life;' JONES'S 'Telegraph;' 'Dollars and Cents;' HIND'S 'Solar System;' OSBORNE'S 'Arctic Journal;' 'Home Philosophy;' 'Bound Home, or the Gold-Hunter's Manual;' 'Funeral of MIRABEAU;' with sundry new volumes of poems, pamphlets, etc., etc. - - - AMONG several miscellaneous matters left standing in type, or prepared for the present number, are our dramatic and musical notices, notices of three new splendid metropolitan hotels, 'A Few Words with Correspondents, Public and Private;' Wines, etc., of LEMAITRE ET FILS; Mr. SCHAU'S Visit to Paris, etc.; together with notices of the following popular pieces of music: 'The Love-Knot,' from words by Mrs. NORTON, by Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT: 'Some Things Love Me,' words by T. BUCHANAN READ, and admirably set by DEMPSTER, with the following, by the same eminent composer and vocalist: 'The May Sun sheds an Amber Light,' by BRYANT; 'Oh, Happy was the Gloamin',' by Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE; 'The Maid of Dee,' a Ballad from 'ALTON LOCKE;' 'Flow down, cold Rivulet, to the Sea,' by TENNYSON; 'Wilt thou meet Me in Life's Low Vale?' 'Song of ANNOT LYLE,' by Sir WALTER SCOTT; 'Morning Song,' by RUSSELL SMITH, Esq., etc.

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S c h e d i a s m s .

BY PAUL SIGGOLK.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.

As often as a man of real *genius* rises above the routine of mere *talent*, I feel stir within me a resistless impulse to cry out from the house-top, 'All hail!' I would fain proclaim the munificent boon of PROVIDENCE to the busy myriads who, 'to dumb forgetfulness a prey,' are unconscious that they 'lodge an angel unawares.' I do love a man of genius. Nay, I can give him my admiration without stint, although he have

— 'such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that APPREHEND
More than cool reason ever *comprehends*.'

Some time since, in a former number of this series, I made a humble attempt to say what materials should compose the definition of *genius*.* If I were now writing an essay upon Hawthorne, I should wish to repeat what I said there, and hold up Hawthorne as a *talented man of genius*.

'The Blithedale Romance!' 'Romance!' 'Wild, extravagant story!' A tale of 'actions and adventures of an unusual and wonderful character, soaring beyond the limits of fact and real life, and often of probability!' Is it so? Is it not an 'o'er true tale?' Romance indeed! It is the very quintessential aroma of fact and real life. It is truth. A sweet, solemn, sad requiem to youthful enthusiasm!

One of the most striking peculiarities of Hawthorne is the positive place and prominent position he accords to a very large class of mental phenomena that have hitherto passed almost wholly unnoticed by novelists—in fact, by writers of belles-lettres generally. I know not how better to illustrate clearly to what I allude, than by referring to ELIA'S

* See April Number, 1852.

fine essay upon what he is pleased to call 'Imperfect Sympathies,' wherein 'among other things,' as the lawyers say, he thus describes *negatively* the Caledonian intellect: 'His understanding is always at its meridian; you never see the *first dawn*, the *early streaks*. He has no *falterings of self-suspicion*. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, *half intuitions*, *semi-consciousnesses*, *partial illuminations*, *dim instincts*, *embryo conceptions*, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. *The twilight of dubiety* never falls upon him. You cannot hover with him upon the *confines of truth*, or wander in the maze of a probable argument.'

Now to my comprehension Hawthorne is superlatively anti-Caledonian. There are so many peculiar passages scattered in rich profusion up and down his writings exemplifying this, that I am half tempted to call them *Hawthornisms*. They are to be distinguished from a mawkish craving after the supernatural and the sentimental that disfigures the works of weaker men. Hawthorne, from his thorough self-knowledge and much 'nice learning' out of the book of human nature, in dealing with these subtle elements, knows precisely what he is about, and precisely how far to go. He knows the ground he treads upon, and he treads it fearlessly. The least timidity would involve wretched failure. He follows the advice of Sir Philip Sidney, 'Look into thy heart and write.'

This book abounds with these things, not, however, severable from the text. Still I have noted a few passages to illustrate my meaning. Here (at page 25) is an instance. Coverdale had just reached Blithedale. He and his fellows were on the eve of an undertaking that should set this confused world 'to rights' by force of illustrious example:

'The storm in its evening aspect was decidedly dreary. It seemed to have arisen for our especial behoof; a symbol of the cold, desolate, distrustful phantoms that invariably haunt the mind on the eve of adventurous enterprises to warn us back within the boundaries of ordinary life.'

Again, (at page 28,) Coverdale, speaking of the *magnetic* effect of the presence of Zenobia upon him, says: 'The presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in. I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success.'

Again, (at page 37,) on learning the name of one of his companions: 'Priscilla! Priscilla! I repeated the name to myself three or four times; and in that little space this quaint and prim cognomen had so amalgamated itself with my idea of the girl, that it seemed as if no other name could have adhered to her for a moment.'

Once more, and then I turn the book over to the reader again to cater for himself: (at page 57) while an invalid, Coverdale consults the magic mirror of his imagination to find out the past history of Zenobia. He suspects she is no maiden. 'There was not—and I distinctly repeat it—the slightest foundation in my knowledge for any surmise of the kind. But there is a species of intuition—either a spiritual lie or the subtle recognition of a fact—which comes to us in a reduced state of the corporeal system. . . . The SPHERES of our companions have at such periods a vastly greater influence upon our own than when robust health gives us a repellant and self-defensive energy. Zenobia's

sphere, I imagine, impressed itself powerfully on mine, and transformed me during this period of my weakness into something like a mesmeric clairvoyant.'

Now I deem it a peculiar excellence in Hawthorne thus boldly and in so sensible and manly a way to handle these matters; I shall never believe the history of human nature is written or the science of Intellectual Philosophy explored until these 'dim instincts' and 'half intuitions' have had fair play. Intellectual Philosophy, ever since the explosion of the theory of witchcraft, has been steadily pushing its researches into this mystic region. The theory of animal magnetism, although demolished in one shape, instantly assumes another, and again invites Philosophy to combat. The Romance has been in the vanguard of truth before to-day. The illuminations of genius, in whatever place they are set up, are as beacon-lights upon the hill-tops. The true philosopher will never let even the feeblest light pass unheeded.

I suppose Hawthorne is destined to be abused. I believe abuse and detraction are the inevitable lot in our day of every good thing under heaven. I am half inclined to think myself disqualified from judging of the merits of this book, from a peculiar infirmity of mental constitution which instinctively draws out my sympathies and likings toward whatever is well-abused. I can't tolerate what every body indiscriminately praises. But when I hear a book heartily abused, I feel irresistibly impelled to rescue it from imaginary injustice, at least so far as my own individual opinion is concerned. I have no such Quixotic or supererogatory purpose *now*. There is one thing, however, to be said of this book. As far as my observation has extended, censure thus far has proceeded only from those sources whence praise, to say the least, would have been equivocal. And, moreover, I suppose the author of the 'Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables' can stand a few broad-sides, even from stout ships-of-war, for some time to come.

'Hawthorne,' says a poetical friend of mine, 'dips his pencil in the blackest midnight of the human heart.' And why not? If the midnight darkness is ever to be dispelled, shall it not be done by bringing it into broad day-light, letting the full glare of open day shine in upon it? True, Hawthorne is, in some measure, a satirist. Every honest man with a purpose in his soul and wit in his brain is a satirist. But he is not anarchical. If he pulls down, he builds up. If he takes away an illusory conventionalism, he suggests the truth which it barbarously and ineffectually symbolized. He never sneers for the sake of sneering, and there is no 'laughing devil' in his sneer. He never flees from you with a diabolical jeer at the demolition of a revered fiction. He mourns with you over the wreck he has made, and putting himself within your 'sphere' by his kind sympathy, gently points the way to a truer philosophy, and a better shape for its development.

Much has been said of what critics have been pleased to consider meagreness of plot and paucity of incident in *this* book. But should a sentimental novel abound with incident or be complex in plot? Is that the character of such books of this sort as have found most lasting favor in the eyes of mankind? What would our critic say of the meagreness of plot and paucity of incident of *Tristram Shandy* or the *Vicar of Wakefield*?

Now let us look at the characters of this *drama*. ZENOBIA, proud, artful, physical, luxurious, magnificent. PRISCILLA, humble, artless, *spirituelle*, frugal, moderate. HOLLINGSWORTH, indomitable, full of an iron purpose. COVERDALE, submissive, yet obstinate, but 'too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.' Each and all are drawn in a masterly manner. They love and embrace, jostle against and part from each other, as though composed of warmer material than the stuff dreams are made of. But I can't say a word in favor of that Sphinx — of indecorous countenance and 'metallic laugh' — PROFESSOR WESTERVELT. He seems utterly 'sensual and devilish.' I can't find a positive necessity for him in the play, and no other plea, not even utility, will answer for the presence of such a nuisance. I have sometimes fancied this bizarre existence was a portrait dovetailed into the fiction after it was created. It has the look of an excrescence. Is not some body lampooned in the Professor? He is too improbable for *truth*, and must be either an actual or caricatured *fact*. May be, however, none but such a serpent could or would have betrayed Zenobia from the purity of her luxuriant maidenhood. Pah! I can't abide him!

Hawthorne seems to me to combine much of the magic creative power that so preëminently distinguishes Dickens's *genius*, with not a little of the critical acumen of Thackeray's *talent*. He cannot be ranked with Dickens, who is, beyond dispute, the greatest literary genius of our time. Nor can he cope with the brilliant Thackeray in his deep and thorough knowledge of conventional human nature. Still I claim for him that neither Dickens nor Thackeray could have written Hawthorne's later books. There runs through them a limpid stream of sentimentalism that would have been unsafe for Thackeray; and there is a literalness, sometimes a clean cutting, like an etching or the scratch of a diamond on glass, and sometimes a 'hard-finish' to some of his scenes and characters, that would have ill suited the warm and gushing power of that arch-magician of creative art, Dickens.

Had Hawthorne less talent, less motive power, I fancy he would, 'like the fly in the heart of an apple,' have lived and died in his own 'sweetness,' imprisoned in the walls of his own genius. I seem to see here a warm and luxuriant sentimentalism constantly creeping over and enveloping him like the mist of a summer morning. It costs him an effort, I guess, to shake it off. He revels in his own sweets. As COVERDALE says of himself, he is 'a devoted epicure of his own emotions.' His tendency was toward the lazy luxury of the Sybarite. Strong motives have driven him forth and roused him from a thralldom that made him

'To nobler deeds timorous and slothful.'

God forgive me if I wrong him, but I think so.

Hawthorne's man is a little too susceptible to 'rough it' comfortably through the rocks and breakers of real life. It is still a debatable question whether the man 'emotional' and full of 'impressibility,' the man who is ever conscious that himself and neighbor are each surrounded by an individual 'sphere,' a radiation of himself outward, stands in an enviable position. If his way of life has been carved out by his ancestors; if he has naught to do in this wide world, compulsorily, or except

what 'seems good in his own eyes,' he has doubtless larger capacity of enjoyment than the man of duller sense and fewer tendrils reaching out from the vine of his inner life. And he has far greater chance of sorrow, too. But if his walk of life lies along the common highway and not among the flowery gardens that lie beyond, it will stand terribly in his way if he is constantly made to feel keenly that he has a beating heart in his bosom, and that he is constantly influenced by some unseen agency from an unknown world. If he has no time to analyze his emotions or classify his impressions, there is danger these subtle masters will get the better of him, and by confusing his reason betray him to folly.

Hawthorne has certainly great tact in the management of the narrative of his story. There is consummate art realizing perfect naturalness in the development of the plot. The story is not wholly foreshadowed at the start. The details and the shape of the story are presented by degrees, like events of actual life. We now and then catch a glimpse of an occurrence bearing a mystic meaning, or experience an indefinable sensation prophetic of coming events. The effect is not unlike the sudden illumination of a landscape-view at midnight by the flashings of lightning. We look out and gaze into the realm of beauty beyond us, but before we can measure or take its parts into the mind's eye, it is gone. Now and then a hint is dropped like a passing thought; the fugitive impression escapes, but when the event of which it was the forerunner comes, a sense of fitness and an instinct of recognition take off the edge of surprise. Still Hawthorne lacks narrative and dramatic talent.

One general reflection that now strikes me, (a little trite, I fear,) and I quit the theme.

After all that is said against that species of fiction known under the general name of '*the novel*,' it must be conceded it excels every other invention of belles-lettres (if one may borrow an apt word from a kindred art) as a 'vehicle of thought.' Its success for so many years, and its adoption in our time by such men as Bulwer and Dickens, Cooper and Hawthorne, ought to be argument conclusive. Since its first invention it has advanced in popularity and universality of use, until it bids fair ultimately to drive almost every other form of works purely literary from the field. It is a transcript from daily life. It purports to be the story of human nature; a tale more than 'twice told,' but of which the healthy mind no more tires than its possessor becomes *enuyée* because he is repeating the life of his ancestors or reviving his own yesterdays. It appeals to every taste and capacity, and may evolve wit, wisdom, knowledge, poetry, beauty and truth.

September, 1852.

AN APOLOGY FOR VAGRANT SPIRITS.

You laugh when told that spirits wing
Their flight from some far world of bliss,
To rap on boards, that fools may bring
A tribute to the knaves of this:
But spare those doubts and sneers, I pray;
Breathe not one word of harsh abuse:
Ghosts well may clap when Yankees play
This wondrous farce of Fox and Goose.

C A N T I C A M A T A .

Nor of the gay Brunette,
Whose beauty charms beneath a southern sky,
With clustering curls, and bearing proud and high,
And eyes of jet:

Not of the northern-Blonde,
Whose beauty vies in fairness with the snow,
Whose blue eyes shine the brightest in the glow
Of the beau-monde:

Not of Circassia's fair one,
Who with her presence decks the gorgeous rooms
Of eastern princes, and in grace out-blooms
The Rose of Sharon:

Not of Arabia's daughter,
With tresses flowing in a darkling roll,
Whose wild eyes pierce one's very inmost soul,
As stars the water:

Not of the Persian Houri,
Whose classic brow defies the artist's skill,
Who sylph-like treads the streets of Ardebil,
So rich and flowery:

But of thee, EMILY,
With thy dark, radiant eye which speaks of love,
Who seem'st a visitant from world above,
I dream of thee.

And not alone in dreams
I look to thee as my true Cynosure:
For ever in my waking hours, when pure
Bright Morning gleams

Athwart the eastern sky;
When Noon resplendent pours her golden sheen;
When Evening spreads the mantle for her queen
Celestially:

When through the azure folds
Of heaven's drapery, stars shed their beams,
To beautify and gladden limpid streams
And flowery wolds:

When, day or night, I drink
At meditation's fount, in weather fair
Or stormy, yea, at all times, every where,
Of thee I think.

My fairest EMILY,
On this soft downy zephyr, murmuring low,
I fain would send thee pledges rare, that now
I think of thee.

So may I trust in thee,
That sometimes when thy spirit bursts its chains,
To wander freely forth in thoughtful trains,
Thou think'st of me!

NAT. PUCKETT, THE INDIAN-HATER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

IN the summer of 1837, while on a visit to Texas, I was induced, by the favorable accounts I had received from the 'West,' to reconnoitre that portion of the 'Young Republic.' Travelling alone and unarmed, at that time, was not quite so safe as an evening's promenade down Broadway; and accordingly, I was advised to purchase a gun, the adviser having one which he said would suit me exactly: all that I had to do was to pull the trigger, and 'she was thar;' which, as I found afterward, was true enough, for 'she *was* thar,' but unfortunately, never where she was aimed. Having cut a hole in the middle of my blanket, through which I thrust my head, tied a 'lariat' round my mustang's neck, and a couple of diminutive ox-bows, in the shape of stirrups, to my saddle, I mounted and set off; and in the course of a few hours was fortunate enough to overtake a company of some seven or eight others, who, like myself, intended making a 'tour of observation' through the 'West.'

For several days we jogged along, encountering nothing in the way of adventure more piquant than the death of a deer, or an occasional scamper after a drove of wild horses. The country, however, over which we journeyed, fully compensated for this dearth of 'incident by flood and field;' and we came unanimously to the conclusion, that it fully merited the glowing colors in which it had been described to us.

Never before had I seen such richness of verdure; such a happy blending of green, undulating prairies, and park-like woods. I doubt if I should have been at all surprised, had I come suddenly upon some turreted castle, with all its moats, draw-bridges, and frowning walls; so much did these natural lawns and parks remind me of the descriptions I had read of 'lordly domains' and 'regal estates.'

But as yet, saving the log-houses of the back-woodsmen, (which HEAVEN knows were few and far between,) nothing like civilization was to be seen. As we had taken the precaution, however, when passing through the 'city' of Brazoria, to supply ourselves with provisions and camp-equipage, we suffered no inconvenience on this account; but whenever and wherever inclination prompted, we pitched our tent, most generally upon the banks of some one of the numerous and beautiful little streams that intersected the country. Then, after staking our horses among the luxuriant herbage, (an ear of corn would have 'stampeded' the whole drove,) and placing a guard over them, we would build up a roaring fire, and attack such 'creature-comforts' as our larder afforded, with well-sharpened appetites.

In this way we travelled on, until we came to the La Vaca, where we purposed resting a day to recruit our horses. That night it fell to my lot to stand guard over them. The moon was shining brightly, and, taking my gun in my hand, I sat down with my back against a fallen

tree, in such a position as to command a 'bird's-eye view' of the camp and its vicinity.

I know not how long I had been thus seated, when all at once the moon became eclipsed, and the horses seemed to increase in size, until it appeared to me they formed but one huge shadowy animal. I remember trying to recall to mind whether or not I had seen in the late almanacs any announcement of such eclipse, and also endeavoring to reason philosophically with myself upon the strange phenomenon of the horses; but the next morning when I awoke, not a single horse was to be seen. With secret misgivings I hurried to the spot where we had staked them out, but all were gone, saving my poor mustang, that lay dead upon the ground, with several arrows still sticking in his side. This explained all. The Indians (who perhaps had been waiting an opportunity for several days to steal our horses) had taken advantage of the eclipse of the moon to do so; and as my mustang, no doubt, had refused to go any course except his own, (I had myself noticed that little amiable trait in his character at times,) his death was the consequence.

A council of war was immediately held, as to what should be done, and it was resolved that some of us should return to a 'settlement,' a few miles back, procure other horses if possible, and then follow the Indians. Accordingly, a 'committee of three' was appointed to wait upon the 'settlement,' and state our unfortunate situation to the inhabitants.

In the course of a few hours the committee returned, bringing with them a sufficient number of horses to re-mount our company; but as most of them were vicious, half-broken devils, just taken from the prairies, it was some time before we could bring them into terms. Fortunately for me, the one that fell to my lot was rather less fractious than the rest, and I only received two kicks and a bite before I was fairly seated in the saddle. As soon as we had examined our arms, to make sure that all was right, we set off in full gallop upon the trail of the Indians, which at first was plainly visible amidst the tall grass of the rich prairies bordering the river.

We had gone, I suppose, some three or four miles, when, perceiving that my girth had become unbuckled, I dismounted to re-fasten it. While engaged in this operation, I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking back discovered some one rapidly approaching on our trail. In a few moments he came alongside of me, and giving me the usual salutation of 'How goes it, stranger?' he observed, that hearing in the 'settlement' of our intended expedition, he had concluded to join us, if it was entirely agreeable. I assured him that such a reinforcement to our small number would be perfectly 'agreeable,' and re-mounting my horse, as we rode on I had time to observe the 'personnel' of the strange specimen who had so unexpectedly added himself to our party.

He seemed to be about forty years of age; tall and rather spare made; and had a complexion very nearly the color of unburnt bricks: at the same time, however, the great breadth of his shoulders, and the swelling muscles of his arm, which were apparent as he reined in the fiery little Mexican horse upon which he rode, gave token of strength and power of endurance. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt and leggins, the usual costume at that time of all classes, and his head was covered with a

coon-skin cap, the tail of which dangled gracefully on one side. A long rifle was balanced on his shoulder, which, with a shot-pouch, and a bunch of something hanging from his belt, that looked marvellously like human scalps, completed his equipments.

After we had galloped on some time in silence, he suddenly observed, 'Stranger, did you ever shoot an Ingen?' 'No,' I replied, 'I never did; but if I can only catch the rascal that killed my mustang, I hope to have that satisfaction before long.' 'Satisfaction!' said he; 'why, it's a real pleasure to tumble over one of them there yallow devils! How often have I waylaid their paths, for whole days and nights, living upon nothing but dried venison, and exposed to all kinds of weather, just to get one pop at the varmints, and thought myself well paid, when I had knocked over a straggling rascal, and taken a little thing like these (pointing to the scalps that hung at his belt) from the top of his head! I believe I am getting used to it, though, now,' said he, 'for (and he sighed to think how callous he was becoming) it don't stir me up like it did at first, when I draw a bead upon an Ingen, and see him pitch head-foremost from his horse upon the ground. Then I used to jump out of my hiding-place, and whirl my gun around my head, and shout till my breath was gone, and stamp upon them with my feet, and tear the scalps from their heads; but now, though I like to kill Ingens as much as ever, I am getting sorter used to it, and never take on so. Oh, stranger, (and he sighed again,) how I envy you your first Ingen!'

I looked at the man in astonishment as he spoke thus, and for the first time observed that wild and restless expression of the eye, which usually denotes an unsettled intellect. My suspicions were confirmed, when, after a short silence, he said:

'Stranger, my name is NATHAN PUCKETT, all the way from the old North State. I'm a 'remote circumstance,' I know, and can't read nor write 'pen-writing;' but when it comes to Ingen-fighting, you can set me down for 'seven chances!'

Wishing to humor him a little, I asked him why it was he had such a hatred to the Indians? But not seeming to notice the question, he continued:

'Here, of late, they have got in the way of killing off whole gangs of Ingens at once: that's a great waste, and if they keep it up, I shall soon have to move further west. People ought to be more economical of 'em. Kill one or two occasionally along, as I do, and then let 'em rest a spell, and the sport would n't be so soon over. I make it a p'int never to average more than two full-grown Ingens a month; and if other folks would do the same, and not go in great crowds and drive 'em into the crooks of rivers, and kill 'em off by hundreds at a time, they would last for years to come. Oh! it's a great waste!'

After a short silence, seemingly ruminating upon the great consumption of the raw material, of which he had been speaking, he resumed:

'Now if I was only one of those great lords I have heard tell of in the 'Old Country,' and had one of their big parks, do you think I'd stock it with deer and sich-like game? Yes, I'd have *them*, too, but I rather reckon Ingens would be the most plenty. Then every morning

after breakfast, I'd throw my rifle on my shoulder, take a turn or so round the premises, knock over a Kickapoo, and, if I felt right Ingenfied, perhaps a half-grown Waco, and by that time I'd have an appetite for dinner. After dinner, a couple of Tonkewas, and a Lipan or so, would amuse me till night; and then, if their eyes would only shine, I'd give 'em a small turn at fire-hunting. Whoop! wouldn't that be sport, stranger?'

Apparently much elated by this little effort at castle-building, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at so rapid a rate, that I found considerable difficulty in keeping up with him. Gradually, however, as the excitement wore off, he slackened his pace, and repeating the question I had asked him a few moments before, namely, why it was he had such a hatred to the Indian race, he replied:

'Stranger, they killed my father, my mother, my brothers, and my sisters, and they would have murdered me too, if I had not been preserved by PROVIDENCE to revenge their deaths. I'll never forget that day, stranger! In the morning I had started out to kill some meat, and when I left home, my little brothers and sisters were playing in the yard: my poor old mother was in the house a-reading in the Bible to my gray-haired father, and every thing looked so peaceful and quiet. When I come back, the smoke was rising from the spot where my home had stood, and near by lay the bodies of my murdered father, mother, brothers and sisters. I was alone in the world. For a long time afterward, I wa'n't exactly right here,' said he, (tapping his forehead,) 'and even now, when Ingens is sca'ce, and I don't get my reg'lar number, I'm mighty flighty at times.'

In a short time we overtook the rest of the party, who were busily engaged in trying to recover the trail of the Indians, which, passing at that point over a hard rocky prairie, had become totally invisible, at least to our unpractised eyes. And now it was that the genius of friend Nathan began to show itself. Dismounting, and leading his horse by the bridle, he walked slowly ahead of us, every now and then stopping to examine a broken blade of grass, or some leaf or pebble, that seemed to him to have been displaced from its natural position. At length he came to a dead halt: even he, with all his wood-craft, being unable to detect any farther sign of the Indians. Suddenly he exclaimed:

'Ah! I know now what the red devils are up to! They have 'squandered' here, and if we scatter too, and circumambiate around, we will be apt to strike the trail again where they come together.'

His advice was taken, and by circling round the point where the last trace of the trail had been lost, wider and wider each time, in less than an hour we came on it once more, and so plain that we had no difficulty in following it as fast as our jaded horses could go. From thence the Indians seemed to have lost all apprehensions of farther pursuit, and in a short time we came to where they had encamped so recently that their fires were still burning. An hour's ride brought us to the Chicalete, a small tributary of the La Vaca, near which we discovered the blanket-tents of the Indians, and putting speed to our horses, the Indians had scarcely time to seize their guns and bows before we were upon them. I say 'we,' but unfortunately for the military renown I was about to

acquire, my mustang took it into his head to make his onset (after the manner of the Chinese) by turning a couple of somersets and a flip-flap, and then commenced a series of 'pitchings' that would have done honor to a steam-boat in a heavy sea-way. At the first pitch, away flew one of my pistols from my belt; at the second, the other followed suit, and at the third, my hat went by the board; so that by the time we had pitched into the enemy's camp, I had nothing left but my rifle. Perceiving that the rest had dismounted and 'treed,' I thought it advisable to do the same, particularly as the balls began to whistle in very uncomfortable proximity to my head. I have read somewhere that a celebrated general once remarked, during a battle, that the whistling of bullets was to him the most melodious of sounds. It may have been so, but in my opinion he had a bad ear for music. But to return.

Just as I was in the act of dismounting, a tall, hideously-painted Indian stepped from behind a tree, a few paces off, and drew an arrow that looked to me as long as a May-pole, directly upon me. Thinks I to myself, I'm spitted before I can say 'Jack Robinson;' and so perhaps I should have been, but just at that critical juncture, my mustang, frightened by the firing of guns and the yelling of the Indians, made a dozen pitches, all concentrated into one, which landed me head-foremost upon the ground. I rose, thirsting for vengeance, and levelling my rifle at the rascal who shot the May-pole at me, I fired, and cut a considerable limb from the top of the oak under which he was standing. After a few rounds, the Indians retreated, leaving two of their number upon the ground; but as neither of them, upon inspection, showed any evidence of having been killed by a falling limb, my conscience does not accuse me of being at all accessory to their death. I am afraid, however, that Nathan could not say as much, for he pointed to a ghastly wound in the breast of one of them, and remarked: 'That's the kind o' hole my rifle always makes! At any rate,' said he, 'I shall claim his scalp:' and suiting the action to the word, he commenced cutting it off, with as much care as if engaged in some most delicate surgical operation. At that moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and Nathan, letting fall the knife from his hand, staggered backward against the trunk of a tree. I thought at first it was all over with him; but he quickly recovered himself, having only been stunned by the concussion of the ball, which slightly grazed his forehead. Looking round to see from whence the shot had come, he observed the other Indian, whom we had supposed to be dead, in the act of sinking back again upon the ground, from whence he had partially risen, in order to take a more deliberate aim at his hated foe. Nathan, casting his eyes toward him, as much as to say, 'Now, don't be in a hurry; I'll attend to your case presently,' coolly recommenced his surgical operations, in which he had been so unexpectedly disturbed. Having finished it to his satisfaction, he leisurely wiped the blood from his knife, returned it to the scabbard, and picking up his rifle, he walked slowly and deliberately to the spot where lay the wounded Indian. Placing the muzzle directly against his head, he pulled the trigger with as much sang-froid as if it had been a rattle-snake he was about to shoot. I turned away just as the gun was dis-

charged, and when I looked again, Nathan was calmly re-loading his rifle.

After collecting our horses, which were tied to the neighboring trees, we shifted our saddles from those we had ridden during the day, and set out on our return, and about four o'clock in the morning arrived at the 'settlement,' having travelled (with the exception of a half hour or so, where we came up with the Indians) more than seventy-five miles without halting. That night a 'blow-out' was given in the 'settlement,' in honor of our successful foray, and notwithstanding the hard ride of the previous day, the vigor with which we footed it to the enlivening tunes of 'Hug 'em Snug,' and 'Kiss me Sweetly,' was no doubt long remembered by the belles of La Vaca.

On inquiring for Nathan the next morning, I was told that, having laid in his usual supplies of ammunition, etc., he had just started off upon another 'quiet, still hunt' after the Indians. w.

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN.

THE Spaniards leave the battle-field and retire to a palm-tree grove, where they offer up thanksgivings to the ALMIGHTY for their victory over the Tabascans. CORTÉZ sends away his captive warriors with a message to their countrymen. A deputation of inferior chiefs comes and craves leave to bury their dead. The granting of the request: arrival of the nobles and a numerous train of vassals at the Christian camp: their splendid reception: OLMEDO and DIAZ enlighten their minds respecting the mysteries of the Faith: the solemn procession on Palm-Sunday: the image of the Indian deity deposed, to make room for that of the Virgin: the celebration of Mass: the Indians moved to tears: departure of the Spaniards for the coast of Mexico.

SOME have an air of triumph, and some dejected look;
Some haste to the gushing spring that feeds the little brook:
While leaning on their comrades, with measured step and slow,
The wounded and the weary across the moorland go.

In the flower-enamelled grove where tower the stately palms,
The Spanish troops victorious peal forth thanksgiving psalms;
While some are counting o'er their beads and round their standard cling,
With *Te Deum Laudamus* fen and woodland sweetly ring.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Chivalry — hurrah! for gallant Spain —
Hurrah! hurrah! long live the King, and glorious be his reign!
One loud hurrah for CORTÉZ now, whose flag triumphant waves!
He comes to scatter seeds of Peace, and break the chains of slaves.

‘Stand forth, ye captive warriors,’ says CORTEZ, loud and stern;
‘I hope ye may from this sad day a lasting lesson learn.
Back to your homes unharmed return, but tell your friends from me,
That some of your Caciques and Chiefs I soon expect to see.

‘And, gentlemen, pray tell them too,’ he adds, with haughty air,
‘That they to my liege lord the King must quick their fealty swear;
Or by the great SAN PEDRO and the honor of my word,
All, all that in Tabasco live shall perish by the sword!’

Away they with the tidings speed; and early on next morn,
A band of wretched men appear in garments spare and torn:
‘Great Chief! we come with heavy heart, and your permission crave
To carry off our slaughtered friends, and lay them in the grave.’

‘The leave you ask, Tabascans! at once I freely give,
And none shall e’er be harmed by me who wish in peace to live;
But quickly your Caciques must come, for, troth, it is not meet
That I who represent a King should with inferiors treat.’

Soon a long and motley train through the stately maize is seen;
Now they skirt a hacienda, now cross savannahs green;
And now they tread the meadow where the tall grass gently waves:
‘Tis the nobles and their vassals, with a score of female slaves.

Straight as palm-trees walk the men, with a firm and noble air,
But some look gaunt and savage with their black and flowing hair;
The slaves—oh! what can be their hopes and what can be their fears?
For some skip lightly o’er the sward, and some are shedding tears.

Now they leap a little stream, and they pass a flowery swamp,
And mid music sweetly pealing, they reach the Spanish camp,
Where CORTEZ and his gallant staff assume an air of state,
And like true gentlemen of Spain upon the nobles wait.

Mid greetings and rejoicings, and many nameless queries,
The Christians with the Pagans quaff the good old wines of Xeres:
Oh, the soldiers soon forget all their sorrow and their pain,
And to the Indian damsels sing the witching airs of Spain.

Now DIAZ and OLMEDO, that faith and love inspire,
Soon melt the heathen hearts with sparks of sacred fire:
Can it be the work of grace, or the logic of the sword,
That so rapidly extends the kingdom of the LORD?

The merry night is past, and sounds of bugle and of horn
Awake the camp, and usher in a sunny Sabbath morn:
The wild birds from the meadows in countless numbers spring,
And lovely flowers that gem the grove around their fragrance fling.

Before they leave in gladness this fair but goldless land,
The Christians in procession, with a palm-branch each in hand,
Through sheeny dew in gay review before their chieftain pass,
Then march in pomp to celebrate the sacrifice of *Mass*.

See, the amice round the neck is negligently flung,
The chasuble of purple o'er the alb of white is hung;
The girdle and the maniple, and richly broidered stole,
Adorn the holy fathers who gravely head the whole.

Behind them walk the pages who sacred symbols hold,
The censer, and the chalice, and crucifix of gold;
One bears the Cross in front with a cassock long and dun,
And one a golden *VIRGIN* with her ever-blessed Son.

With curved necks like a crescent next come the mettled steeds,
And *CORREZ* on his charger like some knight-errant leads;
Caparisoned so richly and decked with garlands fair —
Oh, well may the *Tabascans* in wonder mutely stare!

Now, with a gallant bearing, the infantry advance,
And flashing in the sun-beams are musket, spear, and lance;
The banners are unfurled and flaunt gaily in the train:
Ah, 't is a pageant worthy of the chivalry of Spain.

Ere long they reach the temple; and within its gloomy walls,
The hideous god is quick deposed, and headlong down it falls;
A sweetly-sculptured *MARY*, with a radiant face divine,
Soon fills its place, and smiles on all who worship at the shrine.

Some say the *Pater Noster*, and some an *Ave* utter,
Some *Angelus Domini* in hurried accents mutter;
While others join the chant and devoutly bend the knee,
Like true Christian cavaliers, *ALMIGHTY GOD!* to *THEE!*

The dark, sun-bronzed *Tabascans*, illumined in the faith
That points to bliss eternal beyond the shades of death,
Who have nobly dangers braved, and have no coward fears,
Stand, a touching spectacle, with eyes suffused in tears.

Hark! now the clarion peals, and deeply rolls the drum,
And see, in glittering splendor, away the Spaniards come;
They still bear their incensed palms as they had done before,
And as they to the temple marched so march they to the shore.

Freshly blow the tropic winds, and on a surging tide
Once more the Spanish caravels the rolling billows ride:
Hurrah! hurrah! they bravely leave *Tabasco's* burning strand;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Mexico, the glorious golden land!

New-York, October, 1852.

VALE OF THE RHONE: THE SIMPLON.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

ON our return to Geneva from Mt. St. Bernard, having made all the necessary arrangements, we left for our Italian tour. The good steamer 'Leman' soon reached Vevay, where we took up our quarters at the Hotel 'des Trois Couronnes,' situated directly upon the lake. It was evening, and the sunset was gorgeous. The snowy peaks of the Alps on the opposite side, seeming like molten gold and silver, pictured to the imagination the towers of the city of heaven, so aptly described by the poets. As the god of day declined, the reflection of his rays ascended the sides of the mountains, intercepted as it was by the dark range of the Jura on the opposite shore, until the shades of night, settling upon earth, left only the dim outlines of these grim warders visible.

On the following morning, having engaged a courier and vetturino, we left again for Martigny, determined to make the journey by easy stages. Passing the castle of Chillon, and the field rendered memorable by a great battle in 153 B. C., when the Roman army was terribly routed by the Helvetians, we wound along the vale of the Rhone, leaving on our right the fall of 'Pissevache,' formed by mountain-torrents, and seeming like a thread of silver hanging from the side of the mountain. It is about the same height as that of the Montmorenci, although the volume is by no means as great: at the time we visited it, the supply of water was full, and it appeared to great advantage. In our own country, it would perhaps scarcely arrest the attention of those who had seen the mighty cataract of Niagara; here, however, every thing possesses an interest, perhaps from the fact that, having journeyed so far, one is unwilling to let the least thing escape observation.

About dusk the old tower of Martigny was in sight, and we were soon again comfortably seated before the fire, in the Hôtel de la Tour; on one side of which is marked the height to which the water rose in 1818, when a torrent, escaping its mountain bounds, deluged the village, sweeping houses, cattle, and human beings before it in its mad career: the water-mark is ten feet, and evidences of its fury are still visible. As there was nothing here of particular interest, we set out again on the ensuing morning at an early hour, still journeying onward through the vale of the Rhone, which we were to follow nearly its whole length, since the route over the Simplon could only be reached in this direction. The valley of the Rhone is about one hundred and fifty miles long, extending nearly up to the St. Gothard: wildness and grandeur characterize its whole extent.

The day was lovely, and the bright rays of the sun, uninterrupted by the smallest cloud, were reflected upon the hoary summit of St. Bernard, producing a coup-d'œil exceedingly striking. The dazzling whiteness of the snow was even at this distance painful to the vision, and we found it impossible to look long upon it. The road along which we passed is

bounded on the south by the Alps, and on the north by the Helvetian mountains, whose rugged sides, bare to the summit, formed a marked contrast to their lofty neighbors, who were clothed in the most beautiful conceivable colors; the crimson of the pine, the yellow of the ash, and the varying tinge of the green fir, were blended by Nature's pencil in the most perfect harmony, and presented a charming picture. The land was generally poor, but the inhabitants were busily engaged gathering the fruits of the scanty harvest, or sowing the seed for another crop; little hamlets dotted the sides of the hills, and tall spires reared their glittering heads from among wilds, where one would suppose the foot of man could never tread. It is a singular fact, that many of these Swiss hamlets seem from their position better adapted as homes for the chamois or the mountain-goat than for poor sublunary man. The same politeness characterizes this as the other cantons of Switzerland, and all the peasants whom we met respectfully saluted us.

Before reaching Sion, the half-way station of the day's stage, we passed a chapel perched high upon a rock, and called the 'Ave Maria,' the ascent to which was bordered by ten little shrines containing the image of the Virgin. Pilgrimages are here made twice a year by devotees, who pour into the laps of the fat, lazy priests, nearly all their scanty earnings. On arriving at the town, which is the capital of Valais, we procured a guide to a neighboring vineyard, and we were soon revelling amidst the rich clusters of the Muscat grape, a style for which this place is noted, and from which the celebrated Swiss Muscatelle or Malaga wine is made. The flavor is delicious, tasting slightly of honey. The bunches we took away were very large, measuring about twelve inches in length, which, being suspended on a pole on the top of our carriage, we ate at our leisure. Their color is white, slightly tinged with brown, with the lower part of the grape a little flattened; the pits are large, and I should judge from the high position of the place, exposed as they were to the inclemencies of the season, that this quality would flourish very well in the variable climate of the United States. I put aside some of the pits to take home, but unfortunately mislaid them. I think that there are several styles of the Swiss grape that could be cultivated here with success: whether the operation would 'pay' is another question. The appearance of the town as you approach it is very picturesque. The main street passes between two high hills, their sides nursing rich vineyards, and crowned with chapels. They look like two immense sentinels, and in shape closely resemble the crag on which Dunbarton Castle stands. The place itself is very dirty and uninteresting, and instead of meeting celestial beings, we encountered hosts of poor, miserable, deformed creatures, who thrust their filthy persons into the carriage, begging for sous. We did not however see so many here troubled with the 'goître,' a huge swelling or bag hanging from the throat, as we did in the cantons nearer Geneva; and idiots seemed to be more rare. It was a great relief, for the sympathetic chord in our hearts had been played upon so often, that it was near breaking; and the disgusting sights that met our eye at almost every step, contributed very much to mar the pleasures of our journey. Perhaps there is no country in Europe, for its size, where idiocy prevails to such an extent as in Switzerland; and it has been remarked

that there are more idiots in New-Hampshire, in proportion to its population, than in any other state in the Union. Here is a subject worthy the attention of the curious.

Travelling onward, we passed through a country rugged in the extreme: bare masses of rock towering upward eight or ten thousand feet; huge chasms opening their horrid jaws in the sides of the mountains, with eyes, as it were, winking and blinking at us; courses of torrents, that have spread desolation over vast tracts once cultivated and productive; and the noisy Rhone, boiling and fretting at our side, now lost to sight, and again passing at our very feet, constituted the picture for nearly its whole length; and the interest is kept up throughout the entire passage. It seemed like a grand canal of Nature's handiwork, so vast, so incomprehensible, with the rocky barriers on either side firm enough to sustain a second deluge; and as we crawled along, the mighty, cloud-capped sentinels seemed to sport at our insignificance, shouting as it were into our ears: 'Why do you not resemble us, mighty, vast in size, defying the forked lightning, and breasting the hoarse tempest? Poor, weak man! what are you at best?' Early in the evening we reached Tourtemagne, a small village, where we stopped for the night.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, we were again 'en route,' and reached Brigue about noon, a town situated at the foot of the Simplon road, remarkable only, so far as I could perceive, for its extreme filth. The whole place wears an aspect of gloom; and rather than remain there the two hours for the rest and feeding of our horses, we commenced the ascent on foot. The road is as smooth as a floor, about twenty feet wide, supported in many places by high walls, and protected on the sides by stone posts placed at intervals of about fifteen feet, or by balustrades of stone, perhaps three feet high, where the points are particularly dangerous. The ascent on the Swiss side, like the descent on the Italian side, is very gradual, about the same grade; and we stopped at the various turnings to view the wide-extended prospect: the silvery Rhone below us; the long valley reaching to the utmost limit of vision; the little villages with their glittering spires; the scattered cottages of the peasantry; the flocks grazing on the bleak hill-sides; the huge, rocky ramparts around us, and St. Gothard wreathed in vapors. Some of the chasms and precipices were frightful, and on rolling down large stones the noise produced resembled thunder, as they dashed against the rocks that opposed their course, making great furrows in the earth, or crashed by the trunks of the mountain pine; down, down they went, the echoes growing fainter and fainter, until at last only a low hum reached us. In the enthusiasm of the scene, we had walked a long distance before the carriage overtook us; and when it did, we found an additional team of horses attached, when we ascended somewhat faster. Along the route are houses of refuge, with their corresponding number inscribed over the door, intended as places of security and repose for the traveller. They are not tenanted, but resemble little chapels, with uninviting, bare walls, and offer a temporary shelter during the continuance of a storm. We passed several parties of pedestrians, with their packs upon their backs, on their way to Switzerland, or perhaps emigrating to the far west of America. About dusk we crossed the bridge of Berisal, and soon

reached the town of the same name, consisting of three houses, where we were to pass the night. The air was becoming raw and cutting, announcing our proximity to the eternal snows, and we gladly accepted any shelter from its biting effects. The blaze of the fire through the windows looked very cheering, and we drew close around it, while discussing a dinner that would have done no discredit to the best caterer of Paris.

The next day set in with a thick mist, terminating in rain, which for a time came down in torrents, putting to flight all prospects of 'go ahead,' and filling us with alarm at the chances of remaining a whole day at such a woe-begone, out-of-the-way place. What were we to do? We could n't read, for we had the blues; we could n't walk about, on account of the rain; and we could n't remain quiet, for we had the fidgets. Who has not been in our situation, anxious to proceed, weather-bound, angry with himself and every one around him? He who has not, cannot sympathize with us. At last the thought flashed across our minds, that the 'maître d'hôtel' might run short of provisions, for the house was full of travellers. Oh horrible idea! Were we to starve; to furnish food for vultures, and the no less rapacious birds of prey, the journalists? Oh no! the rain stopped, the sun welcomed us forth, and we stepped into the carriage and bade adieu to Berisal.

The road led along the brink of some of the most frightful precipices I had yet seen, down one of which we came near rolling, through the shameful negligence of our 'vetturino,' who, preferring botanical pursuits to his own immediate calling, lingered behind, inspecting the leaves of various weeds growing by the road-side: he was no doubt an enthusiast in this line, but unfortunately was in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, for a powerful magnifying-glass would not have aided him much in the inspection. His studies, however, were shortly disturbed, for the horses on being left to themselves, in making a short turn in the road, brought one of the fore wheels just over the edge, which we did not perceive, as our attention was directed to the prospect, until we felt the front part of the carriage sinking. Our cries of alarm soon aroused him; and perceiving the imminence of our danger, he sprang to the rescue with commendable activity, and with his long lash brought the beasts suddenly into the road, where they stood until we alighted, and replaced the vehicle in its place. The prospect in advance was almost appalling; enough to make stouter hearts than ours beat with emotion. The sudden turnings of the road, around some sharp angle of the rocks, presented to our view nothing but an infinity of thick clouds, whose eddying volume, rolling up the valley beneath, and rebounding against the cliffs, formed no mean picture of the deluge, as represented. The wind howled in fitful gusts, and we stopped at intervals to allow the thick vapors to pass us, so as to see our route. On one side was an impassable barrier of rock, and on the other, a chaos of confusion, seemingly filled with horrid forms, beckoning us to take the fatal leap. We were now truly in the region of clouds, of storms, and of tempests; and the dead silence was unbroken, save by the tread of the horses on the flinty path, or the sharp crack of the driver's whip. Up, up we went, and at last reached a region of smiles and sunshine, quitting, as it seemed,

the world below, shut out by the dense mass of clouds. After passing through several galleries or tunnels cut through the rock, to protect the wayfarer from the avalanche which in the spring comes thundering down from the peaks above, directly upon his path, with lateral windows looking into the abyss below, we came abreast of Nesthorn, the highest of the range, covered to its very summit with the snow of centuries, rising several thousand feet above our heads, which continued long in sight, serving as a land-mark to guide us on our course. It was here that a little incident occurred which made us marvel that our sympathies could be worked upon to such an extent. As we were dragging onward, we met a horse that had strayed from his enclosure, who, sensible of his loneliness, and his distance from any place of shelter, was moaning and whining most piteously, entreating us, as it were, to take him under our protection and show him his way home. At first, while the rocks hid him from our view, we thought the noise proceeded from a man in distress, and we listened for a few moments to ascertain whence the groans came, in order to go and render immediate assistance; and even had it been a man, I am not prepared to say whether I could have felt much more pity. Put some in his place, who wear the human form, and I would not hesitate a moment on which side to give my feelings the preponderance. We patted the poor fellow, and he neighed in delight at the meeting, extending his long neck, asking for more: we tried to make him follow us, but, perhaps as we were going the wrong way, he lingered behind, and we were forced to leave him. For some time we heard his sad appeal, and I was glad when distance interrupted the melancholy sounds. Little trivial incidents like this affect us in proportion as our case is analogous to those who are in trouble. We were alone; far, far removed from all those ties that render life a charm; amidst the results of Nature's fiercest throes; in regions chill and desolate, with no heart near us, beating in unison with our own; with no hand of friendship to help us if prostrated by disease; with no sister's tenderness to smooth the pillow of death; with no mother's prayers to waft our spirits on to realms of unfading bliss. We were truly alone in the world; and had we given way to the feeling, how often would our happiest moments have been overcast with the dark clouds of sorrow! We determined to be stoics, and put from our view the sword of Damocles.

Horses, cattle, and sheep are often found dead in the valleys, shockingly mangled and torn. They venture too near the edge, and fall with the crumbling stones. The Hospice, which is situated at about the turning-point of the road in its descent, is a large building, three stories high, occupying a comparatively sheltered position, with a level tract in front of it. It was built by Napoleon, at the time of the construction of the road. The old one is about half a mile below, and is yet entire, consisting of a single square tower, with a narrow pathway leading to it. The present one is built of brick, and is not unlike some of our large country barns in shape; its situation is by no means as gloomy and desolate as that of the St. Bernard, and we left it without feeling any of those strong emotions which characterized our visit to the latter mountain. We found the descent on the Italian side as gradual as the ascent on the opposite quarter; and thundering down at a rapid rate, with our wheels locked

and grooves of iron under them, we reached the village of the Simplon, consisting of forty or fifty miserable dwellings, containing about five hundred inhabitants. The road here is quite safe, and we descended several thousand feet without feeling the least apprehension.

About three miles from the village commences the series of galleries hewn out of the solid rock, and exhibiting the ingenuity and perseverance of man in their most striking points. The sides of the mountain are nearly perpendicular, affording no chance for a level road, in fact scarcely a foot-hold to the mountain-goat. Nothing but the genius of Napoleon could have conceived such a design, and an ordinary mind would have shrunk from the dangers and difficulties of the task. Torrent after torrent had to be bridged ; rock after rock had to be blasted, and the road cut in the flinty sides of the mountain : but Bonaparte's indefatigable perseverance overcame these obstacles, and has left a work for posterity to gaze upon ; an imperishable monument of his greatness. Had I seen no other fruits of his great mind, this would have been sufficient ; and time, the warring of the elements, and the hand of man, can never effectually obliterate such indestructible mementoes. '*Cannot*' with him was obsolete : 'I must,' 'I shall,' was the beacon which guided his foot-steps.

Can we wonder, when we look upon the evidences of this man's genius, that the mention of his name is like a firebrand to France ? Can we wonder at the implacable, the never-to-be-obliterated hatred the French people bear, and ever will bear, to that government which, blotting the word honor from its escutcheon, consigned to an ignominious exile an outcast who had thrown himself for mercy into its very arms ? I am merely arguing the justice of the *facts* of the case. Can we wonder that a nation still weeps his loss, and that his name is as a bulwark of great strength unto it, the rallying-point, the watch-word, the idol ? One could readily be lost in the maze of reflection suggested by the evidences of his mighty mind : and France, enraptured, deifies him, making him the Jupiter of her modern mythology.

The grand gallery is about six hundred feet in length, hewn out of the projecting side of the mountain, and fifteen feet perhaps in width, with heavy gates at either end ; large windows on the side look down a precipice, from which one recoils with horror, as the natural impulse is to leap into the giddy abyss : a torrent thunders beneath, but so far below that the projecting sides of the rock interrupt the vision. The Simplon road, from Brigue to the bridge of the Crevoli, is about forty miles in length ; is cut the greater part of the way through granite mountains, supported in some places by walls one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high ; hangs frequently upon perpendicular ledges ; pierces a dozen impassable barriers of rock, and bridges twenty-five torrents. Of the grandeur of the work, and the awful majesty of the scenery, as rock after rock is piled upon one another to the height of eight thousand feet, seeming as though the work of the Titans, when scaling the walls of heaven, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea ; but the impressions produced can never be effaced. Three thousand men were employed from 1801 to 1805 in constructing it ; and hundreds of tons of gunpowder were used in blowing through the solid masses.

F A I R Y M A Y .

BY LILY GRAHAM.

I

Why lieth Fairy MAY so still,
 This golden autumn morn!
 On upland field and furrowed hill,
 They bind the rustling corn.
 Her step among the burnished sheaves
 Was ever first to stray:
 Well loveth she the changing leaves:
 Why lingers Fairy MAY!

II.

Why lieth Fairy MAY so still
 Upon her little bed!
 Along the lane and by the mill
 Gleam berries, black and red;
 The gentian and the golden-rod
 Make wood and meadow gay,
 And children tread the pathway sod:
 Where lingers Fairy MAY!

III.

She lies upon her couch, at rest,
 Though noontide shades are deep,
 Her pale hands folded on her breast,
 As though she prayed in sleep;
 White is the silver down that lines
 'The wild grape's tendrilled spray,
 But whiter, on her pillow, shines
 The face of Fairy MAY.

IV.

They have strewn flowers upon her bed,
 And by her white-rose cheek,
 And lightly, gently do they tread,
 And softly, softly speak;
 And vainly strive they not to weep,
 But bid the wild tears stay,
 And whisper low, 'She doth but sleep,
 Sweet dreameth Fairy MAY.'

V.

'She doth but sleep!' The soft hair lies
 Unstirred upon her brow;
 Ah, deathly still! she will not rise,
 They are the dreamers now:
 For while they, weeping, stoop to kiss
 The wan and lifeless clay,
 The angels joy, in worlds of bliss,
 To welcome Fairy MAY.

R O U G H S K E T C H E S O F F E M A L E F I G U R E S .

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

A D A S I N C L A I R .

WAR with Great Britain had been declared, and the country was excited with speculation as to the result, and convulsed with the fierce antagonism of contending parties.

It was during this period, that in the parlor of an old-fashioned house, in a pleasant rural town, were seated a lady and gentleman. The former was some twenty-five years of age. She had one of those changeful countenances that belong to an imaginative temperament. In moments of hilarity, when lightened by gay and happy thoughts, it would glow with the expression of childhood, and become youthful under the influence of the innocent 'abandon' of an unsophisticated nature. In the repose of calm and serious thought, the lines of the face would appear more distinct, the features more marked, the lips more compressed, and the expression of radiant girlhood would change to the impressive dignity of the matured woman.

She wore on this occasion her calmer aspect modified by the influence of the new-born affection that filled her soul with happiness, and ADA SINCLAIR in the fulness of womanly grace sat as if her attendant spirits were the angels of Reflection and of Love.

Her companion, GEORGE DANFORTH, was slightly older than ADA; his figure, compact and elegantly proportioned, appeared to advantage in the tight dress, and polished boots, reaching nearly to the knee, and ornamented at the top with silk tassels, which were in vogue at that time. His dark and luxuriant hair contrasted splendidly with the white of a high and expanded forehead; and the resolution energy, and frankness, which it required no uncommon skill to read in his face and deportment, marked him as one of that class of men who win confidence at first sight.

George's life had been recently marked by two important incidents: he had offered his heart to Ada, and his sword to his country.

His affection for the object of his choice was returned with all the force of a loving and earnest heart. Seated side by side, enjoying the sweet communion of married souls, and growing into a keener knowledge and deeper appreciation of each other, their inner selves were elevated by an involuntary but combined influence; and under the sway of noble thoughts and aspirations they harmonized in a spiritual unity until their countenances so exhibited the affinity, that they might have been taken for brother and sister.

George had offered his services to his country because he felt that it was a time when every true man should stand by her in every way, in that day of her trial. He received no discouragement from Ada: she felt proud of his manhood, sympathized with his generous self-denial, and, notwithstanding the intensity of her affection, was ready to bear the

separation with cheerfulness, and incur the danger of losing him who was enshrined within her heart for ever.

That lovers should be so separated by a conviction that duty demanded the sacrifice may excite our respect; but when they thus lay their very hearts upon the altar of their country, not with the sad reluctance of a compulsory penance, but as a free-will offering of natures so noble that they feel even the happiness of self-denial, the spectacle becomes sublime.

George soon received a commission from the Government, with orders to join the army as soon as a regiment then about being formed should be completed.

The interval of a few weeks between the receipt of his orders and his departure passed with unusual rapidity. Whatever time he could command for himself was spent with Ada, and their souls ripened fast under that law of development which has its basis in lofty purposes; their affection, thus sublimated and strengthened, struck its roots deep in the generous soil of a cultivated humanity, and towered in the pure atmosphere of unselfishness.

The feelings that their relative situations called into vigorous exercise expanded their natures, sanctified their affections, and united their hearts in indissoluble bonds.

The very depth of their love forbade an exuberance of external manifestations, and certain romantic young ladies wondered at the calmness with which the soldier and his betrothed appeared to contemplate their fast-approaching separation. These sympathetic misses did most violently assert that they could never bear the thought of thus parting with a new, elegant, and accomplished lover; that it would positively kill them; but that it was nevertheless fortunate that there *were* people in this world less devoted and susceptible than themselves.

The exchange of miniatures between lovers was, on the part of George and Ada, something more than a mere compliance with usage. They had both thought of the chances of war, and it was with a saddened feeling that each placed the 'counterfeit presentment' in the hand of the other.

Ada had fastened a white ribbon to her picture, and as George received it, he reverently placed the treasure in his bosom. Ada examined her lover's miniature with critical care; she looked at it earnestly, then at him, and changed her glances from the portrait to the original, and from the original to the portrait, noting carefully the fidelity of the latter, and observing, too, wherein it fell short of a perfect delineation. As she finished her examination, she observed: 'With one thing in this likeness I am truly delighted: your *best smile* is there.' After this, she lifted the wavy hair of her betrothed, and cutting off a lock, remarked: 'I will have a ring with your hair and mine, George: the braided locks shall be the token of our union in this world, and the circle shall be the emblem of our union through eternity.'

These incidents occurred the evening before their separation.

The next day George called to bid farewell. After parting with the other members of the family, he was left alone with Ada, and clasping her to his arms, repeated the expression of his undying love, imprinted a parting kiss upon her lips, and hurried to depart, lest his feelings should

overcome him. He had just reached the door when Ada exclaimed, 'George!' He returned; she took his hand, led him to the window, and gazed with loving intensity upon his face; she pushed back his hair, passed her hand over the entire arch of his forehead, and looked at him silently and long, her eyes exhibiting the earnestness of her soul, while his gaze was entranced by the spiritual radiance of her beauty. Slowly the supernatural expression of her face passed away, and pressing her lips to his, she said in a firm but exquisitely tender voice, 'Dear George! Good bye!'

Their hearts were too full for words; she accompanied him to the old elm in front of the house, and saw him mount his horse; their hands were once more clasped; another farewell was exchanged, and they parted.

Outside the old elm, and close to the travelled road, Ada stood and looked on her lover while the distance fast widened between them; she saw him turn in his saddle and wave his handkerchief, and she replied by a like signal. Horse and rider became more and more indistinct, and then passed from her vision; the sound of distant hoofs fell upon her ear and died into silence, but her attitude remained unchanged; her extended hand still held aloft the signal that fluttered in the wind, and her eyes were still fixed down the road her lover had taken, long after every trace of him had been lost.

Her mother, watching from the window her only child, called, 'Ada!'

The statue-like figure stood unmoved, still gazing in the distance, and upholding the banner of love.

'Ada! dear Ada!' said her mother, in a louder tone.

Ada started as from a dream, and slowly returned.

Weeks passed away, and no tidings were received of George. Ada had lost the buoyancy of spirits that once animated her by turns, and the girlish look I have spoken of was no more seen in her countenance. She was not depressed or gloomy, but only softened into a sweeter grace.

Eventually a letter was received from George, a long and loving letter, full of those details of his new life which he knew Ada would value. He was pleased with his brother officers, and with the daily improvement in discipline of his regiment; his health had remained vigorous, and he expressed the belief that the duties of his new vocation had been acceptably performed.

Weeks passed again, and another letter was received. A battle had been fought. George gave a graphic sketch of the engagement, in which he had taken an active part. The contest was a severe one, and many on each side had fallen; but notwithstanding his great exposure, he had passed through the tragic scene without a wound.

A young man from the same town with George, and who was in the same regiment, wrote a letter to his parents which they sent to Ada for her perusal. She there read of George's gallant conduct in the action; of his kind attention to the wounded after the engagement; of his frequent presence in the hospitals; and of his ever-active benevolence, winning the love and admiration of all.

Weeks passed again, until a longer period had elapsed than ever before had intervened, and still no letter came.

A rumor was circulated that another battle had been fought, that George's regiment had suffered severely, and that several officers had been killed; but no one could trace the story to its source, and it died away.

Ada became nervous, and the very night before this rumor sprung up, she had been roused from her slumbers by a voice which uttered the one word, 'Ada!' but that one word was spoken in George's voice, and in a tone of affection so impressive as to drive sleep from her pillow during the hours that preceded her rising.

Strange that unrealities can appear so real!

It was certainly time to hear from her lover, and Ada thought each day that before the morrow news would come.

One morning, as she sat by the window where she had gazed so intently upon George on the day of his departure, the scene of that morning presented itself with unusual vividness, and she became transfixed with wonder to see her lover's form before her, looking at her as he had looked on the day of their separation, and with that smile full of noble sweetness, that gave such beauty of expression to his lips, when his heart was most full of noble thoughts. The vision departed, she knew not how.

Ada must have been very nervous!

Before she had time to reflect on this incident, she was startled by a knock at the door, and by hearing a man's voice making inquiry for her.

An officer entered the room, who introduced himself as a friend of George, and informed Ada that he had obtained leave of absence to convey a message from her lover.

'George is *dead*!' she exclaimed.

'He died in my arms,' was the reply.

The officer then narrated all the circumstances: the desperate engagement; the fatal wound, its rapid termination; the miniature with its white ribbon, stained with the blood of a noble heart; the order that the picture should be buried with him; the dying message; and the sure hope expressed of a reünion in another world.

'Having given his last orders, and sent his farewell message to you,' added her informant, 'he sank into my arms, and never spoke again until he was about to breathe his last; and indeed with his dying breath he uttered with intense feeling the one word, 'ADA.''

'At what hour of the night was this?' inquired Ada, with trembling eagerness.

'About twelve,' was the reply.

It was the very night and hour of her dream!

It is very true, as the philosophers tell us, that strange coincidences occur; but Hamlet was not mistaken when he said, 'There are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in your *philosophy*.'

The grief of Ada manifested itself by no violent demonstration. For a long time after her lover's death she appeared to labor under a constant sadness, a sweet yet deep sadness, that did not make her a recluse, or keep her from the fulfilment of her accustomed avocations, but a sadness that every observer knew to be the mourning of the soul.

This, however, gave way in time to a brighter calmness, and although the brilliant gayety that once distinguished Ada in her lighter moods was gone for ever, a perennial cheerfulness encompassed her, a kindly care for the feelings and wishes of all, that made her alike welcome to young and old.

By the time this change had been completely wrought, her parents and friends thought that marriage was to be desired for her. She had neither brother nor sister, and when father and mother were gone she would be alone in the world.

A wealthy and highly respectable widower, with highly respectable connections, and a highly respectable number of highly respectable children, entertained the same opinion, and proposed marriage to Ada with the greatest confidence that she would perceive the fitness of the union.

Her refusal was not only positive, but haughty and scornful. In reply to the intercession of her mother, who valued the standing and moral worth of the new suitor, she answered that she would never consent to marry, but that a man who offered himself as if he were a prize in a lottery deserved nothing but contempt from a woman who had any self-respect.

The widower's offer became known, as he had no delicacy upon such points, and had freely mentioned it to his friends; and the young ladies declared that a great mistake had been made in refusing so excellent a match, and that 'it would be too bad for Miss Sinclair to die an old maid.'

Time seemed to have no effect in changing Ada's determination. Her parents died, and she still remained unmarried.

Feeling the want of some companionship, she adopted the orphan-daughter of a lady who had been one of her dearest friends.

Ruth could not have been educated under better auspices. Her training in every respect exhibited the acute judgment and excellent heart of her protectress. Indulged in every proper desire by one who understood and sympathized with her feelings, the finer tastes of the young girl were cultivated, and her heart and intellect developed, and this in a manner so natural and easy that Ruth could hardly feel that she had been trained at all. Her cheerful disposition had never been tried by any whims or ascetic notions, for Ada was perfectly free from both; and without making any effort to prove her capacity to educate a young lady, she did most effectually exhibit a remarkable fitness for the performance of a mother's duties.

Now that Ada was her own mistress, with a handsome competency, with high intelligence, great conversational power, a sweet disposition, a dignified and symmetrical figure, and a beauty which years had shadowed but not impaired, it is not to be wondered at that offers of marriage were received from various sources. But Ada had no coquetry in her disposition; and as she never gave encouragements, her refusals were respectful but peremptory.

She became 'an old maid,' but without a single characteristic that is usually connected with the title: she had no angularity of manner, no peevishness of disposition, no nervousness, no idle curiosity. She was

eminently graceful and dignified ; fond of, and a favorite with the young ; social in her feelings, and delicate in her perceptions. Her tastes were cultivated, and her conversation was cheerful without levity, and intelligent without mannerism.

Her beauty was, of course, different from that of her youth ; less fresh and brilliant, but not less marked : it was softer and calmer, and the twilight shadows were significant only of serenity and peace.

Ruth could not have passed her young days more happily than with Ada. She loved her as a mother, and always called her by that hallowed name. She grew up to womanhood, and was plighted to a man well worthy of her. When in the very height of her happiness a cloud darkened her life, and her first serious sorrow came when Ada was stricken with a fatal disease.

Calmly and patiently the sufferer endured days of anguish, and well she knew that life's struggle would soon be at an end.

Her mind throughout her sickness had been clear, and knowing that she was failing fast, she called her adopted child to her side, and said very feebly, yet distinctly : 'My dear Ruth, my life is ebbing away rapidly. There is a picture next my heart which has ever been worn there since the day it was given me by him who loved me ; let it be buried with me. This ring, which you know contains *his* hair and mine, you will take from my finger when I am gone, and wear it as a memento of one who sought to be a mother to you ; and, dear child, in every trial of life remember the motto it bears.'

'Dear, kind, noble mother !' sobbed Ruth, 'my more than mother, because not my mother, I cannot bear to lose you !'

'Do not weep, my child,' said Ada, calmly ; 'death has no gloom for those who have truly lived : we shall meet again where there shall be no more partings.'

The effort of speaking had exhausted her strength, and she lay for some minutes with closed eyes and heaving breast.

Rallying from her exhaustion, Ada lifted her wan hand feebly, and took from her bosom a miniature. She looked at it steadily, and as she looked, a light beamed from her eyes, and a smile dawned upon her lips : she turned her glance from the picture upward, as if to compare one aspect with another ; the hand that held the miniature, fatigued with the effort, fell by her side on the bed, but her gaze was more intense than before, and fixed as on an object above her ; her face became spiritualized as if she was breathing a celestial atmosphere ; the light in her eyes deepened ; the smile on her lips brightened.

The room was so still that Ruth scarcely dared to breathe. She turned as if for help, went to the bed-room door to summon the nurse, and then, fearing that death might ensue in her absence, returned and looked again on Ada, and was startled by the change.

The eye had lost its expression and was partly closed ; the light had passed from the countenance, but the smile was still on her lips.

'Mother !' exclaimed Ruth. 'Mother ! dear mother !'

Alas ! the silence spoke !

The girl laid her hand on that of Ada, and the icy chill confirmed her fears.

Ruth gently removed the miniature from Ada's grasp, and before laying it on the bosom of the dead, looked at the picture: it was that of a young man in military costume, and his countenance, beautiful in features and intelligence, was made peculiarly attractive by a smile full of serene and sweet nobleness.

Struck with the expression, Ruth looked from the portrait to the form before her, and the same smile still rested on the lips of the dead!

Restoring the miniature to the place from whence Ada had drawn it, Ruth timidly and reverently removed the ring that had been bequeathed her, and looked for the motto; as she read it, her face glowed with emotion, and changed to an expression of tender but resolute calmness, as she read again the words engraved on the inner circle, 'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

M Y E A R L Y T H O U G H T S .

BY D. WENTWORTH.

'NIGHT rises in my presence,
And meets my timid gaze,
Save Memory's buried corpses,
Exhumed from other days.'

Now Night has thrown her mantle o'er the earth,
And gloomy Darkness spread her sable pinions;
No sound is heard of revelry or mirth,
Throughout their wide dominions.

Life's choicest gift indulgent HEAVEN bestows,
And balmy sleep has hushed the spirit's yearning;
No anxious cares disturb its sweet repose,
No wearied hopes returning.

No voices loud are borne along the breeze,
No lights across the dewy meadow streaming,
And not a whisper's heard among the trees:
Silence itself is dreaming.

Yet I, alone, of all the living mass
That this terrestrial planet thus encumber,
Can find no ray of comfort, and, alas!
No peaceful slumber.

A weight of woe hangs o'er me like a cloud,
A sense of mingled shame and fear distressing;
Strange airy forms upon my vision crowd,
My heart with grief oppressing.

Strange airy forms: their everlasting flight
On tireless wings around about me hover,
Unnumbered as the stars that gem the night
In heaven's aerial cover:

Or as the leaves, when summer is no more,
The tempests scatter in their fierce commotion ;
Or as the sands that lie along the shore,
Lashed by the ocean :

Strange airy forms no efforts can evade,
Nor prayers nor supplications cause to vanish ;
No power transport them to the silent shade,
No conjurations banish.

In clouds they come, these relics of the past,
Like motes that sport in sunny rays together ;
Or like the snow-flakes falling thick and fast
In cheerless wintry weather :

Or like the mist that rises on the deep,
Or like the locusts of the desert winging ;
And round my couch perpetual vigils keep,
Unuttered anguish bringing.

They haunt my steps by day, my dreams by night,
For ever on my solitude are breaking ;
Nor bolts nor bars can hide them from my sight,
Sleeping or waking.

Unhappy sprites ! I know them but too well,
And what has changed so sadly their condition ;
Long since like heaven's angelic host they fell,
The victims of ambition.

They were the offspring of a boyish love,
Those early thoughts my wayward fancy nourished,
Like PALLAS springing from the brain of Jove,
And dearly cherished.

In dreams my brows with laurel-wreaths were bound,
Temples of greatness flung their shadows o'er me ;
I saw the future, bright with honors crowned,
In visions pass before me.

Imagination lent her eagle-wings
On loftiest aims intent, with beauty glowing,
And sought the depths of those unfailing springs
From God's own presence flowing.

Inspiring hopes my youthful bosom thrilled,
To reach the dizzy height where Fame reposes ;
But Fate disposed my steps in pathways filled
With thorns instead of roses.

Ah ! then, like early buds, those hopes expired,
When touched by Disappointment's icy fingers ;
And not a spark that once my bosom fired
For one brief moment lingers.

Some died ere yet their infant wings were plumed,
Poring in secret o'er the storied pages,
And with the bones of heroes were entombed,
The dust of by-gone ages.

Some in the flowery realms of Fiction strayed,
And in her deepest mazes were entangled,
Where low in death their tiny forms were laid,
By horrid monsters mangled :

Some in the lap of beauty ; some in bowers,
On rosy beds luxuriously reclining ;
And some in woods, with ever-freshening flowers,
In solitude repining.

Some strove in vain the rugged steep to climb,
Where stands the temple of the sacred Muses ;
But Death, whose foot-steps echo through all time,
No sacrifice refuses.

Some in old Ocean's 'dark, unfathomed caves,'
Where many a gallant ship lies sunk and rotten,
No requiem sung, save by the winds and waves,
Unnoticed and forgotten.

But who, alas ! the tale of woe shall tell ;
What pen shall e'er record the countless number
Of those who on the field of battle fell,
And in earth's bosom slumber ?

Amid the shock of arms, the deadly stroke,
The drum's inspiring charge, the thunder's crashing,
Where, through the sulph'rous canopy of smoke,
The lurid flames are flashing :

Where banners wave on high and terrors frown,
And plunging hoofs are dyed in rivers gory,
Thousands beheld the sun of life go down
Amid a blaze of glory.

Some died in mounting o'er the stony steep ;
Some 'i' the imminent deadly breach' have fallen,
Whom nevermore from their eternal sleep
Shall war's shrill trumpet call on.

And some, like ADAMS, in the Senate died,
Who ne'er in duty's path were known to falter ;
And some gave up, with patriotic pride,
Their lives on Freedom's altar.

Yet now they're gathering round me in the room,
Ethereal shapes in looks resembling mostly,
Gazing upon me with those eyes of gloom,
Those eyes so dim and ghostly.

From those bright fields where youth delights to sport,
And opening vistas show the future dawning,
The Land of Dreams, where Fancy holds her court,
Beyond the gates of morning :

From sunny isles, where sea-born zephyrs blow,
Kissing the leafy groves in twilight waving,
And silvery tides, harmonious, ebb and flow,
The banks so softly laving :

Where, far removed from Folly's idle throng,
Love's purest joys with Nature's sweetness blending,
So gently glides the stream of life along,
Nor toil nor care attending:

From shores yet unexplored and all unknown,
Where yet no fleets of commerce e'er have drifted,
Where rise nor towers of wood nor walls of stone,
By human hands uplifted:

From each dark cave of earth, each blooming field,
Where, like pure drops of gold in depths unmeasured,
The sparkling gems of knowledge lie concealed,
In rough-hewn caskets treasured:

Or where, with loftier flight, some daring band,
Aspiring high, beyond their strength's endeavor,
Snatched from APOLLO's car a flaming brand,
And were struck down for ever:

From distant planets, and the wide domains
Of CHAOS old, with all his powers opposing,
Pale LUNA lights them from her barren plains,
When evening shades are closing.

There is no spot untraversed and unsearched,
Within the boundless range of Night's dominions,
But where some wandering thought awhile has perched,
Resting its weary pinions.

There's not a single ray that earthward springs
From yonder orbs, in heaven's deep azure burning,
But bears some spirit-thought upon its wings,
Back to its source returning:

Even from those happy valleys where the soul,
O'er death triumphant, her glad voice upraises,
Joined with that choir whose ceaseless anthems roll
In songs of praises.

Poor, poor deluded hopes! o'er their sad fate
How has my heart been grieved beyond expression!
My peace destroyed, my life made desolate
By early indiscretion!

How have I cast me down upon the earth,
And with salt tears the sod have freely watered!
How have I cursed the hour that gave them birth,
And doomed them to be slaughtered!

But ah! no time can heal their bleeding wounds,
No power restore them to their former station;
But wait they must till the last trumpet sounds
In patient resignation.

Thus shall repentance pierce the soul at last,
And grief atone for every sin's commission,
When tears blot out the records of the past,
And sorrows bring contrition.

M O R E T R A N S C R I P T S

F R O M T H E D O C K E T O F A L A T E S H E R I F F .

BY FREDERICK L. VULTE.

S K I N N I N G A B R O A D W A Y B U C K .

'DOING' the tailor seems to be a fashionable amusement, and there are hundreds of our gay young 'bloods' who deem getting into debt with at least the ninth part of humanity, the finishing-stroke to their education. At any rate, I know that with some of these gentry the principle is sought to be established, that a debt due to a tailor has not the moral force of other obligations, and thus by the indulgence of this idea they avoid the payment of a debt which has contributed in a great measure to give them an appearance and an outfit.

I dissent from the common notion, that 'nine tailors make a man.' Indeed, I know that often one *tailor makes the man*. He certainly, if he be an 'artist,' imparts a style and appearance to many a wretched mannikin, which can be created in no other way; and looking at the trials which the knights of the shears and the yard-stick are so frequently compelled to undergo by the class of persons above referred to, in the non-payment of their 'little obligations,' I do not wonder that I should occasionally have been called upon to render 'material aid' in my official capacity, stretched to the point of tension, to these very valuable and necessary vulgar fractions.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon, luxuriating in the enjoyment of a delicious cigar, buried in thought over a matter of business just then engaging my serious attention, when the door was opened, and a Mr. Clermont entered, and addressing me, said: 'Sheriff, I have a writ of replevin for a suit of clothes against a young 'gent.' who ordered them, promising the cash when the garments were sent to his hotel. I sent them,' he continued, 'by one of my boys, who delivered them to my customer, he requesting the lad to wait until the clothes were tried on, to see whether they fitted him. For this purpose the young 'gent.' went to his room, and after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes he returned, decked in the new suit, saying to the boy, 'that the clothes suited him very well indeed, considering they were the first clothes Mr. Clermont had made for him; that there were a few trifling alterations to be made, which he would point out to Mr. Clermont himself; and that when he called on Mr. Clermont he would settle with him in person.' The boy, on hearing this story, although charged by me particularly not to leave the clothes without having the bill paid, deeming the complaint a plausible one, and the young 'gent.' appearing to him (*in the new clothes*) as one who was all truth, left him, and returned to my store. Now, Mr. Sheriff, I waited three days for the fellow to call on me, and have called myself, and sent to his hotel several times for the purpose of seeing him,

but I have not been so fortunate as to meet with him, and, as a last resource, have availed myself of the powers of a writ of replevin to get my goods. This I am directed by my attorney to place in your hands for service. Here is the writ, Sir.'

I took the writ from him, and after examining it, I asked him 'if he had any one near at hand to accompany me, for the purpose of identifying the goods.'

He answered, 'that his foreman was then present, and that I could avail myself of his services in that behalf as long as I required.' Mr. Clermont then left me, 'wishing success to us in the object of our mission.'

Taking with me my old friend, Mr. HENRY THISON, for so long a time an attaché of the Sheriff's office, 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;' a perfect Coryphæus in the way of finding out the locale of gentlemen equally short of memory and money; accompanied by Mr. Clermont's foreman, Mr. Planker, we proceeded on our journey.

'Do you know where he is to be found?' said I to Planker.

'Have n't an idea,' said he.

'Never mind, that's of no consequence. I'll have him before the devil gets him,' said Thison, brightening up, and raising his old bald-eagle face in the air.

'Very well,' said I, 'that's soon enough.'

Thison led the way, and soon we arrived at the hotel we suspected to be the fortress of the enemy, the defendant in my writ.

I went to the office, and inquired 'if Mr. Byefield was in,' and was told that 'he was at his dinner.'

I waited till dinner was over, and presently my attention was called by Mr. Planker, who 'pointed' Mr. Byefield out to me.

Perceiving that he had no overcoat, and that my writ called for one, I permitted my gentleman, before communicating with him, to select his own from the hotel wardrobe, where such garments are usually deposited by the boarders. As a matter of policy, perhaps, it was well I did so, as I might have had considerable trouble in finding that winter habit if I had been put to the service of looking for it.

'Accoutred as I was,' writ in hand, I accosted Mr. Byefield.

'Mr. Augustus Byefield?' said I to him, interrogatively.

'That is my name, Sir,' said he.

'A little private business with you, Sir,' said I.

'Walk this way, Sir, if you please,' said he.

His request to me was not only complied with by me, but by my attaché, Thison, and Mr. Planker also, who, doubtless, supposed a request for *me* to 'walk this way' was an invitation to the '*tres junctus in uno*,' and was intended for the party.

'A little *private* business!' said he, addressing me, looking at my friends inquiringly. 'I cannot understand this, Sir. Who are these people?'

'They are friends of mine,' I replied; 'one an assistant and the other a helper in a pressing emergency. I am the sheriff, Mr. Byefield,' continued I, 'and I have a writ of replevin wherein you are the defendant and Mr. Thomas Clermont is the plaintiff; and I am directed to replevin certain articles of dress which you procured him to make, which he avers

you 'wrongfully took and unjustly detain,' and which are described in the writ, and which I am commanded to take.'

'Well, Sir,' said he, 'and your intention is — what?'

'My intention is to *take* the articles of clothing wheresoever they may be, if I can find them,' I replied.

'He's got them on,' said Planker to me; 'he's got them on his body, Sheriff.'

'Well, Sir,' said Byefield, (constantly that 'well, Sir,' with a species of bravado in its pronunciation,) 'well, Sir, suppose I have,' he replied, addressing Planker, 'what then? Am I to understand, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'that this man,' pointing to Planker, 'is your helper in a *pressing* emergency? I fancy that he is often engaged in a *hot-pressing* service.'

'A very fair shot,' thought I, 'at the language of my introduction of Mr. Planker, and at his profession.' But being disposed to protect from insult all who accompanied me in matters of business, I intimated to Mr. Byefield 'that I expected decorous treatment of my assistants while engaged in my service on his part, so long as no offence was committed.'

'If, Sir,' said I to Byefield, assured by Planker that the clothes were on his person, 'you do not deliver to me the goods claimed by my writ, I shall be compelled to adopt the alternative required of me, in the event of my not finding the property, to wit, take your body and lodge the same in the county jail.'

This announcement staggered Byefield somewhat, who inquired of me, tauntingly, 'if I had the power to do *that*?' and recovering himself in a moment, he continued: 'You appear determined, Sir, to exercise what I would characterize as arbitrary power, without law or justice to sustain you. But, Sir, beware! Let me caution you not to trample on a citizen's rights. And though you are sustained here by two of your satellites, and have a manifest advantage of me for the moment, let me say, Sir, there shall be a day of reckoning; and when it comes, beware, Sir; beware of its terrible, crushing effects upon you, for thus exercising a power not warranted by the law!'

This gasconade did not frighten me a bit: 'my withers were unwrung.' But it was truly laughable to see how Byefield, after having let off so much effervescence, *gaited* and strutted about. I was the only one of my party not affected by it. And my old assistant, Thison, taking me by the arm, and asking me to step aside for a moment, which I did, addressed me as follows:

'Be you right?' said he, taking off his hat, and looking for all the world like a colossal bald-headed eagle in a quandary.

'I am, Tise,' said I. We always called him 'Tise' for shortness' sake.

'I'll stick by you,' said he, 'right or wrong; but one allers works better, you see, when he knows he's right. You know better than I do about the law, and am better reversed in them things than I. I'm bound to stick by you any way, and I will *do* it too.'

'I thank you, my old friend. I knew you would,' said I.

Determined to pursue the remedy which I had intimated to Byefield, I told him that the property must forthwith be delivered to me, or else I must do 'the other thing;' namely, take him to jail.

'Well, Sir,' (invariably that 'well, Sir,') 'I see I am completely in your power,' said he; 'and I suppose,' continued he, 'as I am unable to furnish satisfactory bail, you will carry your threat into effect unless I deliver the goods to you, which, upon a second thought, I have concluded to do.'

'It is the best course,' said I to him, 'and I am heartily glad you have come to that conclusion, inasmuch as you will then have done an action which, if it attaches no credit to you, (the same being rendered upon compulsory process,) saves you at least from a very great temporary inconvenience: I mean luxuriating in our castle, where the inmates enjoy their '*déjeuner*' not '*à la fourchette*,' but with a spoon, and an iron one at that.'

'You are severe, Mr. Sheriff,' said he.

'But correct,' interrupted I.

'Here, Mr. Sheriff,' said he to me, languishingly, 'here is my overcoat,' taking the same from off his back and extending it to me; 'here is my overcoat, take it.'

'No, no, Mr. Augustus Byefield,' said I, 'you cannot 'come that game' on me. I see you are very well skilled in the knowledge of the law; but trust me, my learned Coke, I am not so verdant.'

'You will not take it!' continued he, in the same manner.

'Yes, I will take it,' I answered, 'when the rest of the goods the writ calls for are at the same time delivered. I understand what I am about, Mr. Byefield; and I am perfectly aware, too, that by recent decisions the law is that when a sheriff, charged with the service of a writ of replevin, takes any one or more of the articles called for by the writ, he cannot hold the defendant to bail for the balance, but the plaintiff must sue out an *alias* writ; and perhaps you have been taking lessons in the 'useful branches.' You see I am as well posted,' I continued, 'as you are.'

'Good for him,' said OLD TISE, chuckling. 'The sheriff's got Byefield, '*by-a-field*,' and he's '*lamming*' him, and he can't get off without a skinning.'

I couldn't avoid laughing at the murderous pun Old Tise let off so joyously, miserable as it was.

'Now, Mr. Byefield,' said I, 't'is useless for you to procrastinate this business: you may as well, first as last, give in, and let me have, quietly and freely, what I am here to demand from you.'

At this juncture, I hardly knew how or in what manner to proceed to get the clothes. I well knew I could not so trespass upon his personal rights as to seize his person and by force strip him. I was in a quandary, and it would not do to let Byefield know of the perplexity which filled my mind. I was perfectly aware, despite his *bravado* manner, that he feared me; still, to tell him that he 'must go to his room and shed his feathers' was beyond my usual impudence, and I could not do it. The clothes must be got, however, but how, I could not tell; there was but one way, and I could not insist that Byefield should comply. I was in hopes that he would offer to give them to me voluntarily, but I mistook the cause of his not doing so.

While thus pondering, 'OLD TISE' asked me to step aside. (Cautious and cunning as he was always reputed, in this I think he exceeded himself.)

'What be you thinking about?' whispered he; 'you ain't in a fix are you, Sheriff? Take my advice, SKIN HIM,' said he, in a low voice; 'SKIN HIM. Let me do it. I'll do it first rate.'

Happy suggestion, I thought at once, and the intimation as well as the offer to do it, coming from him, I at once yielded to him the glory and the honor of *skinning the buck*.

'Mr. Byefield,' said Mr. THISON, addressing him, 'which is your room? you'd better come along with me to your room and give me your clothes, or else the sheriff directs me to take you to jail.'

Byefield, thus addressed, examined with an inquiring gaze the strongly-marked physiognomy of the eagle-headed old gentleman, and observing the force and determination of the old man's eye, capitulated at once, and led the way to his room.

I remained below and awaited the result, being perfectly satisfied that if there was a man in the world equal to the operation, 'OLD TISE' was he. I waited but a short time, when my attaché rejoined me with a bundle in his hand, chuckling, giggling, and laughing, evidently satisfied with the wondrous feat, unparalleled, I fancy, in all the experiences of a sheriff from the time of the Book of Daniel, (see chap. iii., v. 2,) to the present.

'You did it?' said I.

'I did; I skinned him; I peeled him,' said he: 'and the worst of it is, Byefield ain't got any other clothes but summer ones. He sold out his old suit when he got these new ones, I guess. It come hard for him to give in, but I told him,' continued OLD THISON, 'the sheriff was determined, and he'd got to comply or go to jail. Jail he said he would n't go to, bekase he'd never get out if he once got in. He first laid down his overcoat and then took off his coat, vest, and pantaloons, and gave 'em up to me, and here they are, Sir, tied up in this here bundle.'

'But, my friend, my dear TISE, did you say that the fellow had not a change of winter clothes?'

'Not a rag: it's a fact; he ain't got another suit, but summer clothes; and when I got done with the skinning,' said the old man, (his voice a little thick, I thought,) 'he went to bed, whimpering like a child, and kivered himself up. That's the hull of the story, and here's the bundle.'

'You seem to relent; you regret being engaged in this matter, do n't you, TISE? Speak out.'

'No I don't, God bless you, (a favorite exclamation of his.) No I don't. I'd do it ag'in, but it was hard. He cried, he did, jist like a baby.'

'I think he would cry; I am sure he had sufficient cause,' said I, 'after such an effectual skinning as you gave him.'

'I skinned him from top to toe, 'cept stockings and shirt,' said the old man, chuckling.

'And you left him *'in puris naturalibus,'* almost,' said I, commiseratingly.

'Jist as you say, Mr. Sheriff, although I don't know nothing about the Latin or the hard words. I skinned him, I did; and I did n't draw the first drop of blood; and I got his hide here in this here bundle.'

The old man prided himself on this achievement, but, said he, 'I seen the thing in the sheriff's eye; he winked to me to do it; and when he winks to me,' continued he, 'I knows what to do, and what's to be done, and, gracious me! when him and me works together, we make the feathers fly.'

I don't know how Mr. Augustus Byefield got out of the dilemma in which I left him, *sans* every thing but the shirt and stockings, nor do I now much care.

The clothes were returned by me to Mr. Clermont, (the done tailor,) who was particularly pleased at the issue of the affair, and more particularly as Mr. Byefield was so effectually embarrassed by me, and left in no pleasing state of conjecture as to whether he had not been fairly *cut up raw* as well as served up *without dressing*.

R E M E M B R A N C E .

BY R. M. O.

I.

THINK of me kindly when my life is o'er:
 I ask no tear; I ask no useless sigh;
 But when the heart that loved thee throbs no more,
 Let not its memory in thy bosom die;
 Forget the errors that have caused thee pain,
 Think only of the virtues that you knew,
 When, linked together in love's willing chain,
 Life o'er our pathway its sweet blossoms threw.

II.

Think of me kindly when my life is o'er:
 Thou knewest—thou alone—the heavy care,
 The poisoned arrows that my bosom tore,
 The wounded spirit, and its fierce despair;
 Thou knewest—thou alone—when God's own hand
 Poured in the balm that made those sorrows cease,
 When e'en afflictions, at His kind command,
 Brought with them messages of hope and peace.

III.

What grief hath touched me that thou hast not felt?
 What joy hath blessed me that thou hast not shared?
 Our hearts together at one altar knelt,
 Our feet together to one shrine repaired;
 And when these ties have all been snapped in twain,
 To reunite upon this earth no more,
 Still let their gentle memory remain:
 Think of me kindly when my life is o'er!

S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

XI.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

HAST seen the ancient castle,
 The castle by the sea?
 The clouds that hang above it
 Golden and rosy be.

It seemeth to bow fondly
 Toward the mirror lake below;
 It seemeth to struggle upward
 Toward the ruddy evening glow.

'Yea, I have seen the castle,
 The old towers by the sea;
 The moon shone o'er it dimly,
 The mists lay heavily.'

The music of wind and billow
 Sounded gay and strong!
 From those halls so ancient heard'st thou
 Harps and the voice of song?

'The winds and all the billows
 In stillest rest were cast;
 But I heard from those halls a wailing
 That made my tears stream fast.'

Saw'st thou the king so stately
 With the lady queen come down?
 The wave of the purple mantle,
 The gleam of the golden crown?

Guided they not their darling,
 A lovely maiden there,
 Beauteous as God's dear star-light
 Bright with her golden hair?

'Well saw I both the parents
 Undecked with crown or gem,
 In the deepest mourning raiment:
 No maiden was with them.'

LUDWIG URIAND.

XII.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

It was the joyous Whitsun feast,
 And wold and wood in green were drest;
 Then the king arose and spake:
 'So too from all
 Of ancient Hofburg's halls
 Shall a richer spring-time break.'

Drum and festal trump were ringing,
Crimson banners gaily swinging;
Looked the king from the balcon near:
In the lists, his son
Made the knights each one
Bite the dust 'neath his stalwart spear.

Then there rode within the rail
A knight encased in swartest mail:
'Thy name and arms?' He barred his helm:
'Should I these deliver,
Ye would quake and shiver:
I am the lord of a mighty realm!'

When he spurred his charger dread,
Dark grew the heavens overhead,
The castle shook from roof to floor.
At the first course
Fell the prince from his horse;
Scarce could he raise himself once more.

Flute and viol called to dancing;
Torches in the hall were glancing:
Then came the mighty Shadow in;
Neared the king's daughter,
And courteously besought her
The dancing with him to begin.

Danced he helmeted and mailed,
Danced so that the feasters quailed:
In his arms cold grows the maid;
From hair and bosom
Fall the frail summer blossoms
Upon the earth, and there they fade.

Then to the rich table came
Every knight and every dame;
And amid the glittering ring,
Looking with pride
On the children at his side,
Sate in silence the gray-headed king.

Paler the children grew and weaker,
As the dark guest proffereth a beaker:
'Drink! the red wine cureth every ill.'
The children drank,
Murmured their courteous thanks,
But said, 'The draught is very, very chill.'

Each the father's neck embraces
With emotion, and their faces
Grow as pallid and as cold as clay.
Chilled and horrified,
The king his children eyed:
Dead, dead on his paternal heart they lay.

'Both my children, Bringer of Sadness,
Takest thou from me in youth's gladness:
Take me too, the joyless king.'
Spake the grim guest
Out from his hollow chest:
'Old man! I gather roses in the Spring!'

E A S T E R N S K E T C H E S .

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

A N I G H T I N R A M A Z A N , 1 8 5 2 , A T C O N S T A N T I N O P L E .

EVERY person in the United States knows more or less about Mohammed the Prophet, about Mussulmans, and about Constantinople. Most have read of the Caliphs, in connection with Bagdad, and incognito visits by the said supreme functionary in the scenes of the 'Arabian Nights;' and even the word or title of Sultan is familiar in the minds of many as being that borne by the valiant Saracen Saladin, who so nobly opposed the efforts of Richard the Lion-Hearted to deprive him of the sainted land of Palestine, which he had taken from the degenerate and timid Christians of that period.

Here, in the 'City of the Sultan,' the 'Abode of the Caliph,' in the 1268th year of the 'Flight,' or of the *Emigration*, as some pious Mussulmans are pleased to call the going of their Prophet from Mecca to Medina to escape his enemies, was the holy fast celebrated and observed which he ordered in commemoration of the descent of the blessed Koran from the loftiest heaven. Shade of the Islam Prophet! who became a Moslem for the same reason that Luther and Calvin became Protestants: from aversion for the degraded and sinful faith of the nominal Christians, whose dogmas were equal to, if not indeed worse than, the idolatry of the Arabian; in the goodly city of Constantine, to the conquest of which you inspirited the successors of your 'companions,' thy prediction has proven true:

'They will take Constantinople: the best prince is he who will make this conquest, and the best army will be his.'

The first Ramazan occurred, most probably, in the midst of summer, for the word signifies in Arabic *heat*. By the rotation of the lunar months it annually recedes some ten days, and thus, in about thirty years, it occurs in all the seasons. Now it is in the heart of winter: the days are short, the winds and weather are cool, or even cold, the atmosphere is fraught with moisture, and even the laborer exposed in open air does not suffer from the observance of the commands of the Prophet. But when, as during the present year, 1852 — 1268, it fell in midsummer, the fast commenced at three-quarters past two A. M., from the moment when a white hair can be distinguished from a black one, and lasted until sunset, at near eight o'clock P. M., some eighteen hours. During all this time the faithful and devout Mussulman neither ate nor drank; nor, what is much worse, did he once inhale the fumes of the famed weed tobacco. Cruel deprivation, which mortifies the flesh and turns the thoughts upward, in resignation to the decrees of the last and best of the prophets!

The new moon of Ramazan is seen in the edge of the western sky. The cannons of the Bosphorus proclaim the commencement of the long

fast. It lasts a whole month; and at its close the flesh is mortified, the spirits are depressed, love for the Islam faith is increased, hatred for the infidel is renewed and strengthened, and the heart again only opens and expands with the approach of another new moon.

During the forenoon, Stamboul is silent and dull. The Mossulman has lain down to rest, so as to pass over at least a portion of the fast. By half-past two o'clock A. M. he has taken his last meal, the cannon has sounded, and, as he has spent the greater portion of the night in conversation with his friends, he now throws himself upon his couch, and reposes until about noon. Thus some eight or ten hours of the eighteen are gone by, and he seeks for relief for the remainder in quiet promenades throughout the bazaars, the larger and more frequented streets, or by a visit even to the Infidel Hill of Pera, where are the Ghiaour maidens in all their beauty, engaged in the classic pastime of shopping. Even the good Mossulman condescends to glance at the bright eyes and intelligent faces of the daughters of the *unfaithful*, and wish *they* were even so. Slowly ascending the rugged heights of Pera, the oblivion-seeking follower of the Prophet, who promised innumerable Houries to those who should remain faithful to his creed, doubtless re-freshens his faith before the images of those half-angel, half-human maidens afore stated; just as the devout Catholic or Greek strengthens his religious belief before the images or the pictures of his beloved Madonna and her Son.

The streets of Stamboul are thus almost deserted during the forenoon. The Kibab shop is closed. No fumes of those delicious mouthfuls of tender lamb, roasted on the skivver before the glowing embers, gush forth from the Stamboul restaurant to greet and relieve the half-famished Ghiaour, as over-heated he stops in his career through the intricate labyrinth of the bazaars, to uncover his bald pate, to wipe away the perspiration which flows down his heated features, or to swear at the ignorance and the dishonesty of his guide. Even the *shakeejee*, or confectioner, who sells 'Drops of Comfort,' by its own Arabic name of *Rabat il Korm*, and not by the New-York title of fig-paste — an article composed of no figs or any other fruit, but simply made of starch formed of rice-flour, scented with rose-water — has retired to his rest. The *sherbetjee*, too, 'has lain down in his lair,' and no longer invites the thirsty infidel to slake his thirst with a glass of delicious sherbet, cooled with snow from the summits of Mount Olympus, where imperial Jove was once wont to keep down his troublesome passions, and drink of the 'nectar of the gods,' which trickled down the mountain-side from under the white, snowy mosses that eternally lay on the dizzy heights of that lofty mountain. The *sanjee*, too, has disappeared. Water is forbidden to the Islamite, and the Ghiaour dare scarce taste it in his presence, lest his 'evil eye' fall upon him as he puts the vessel to his mouth. Alas! the *khavéjee* only just now has rolled off his cushion; and instead of offering you the juice of the odorous berry, stares at you listlessly as you pass by his door. The poor Greek peasant from the country must allay his thirst at the neighboring fountain, erected by Mossulman charity and benevolence. The Armenian looks sily round him as he ventures to tantalize his Mohammedan masters by violating *their* fast in their presence, and by cooling his parched throat with a mug of clear water, awaken Islam fanati-

cism against the Christian, which only slumbers, and would be 'up and acting' if the strong hand of the European did not threaten. Even the numerous dogs of the great city seem to fall in with the religious observances of the Mossulman. As the latter feast only at night, the dogs are compelled to keep vigils also, and to procure the 'crumbs which fall from their tables;' consequently they remain awake all night, and sleep during the succeeding forenoon. They even participate in the ill humor of their masters; and while they lie drowsily in the middle of Stamboul's narrow streets, woe betide the unfortunate Ghiaour who may happen to rest his inattentive heel upon their tails! The Mossulman might possibly escape with a growl, but the infidel would certainly be bit. The homeless, nameless, and houseless cur knows him by instinct, as if the very air of Ramazan inspired him with hatred for its non-observers.

But how different is the night of Ramazan from the day! As its close approaches, the moon has quite withdrawn her face from mortal sight. Long before the sun has set, the moon has retired to her rest, fatigued with her day-duty of watching over the religious observances of her Moslem children. She has, however, left behind her an innumerable family of young and gentle ones, whose bright eyes seem to twinkle with delight at the absence of their parent, or whose lustre is increased by the responsibility of their pious charge.

Long before the sun has set, from out of nook and corner (and they are many in the great city of Stamboul) come forth the followers of the Islam Prophet, male and female, master and slave, mistress and concubine, grown-up persons and young children, all, to prepare for their *iftar*, or breakfast. The squares of the city are filled with promenaders. Arabas (carriages) and horses, or even donkeys, are now in requisition for the evening ride. Mothers and wives visit the bazaars, and purchase clothing for the approaching Bairam for their slaves or their own children. The last days of Ramazan are looked forward to as eagerly by the shopman of Stamboul as Easter, or rather Christmas, is in the far and distant land of the West. The slave groans under the weight of her mistress's purchases, or the master's attendant is wearied with the many orders, which hurry him from bazaar to bazaar in search of this or that peculiar apparel, jewel, or amber mouth-piece. Toward sunset you should see the Islam Houries of *this* world, returning from their afternoon engagements in search of choice silks from Broosa, from Damascus, or from Persia! Those from Frankistan are also needed for their wide trousers, or *antarree*, (skirted robes.) Cashmere shawls, Syrian scarfs, embroidered kerchiefs, made by the humbler and poorer Greek maidens of Stamboul, jewels or pearls from the *Jevair Bezezten*, or Jewel Bazaar, are all needed for the coming festivity of Bairam. In some of the mosques' courts all that is ancient, obsolete, or *rococo*, is now exposed for sale, and many while away an hour in examining oddities which are no longer in use. But the sun is setting, and every one hurries homeward to be ready to partake of the evening meal so soon as the cannon on the Bosphorus proclaim that the day's luminary has disappeared in the western horizon.

It is night. The *iftar* is over; the wealthy gentleman of Stamboul has had friends of rank to dine with him; his *kovuk*, or winter-house, is lighted up from the ground-floor, on which reside his servants, to the

extreme end of the *harem*. The passer-by perceives a busy running to and fro of females behind the closely-latticed windows; he may hear the sound of mirthful laughter, the soft tone of some delicate voice; he almost imagines he can see the sparkling of bright eyes through the lattices, but no features can possibly be seen. There will be the sound of music and song, perhaps of dancing; he may even hear the clacking of castanets, and the plaudits of the witnesses. 'Afarin! afarin!' 'Bravo! bravo!' bursts from the lips of the delighted follower of the blessed Prophet, as he jerks away his jewelled amber mouth-piece from between his lips, and, puffing forth a huge volume of smoke, joins in the praise of the *kutcheh*, or dancing-boy, as he makes a spring which puts the *alamehs* of Missir, or the Nautch girls of the older Hind, to blush by its agility and grace. No doubt many a cup of the forbidden wine is quaffed this evening where it ought not to be done; and many an excited head falls back, in the folds of Lethe or of Morpheus, upon the soft and luxurious divan; but the passing infidel stranger sees it not.

In the public coffee-houses there is also the sound of laughter and of frolicsome mirth. Here *Kara Geus* and *Hadjay Watt*, the two 'dramatis personæ' of the only Mossulman stage which exists, rule supreme over the risible faculties of their audiences. In one of the angles of the coffee-shop is erected a small stage, reminding one strongly of the field of action of the English 'Punch and Judy.' At the opened window soon appear two figures; one a very 'young man about town,' in the fanciful habiliments of the day, and attended by a comrade of more than doubtful respectability. *Hadjay Watt* panders to the tastes of his moneyed employer, and becomes a victim to his ignoble calling. Gross is the wit and grosser the performance; yet the audience is often convulsed with laughter, and more refined talent would poorly suit the tastes of the inmates of the coffee-house.

Not far from this abode of the tragic Muse is another scene, more Oriental still; and here the passing Ghiaour may rest his limbs, and hear the exciting tale told by the *Meddah*. On an elevated platform, seated in a pretty arm-chair, is Méhémed Effendi, the narrator of tales which he composes on the spur of the moment, like the improvisatore of gentler Italy. He holds in his hand a baton of office; over his neck or shoulder is thrown a colored handkerchief; he has no other prompter than his own inspiration; he requires no orchestra to relieve the audience in the *entr'actes*, nor any decorations to help enchant the imaginations of his hearers. Every voice is hushed, every figure is still, as he rises to commence:

'By narrators of strange occurrences, by the tellers of curious tales, and by those authors who have expended the capital of their lives in writing the history of events of note, it is told, that in the time of the Caliphs of Bagdad there once dwelt a wealthy merchant on the right bank of the Tigris, whose riches could not be told, so great was their amount, and their value beyond all account. This rich person was as benevolent and charitable as he was wealthy. No poor man was ever sent away unbefitted from his door; nor did any afflicted individual ever expect his sympathies in vain.'

Then he goes on to add that:

'This great and wealthy merchant was blessed in all his wishes, except that he had no other child than an only daughter,' etc.

The beauty of this girl, her talents, her marriage with the son of a neighbor, her subsequent misfortunes, the foolish jealousy of her husband, the means which were taken to cure him of his unjust apprehension, the ludicrous scenes into which his jealousy led him, etc., amuse the audience, while it contains many a good lesson to those tainted with the same passion. At intervals the Meddah rises, and appealing to the audience for a proof of their interest in the tale, 'hands round a cup, and takes up the congregation;' after which, renewing the same story, he continues to call forth the plaudits of the hearers, especially the younger ones.

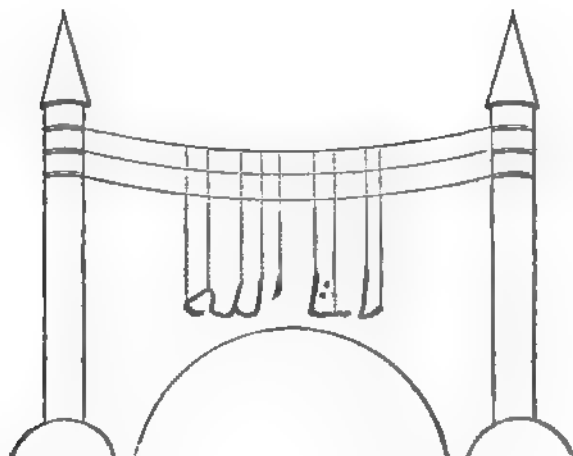
At night in Ramazan all Stamboul is 'wide awake' until past midnight. Lights are every where flitting, the streets are full of people, (all males, of course.) Before the outer doors of the coffee-houses, in front of the dwellings of the wealthy or the official, numerous persons are seated on the *skemlrys*, or low four-footed stools of the country, puffing from sticks each three to five feet in length, with a small oven or fire-place at one end, and a let-out for the smoke at the other. Persons of rank never visit the coffee-houses at any time; even officers of the army of the grade of captain are forbidden frequenting them; consequently their inmates are the workmen, or at best a few shop-keepers, or *rentiors*, who may choose their own society. There are no places for drinking other liquids than coffee, sherbet, lemon or orangeade, and pure cool water. The result is seen in the quiet nature of the character and conduct of the Mossulmans. Perhaps in no portion of this great city, containing some nine hundred thousand inhabitants, more than one-half of whom are followers of the Prophet, will a 'fight' arise during a night in Ramazan. Coffee and tobacco, used as they use them here, have the contrary effect: they soothe and lull the mind, hush all the warmer passions, and draw forth the better feelings of man for man. No 'Maine Law' has yet been needed among the Mossulmans of Stamboul. Rum is neither manufactured nor sold among them, although the 'good people' of Boston, who, as

'Solid men of Boston drink no strong potations,'

send the same out to the 'good people' of Stamboul; and 'Pure Boston Rum' barrels encumber the streets of this eastern city for the pious and philanthropic purpose of aiding in civilizing a 'people' who are making exertions in their own behalf toward that condition which by the world is generally called 'Civilization.' If any intemperance exists among the followers of the Prophet, it is mostly limited to the higher classes. The Pacha, the Bey, and the Effendi are said to indulge in stronger 'potations' than do the people of the lower classes, and, not being good judges of 'the article,' use the most injurious of ardent spirits. The country produces excellent wines, which are better flavored and less injurious than the liquors or other strong drinks sent here from civilized Europe and America, but they are not yet appreciated.

Islam temples, Jâmies, Mosquées, Mesjeds, or simpler Mosques, how splendid in your simplicity! Sublime in the loftiness of your domes and minarets, elegant in your form and structure, impressive in the object of your erection! Correctly have your elevated columns been named,

whence the Muezzin calls the Faithful to prayer. *Minaret*, 'the place of light,' is peculiarly so in Ramazan. The rings which encircle their apex, where the slender point tapers toward the summit, one, two, or three, according to the rank and size of the mosque, are lighted up with small lamps, small zones of brilliancy, shedding life and light around them, and directing the eyes of the Faithful to that more distant firmament to which they point. Then between the minarets are suspended, on strong ropes, thousands of lights, so arranged as to form different objects; such as the state-barge of the Sultan, his monogram, called in Turkish *Toogra*, a tent, a cannon, or verses from the Koran, or others complimentary to the Sultan. From a distance these lights present a most brilliant and pleasing appearance. The figures are made by the Muezzins first in paper, and then imitated somewhat as in the following *Mashalla*! 'Wonderful!' or, verbatim, 'What God has willed:'



During Ramazan there are two holy nights which are peculiarly observed by the Faithful: the one on the fifteenth, when the Sultan and all the higher officers of his government assemble in the old Seraglio, at the kiosk in which the cloak of the blessed Prophet is kept, to perform the ceremony of kissing and praying over this sacred garment. No infidel eyes have ever fallen on the cloak. There is a tradition that once a Jew had the audacity to turn his head or his face in the direction in which it was being carried by, on the way to the army, then assembled on the heights called Daoud Pacha. Immediately the crowd of faithful Moslems exclaimed in loud, vociferous tones against the sacrilege, and predicted that the Jew would straightway become blind. This, indeed, at once occurred. The poor fellow placed his hand over his orbs of vision, and exclaiming that he had suddenly lost his sight, was led away from the scene of his awful temerity. It is not positively known that he ever perfectly recovered; but as he is said to have been able to pursue his way quite alone, and to have walked at a brisk rate, soon after reaching a point beyond the sound and reach of the Moslem crowd which ac-

accompanied the holy cloak of their blessed Prophet, it is believed that he had become 'considerably better.'

The cloak was once worn by the Prophet himself in the course of his earthly pilgrimage, and has long since been converted into a standard, which is only exposed when his successor, the Sultan, who has assumed the title of Caliph, is desirous of collecting the Faithful around him for the purpose of proclaiming his war a holy one against the enemies of the true faith. It is then carried in procession beyond the walls of the city, in the midst of the army, and at a propitious moment, ascertained by the court astrologers, is unfurled, and the *Ghaza*, or holy foray against infidels, is proclaimed to the devout and belligerous Faithful. There is some reason to believe that the real holy cloak (no doubt by this time 'holey' enough) is either in Vienna or Rome, taken in the Christian wars with the Mussulmans; but I would not wish to lessen your faith in the identity of the present garment, for modern civilization is clearing away the veil of romance fast enough without my destroying the only part of the story of this piece of Oriental poetry which is interesting. This must, therefore, be the veritable garment worn by the blessed Prophet in the republican, democratic days of Arabia, and none other; and I wonder not, that on the stated night of Ramazan the higher officers of the Ottoman court crowd around it, to touch its hem and press its border to their adoring lips. Such is Man. It is in vain that the strict Presbyterian admits of no outward show of religion; the dull, dry faith of the 'inner man' is but half faith, and burns dimly in the recesses of the heart. The external sense demands gratifications, so as to keep alive the warmth within; and that devotion is a lively one which shows itself in its attachment to the external and visible representation of the unseen and distant object of its affections. It is well to talk of 'principles, and not men:' they are both strongly united, and the regard shown to the latter (and certainly in no country stronger or more fervently than in the free, intelligent, and proud Republic of the United States) by the sincere, deep affection, almost idolatry, which is felt for the representatives of the principles to which men believe they are devoted.

The second chief night of Ramazan is that called *Kader Gajaser*, or, in the language of the originator of the Koran, '*Laylet al Kader*,' or *night of power*. By this is meant the night in which the great exhibition of the Divine power occurred, by the descent from heaven of the 'greatest and last of inspired books,' the 'blessed Koran.' Of this night it is stated in the Koran, in the chapter called that of 'Power:'

'We have caused it to descend from heaven in the night of power; and we teach you which this night is, by declaring to you that it is worth more than a thousand whole months; for it is on that time that the angels take to descend upon earth; and it is among them that the spirit of God descends there by His will.'

This celebrated night comes at different periods during the year; and thus being uncertain, the great Prophet bids his followers:

'Since you do not know the time of this favorable night, let your actions be such that each night shall be like that one.'

This was the injunction of the ill-judged Prophet of Arabia, who, though not the best, seems truly to be the *last* of the prophets. Beside the preceding causes of the sanctity of this night, tradition says that

the whole animal creation, except man, at midnight fall down in worship of their CREATOR; yet I am not aware that any person has positively witnessed the ceremony. Individual cases of certain animals (cows and camels) going down on their knees about this hour are said to be known, and no doubt this will be considered sufficient evidence to sustain the Prophet's assertion.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, not the ceremony aforesaid, but the commemorations which annually take place in Constantinople during the night in question. One part of it, however, we could not witness, viz.: where the Sultan takes a new wife, a fresh 'object of his devotions,' who, *on dit*, is a present to H. I. M. from the Grand Vezir. This famed maiden is, of course, like all the *wives* of the Sultan, (who never marries,) a slave from the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, whence she came to meet with the fate of fabled Prometheus among the human vultures of Stamboul.

The Sultan dines that day at a palace far up the Golden Horn, and returns in his golden barge to the mouth of the Bosphorus, on his way to his home. This is generally the case, and the commander-in-chief of the latter stream avails himself of the opportunity to fête His Majesty as he passes by the military park of Topkhaneh. On the present occasion, however, he came down expressly to witness the fête given to him, and to offer up his prayers in the fine mosque situated at that place.

The whole surface of the harbor, and the entrance into the Bosphorus, was covered with lanterns and torches. Here and there lights of diverse colors were lit; some blue, some red, and others white. All the public vessels at anchor were illuminated with small lanterns, forming a sight at once brilliant and novel. The surface of the water was covered with myriads of small caïques, and other boats, filled with spectators of either sex, and of all nationalities; Turkish women crouching down, with their faces half exposed, among a motley collection of children of all ages; Armenian, Greek, and even the poor and humble Jewess, paid her long-boarded piaster to secure a seat in the *Maour*, or the great Bazaar Caique, and witness the fire-works on the water.

So soon as the Sultan entered his barge, one of the prettiest things in Stamboul, all the vessels in the stream, and all the fortresses, fired a salute, which seemed to be a *feu de joie*. As he approached Topkhaneh, the caïques lit their torches and colored lights; and by the time he had put foot on the wharf, myriads of rockets had extinguished the light of the moon and the stars, and darkened the higher firmament of heaven with their blaze. Whirligigs, topsy-turvies, round-about, upside-downs, head-over-heels, and all manner and methods of illuminations, struck out at once, in one splendid, glorious galaxy of diamond brilliancy, until there was soon room for imagining that the Great Day had come. Amid the beautiful scene, and as the refulgent light began to subside, there stood, as in letters of purity and clearness, between the lofty minarets of the Topkhaneh, the following words of compliment:

سلطان بن علی

'My sovereign, may you live a thousand years!'

THE PEASANT'S SONG OF AUTUMN.

BY JAMES LINEN.

The winds sweep by with a mournful tone,
Telling that Summer is past and gone ;
The leaves are sere, and genial showers
No vigor give to the fading flowers.

There's a withered look in Nature's face,
And her steps have lost their vernal grace ;
But what though she seems so pale and wan,
She's rich with stores for the wants of man.

Though heaving woods toss their russet plumes,
And the fragrant dells are strewn with blooms,
To the peasant bounteous Autumn yields
The treasures of all her golden fields.

Though no more the groves and forests ring
With the notes of rapture wild birds sing,
Afar on the moorland breeze are borne
The stirring sounds of the hunter's horn.

By the crystal brook and mountain lake,
In the ferny dell and marshy brake,
Away, where the lapwing lonely flies,
The keen fowler seeks his feathered prize.

The peasant is up at break of day,
And off to his harvest fields away ;
With a joyous heart unknown to care,
He whistles some love-inspiring air.

And see yonder band so blithe and free,
How they reap and sing in rustic glee ;
In the sun-beams flash the whetted blades,
Swept by hardy hinds and buxom maids.

And behold the gleaner young and fair,
With her rosy cheeks and yellow hair ;
Content with her poor but happy lot,
She bears her sheaf to her mother's cot.

Away from the noise of city strife,
Give me rural scenes and rural life ;
Let me trip o'er hills and valleys green,
Where slaves of fashion are never seen.

Oh! let me live where no cares annoy,
 To taste the sweets of unmingled joy;
 And abroad with Nature let me roam,
 Till called away to a better home.

When life's Autumn comes, as come it will,
 And my beating heart is cold and still,
 Where pale Sorrow ne'er may vigils keep,
 In some lone spot let me quietly sleep.

A GLIMPSE AT THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

'THERE is no God,' the foolish saith,
 But none, 'There is no sorrow;'
 And Nature oft the cry of Faith
 In bitter need will borrow:
 Eyes which the preacher could not school
 By way-side graves are raised;
 And lips say 'God be pitiful,'
 Who ne'er said 'God be praised!'

THERE is no wilder or more rugged tract of land in our rock-bound State than that portion of Middlesex county which borders upon the Connecticut river. Here, amid ledges of granite, or around the base of the forest-crowned hills, the Indians held their great powows; and here occurred those wonderful shakings and tremblings of the earth that filled the old Puritans with dismay, and still continue to attract the attention of the curious and learned, even at this day. In fact, this is the only well authenticated region of supernaturalism in Connecticut; but, whether the 'Moodus noises' are the result of natural causes, or the terrible manifestations of the anger of the red man's god at the introduction of Christianity, as they always asserted, it is not my present intention to discuss.

Large portions of this region are still thickly wooded, and quantities of timber are sent down the river to be used in the construction of the noble ships for which the river-towns are so famous. The refuse wood is burned into charcoal, which finds a ready market in the neighboring towns and cities.

Many hands are engaged in this latter business, and a rude, rough, hardy set of men they are, dwelling deep in the forests, knowing little and caring still less about the wants and usages of conventional life; bound together by a community of interests, having laws and regulations of their own, which are troubled by no legal technicalities, though marked by a rude sense of justice, and enforced with a promptitude which might put many of our learned advocates to the blush. Sometimes they spend weeks and weeks alone in the woods, with their pits, sheltering themselves from the storms and night air in the little,

miserable burrows made of sticks and turf, which they dignify with the name of 'houses,' but which look more like the den of some mammoth rabbit than any thing else, seeing no one but the solitary hunter, or the wife or child who comes, at regular intervals, with a supply of food.

But oftener a contract is made with some landholder to 'clear up a certain tract and coal the wood ready for market;' and the contractor, taking his wife and children with him, enters upon possession, and, rearing his rude shanty near the centre of operations, sets up his household gods for six months or a year, as the case may demand.

Over the next range of hills, or across the next running stream, brother craftsmen may have raised their shanties; and though invisible to the eye, their dwelling-places may be easily discovered by the columns of blue smoke rising above the tops of the green trees; and these 'dwellers beyond the pale' frequently make up for their long solitary watchings by nights of wild merry-making, which would lead one to believe that Bacchus himself kept state in this 'land of steady habits.'

Some summers since, it was my fortune to spend several weeks in this vicinity, and, in the course of my walks and rides, I became somewhat acquainted with several of these denizens of the woods. They presented a new and curious phase of life to me, and I loved to listen to the quaint, but always respectful, and often picturesque language of the men as they spoke of their craft; or to enter their dwellings, and draw out the strong motherly pride and fondness of the women, by my notice of the children that, in garments, or rather lack of garments, more befitting paradisiacal ages than our own, rolled about the floor, or built miniature coal-pits upon the rocks without.

But the king of all these woodmen was Ben Jones, or 'Big Ben,' as he was usually called, not only in virtue of that venerable maxim coeval with man, that 'might makes right,' for he was a giant in physical proportions and strength, but also through a rude kind of honesty which made itself felt among his fellows, and a large share of shrewd worldly wisdom.

He had taken a contract of Mr. Gardener, mine host, and there was scarcely an hour in the day, rain or shine, in which the measured strokes of his axe, or his boy's, might not be heard ringing in the distant hollow; and as to his pits, their fire, like that on the altar of the guebres, never went out. To see him feeding one of these huge, muttering, groaning monsters, flinging arm-full after arm-full of wood down into its gaping mouth, or, with bared arms and head and flying hair, fighting the fire when it burst through the crisp turf-covering, or seated on a log, sharpening his axe, and talking of trees, and birds, and beasts, for he had studied their varieties with the eye of a born naturalist, one would think he had scarcely set foot beyond the limits of the forest in all his days. Yet it was evident from many of his phrases that Big Ben had some time followed the seas; and I suspect he rather enjoyed the hints and whispers that went from one gossip to the other, intimating that he had been a smuggler, if not a pirate, in his day, and could tell strange things if he chose. Some did not hesitate to say, with many shrewd nods and winks, that he knew where there was a plenty of gold, and might hold up his head with the richest, if he only *dared* to get it.

However this might be, he was evidently troubled with no great surplus of means when I knew him ; for, notwithstanding his hard labor, and his wife Peggy's sharpness at a bargain, they were quite poor. Perhaps this was partly owing to Peggy's mistaken views of domestic economy, which led her to tramp miles after a shilling's worth of berries, instead of staying in the house to look after the dollar which her husband had brought in.

She was a tall, bony woman, 'lean as a rake,' with a mass of black hair, which was turned to a reddish brown upon the top of her head, from exposure to the sun, for the good woman accounted bonnets as superfluities, to be used only on state occasions ; a complexion naturally dark, but rendered still more so from the same cause, and eyes well befitting a gipsy queen, black as night, and flashing, when a little excited, like sheet-lightning.

Peggy Jones was a born diplomatist. I never knew her come up to 'the house,' as it was her custom to term Mr. G.'s residence, without, in the end, the contents of her basket being transferred to the shelves of the store-room, to make room for double their value in provisions or money ; and what was a still greater proof of her skill, invariably leaving mine hostess under the impression that she had conferred a great favor on her by coming up there at that hour, although that excellent woman had met her with the assurance that she had no need of her commodities.

I always made it a point to be present on these occasions, and was much amused at the hawk-like pertinacity with which she pursued her object, now flying off to speak of some domestic affairs, or to retail some bit of news, for, notwithstanding her secluded residence, Peggy was a sort of walking chronicle of village gossip ; then returning to the business in hand, mingling praises of her wares with the most adroit but apparently ingenious compliments to the mother and the children, circling nearer and nearer her object, until, with one decided swoop, she attained her end and departed in triumph.

We hear much of people who are born in advance of their age, but Peggy Jones's advent was evidently a century or so too late ; for, with that mass of black hair drawn back under a cap *à la Valentois*, that tall form robed in velvet, and those bare legs, every inch of which visible between her short skirts and her shoes (usually a pair of her husband's) was tattooed in a sort of arabesque pattern by briers, cased in silken hose from the looms of Lyons, she would have been a match for any of the beautiful *intrigantes* of the court of Louis XIV.

The family of this worthy couple consisted of three children : a son, on whom they had bestowed the name of Andrew Jackson in compliment to the President, and two little girls, who had been added as after-thoughts to the family when Andrew, or Andrer, as they pronounced it, had grown to be a good, stout boy. Andrew did not wilt down under the burthen of a great name, as is the case with most children thus endowed, probably because he knew and cared as little about his namesake as that illustrious chieftain did about him, but, at nineteen, was a perfect *athlete*, every limb and muscle being fairly developed by exercise in the open air ; handsome, merry, good-humored, the leader in all mischief,

yet a favorite with young and old, best dancer, best singer, best wrestler and quoit-player, and best marksman in the whole district.

Moreover, it so happened that Andrew and pretty Sally Benedict, the youngest daughter of old Joe Benedict, of Ledge District, had chosen to fall in love with each other, very undutifully it seemed, for no one knew better than they that hatred was the only feeling recognized between the families ever since their fathers had quarrelled so bitterly about the respective merits of two political candidates one town-meeting day, some years before. As usual in such cases, the majority of the neighbors were disposed to sympathize with the young people, especially after it became known that Peggy Jones had 'put down her foot that no one of that *breed* should cross her threshold or call her mother,' for they knew that she seldom failed to carry her point. The Benedicts were not a whit behind her in resenting the threatened alliance, and as there was no need of birds of the air to carry what was said from one family to the other, their anger strengthened with the days.

In all this war of words Big Ben said nothing. In fact, the giant coal-burner was not at all demonstrative in his family relations, and, to a casual observer, seemingly a hard, unfeeling man, his children always being designated by some such generic term as 'young scamps, rascals, or sinners.' This was my impression when he cut me short one day in my expressions of sympathy for one of his little girls, who had fallen from a tree and broken her arm, by saying, 'T was good enough for her; 't would learn her to keep down;' but a few moments after, when I accidentally caught a glimpse of him through the half-open door, leaning over the bed where the moaning child lay, and with his great, hard, clumsy fingers arranging the dress of a rag-baby which she had vainly tried to do with her well hand, and saw the expression of his hard features as he parted her hair and looked down upon her face, I felt that I had mistaken the man.

Such was the state of things when God saw fit to quench this fire of human anger in bitter tears.

We jostle against death too often in the crowded streets of a city to feel very keenly the deep significance of his presence. The hearse, with its heavy trappings, is a part of the daily shows of life: the little child perchance pauses a moment, and plucking the nurse by the gown, asks, 'What is that?' as the gloomy pageant passes; the organ-grinder breaks off in the middle of a tune, and watches it a moment, thinking perhaps of the dear wife or child whom he left sleeping beneath the flower-studded sod of Italy; the old apple-vender at the corner peers at it above her glasses, thinking it a goodly show, until suddenly the memory of her own boy, who has slept years at the bottom of the ocean, with only his hammock for his winding-sheet, comes over her, and a tear falls on the wrinkled hand that is put forth mechanically to arrange her goods; the miserable beggar-woman stops, and instinctively hugging her squalid baby closer to her heart, shudders at the thought that it may not live to grow up and follow such a life as hers; gaily-dressed ladies turn their heads and look back as if called by dimly-remembered voices; merchants and dapper clerks come to the doors, and, shielding their eyes from the sun, wonder 'who it is, and what property will change hands;'

and then life goes on as before. Yet, every shout of childhood, every merry quip of youth, every whispered word of love, every oath, and every prayer that goes vibrating up to God's throne, is accompanied by the solemn dirge of 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' with which Death gathers in his harvest for eternity.

'LIFE treads on life, and heart on heart ;
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.'

But in the sparsely-populated districts of the country, where every face is as well known to you as those of your own household, and the taking away of one leaves a gap which it takes years to fill, the shadow of the mighty Conqueror is felt even in the most remote hill-side cottages ; and the announcement of the sudden death of young Andrew Jones went through the whole community like an electric shock. He had been killed by lightning, struck down dead almost at his father's feet, as they were hurrying home to seek shelter from a violent summer storm. The father had been stunned by the shock, but as soon as he recovered he took his boy in his arms and bore him to the shanty. 'He has not opened his mouth since,' said our informant ; 'and as to Peggy, poor woman, she takes on like one possessed !'

Mr. Gardener was absent, but his wife and I were soon on our way to the scene of sorrow. A number of the neighbors, men, women, and children, had already collected there when we arrived, and, as is usual on such occasions, all was bustle and confusion. In the large room, which served for kitchen, parlor, and sleeping-room for the parents, were a dozen or more women and girls, all anxious to do something for their neighbors, but, not knowing very clearly *what*, were running hither and thither, and accomplished little save getting in each other's way.

The room was at all times dark, for Peggy Jones had too much reverence for labor, even that of spiders, to disturb the filmy webs which festooned her narrow windows ; but now it was still more so than usual, for, as the westering sun-beams fell full through the window, and directly on the bed where the poor woman lay crouched down in her agony, some thoughtful soul with a touch of womanly delicacy had pinned a towel across it to exclude the unwelcome glare. Near the foot of the bed, with both the little girls brooded in her capacious lap, sat the good Widow Mercer, the village nurse. It was some time before I perceived, through the dim twilight and constantly moving figures, the giant woodman, seated on a sea-chest in the most obscure corner of the room. He sat immovable as a stone, with his head bowed upon his breast, apparently heedless of all around him. Finding Peggy's wild paroxysms of grief beyond the reach of reason or consolation, Mrs. Gardener turned to Ben and spoke a few words of sympathy. The look which he finally turned upon her was so vacant, so stolid in expression, that my first thought was that the sudden shock had been too much for his brain ; but as she mentioned his son's name, it changed to one of such fearful, terrible agony, that I turned away in fear.

In his own small room, stretched upon the bed from which he had arisen that morning full of life and hope, lay the body of young Andrew.

Hard but friendly hands had parted the thick hair on his brow, and straightened his young limbs for the grave.

As neither Ben nor Peggy was capable of giving directions, Mrs. Gardener, after consulting one or two of the elderly men, promised that her husband should see to the whole arrangement of the funeral, and we were about to leave, when Peggy Jones, mastering her sobs for a moment, murmured something about 'mourning.' Of all the customs which have grown out of the wants and yearnings, the joys and sorrows of the human heart, there is none to which the lower classes cling with such tenacity as this, of putting on mourning for the dead. As Peggy's taste had ever eschewed grave colors, she had not, as she sobbingly remarked, 'a black thing in the world;' therefore it was finally decided that Mrs. Gardener should return home and send down such apparel of her own and her children's as could be altered with the least trouble for Peggy and the little ones, while the widow and myself, as the best needle-women, were to stay at the shanty, to perform the double duty of making the necessary alterations, and keeping watch over the corpse, as was the custom in that region. Two young men volunteered to stay by Ben's coal-pit, whose thick smoke, as the night drew on, settled heavily over the dell, as if to add its weight to the sorrow already brooding there.

We were soon seated in a little closet-like room, pressed in between the chimney and the outer wall, with doors opening into the kitchen and the room where the body of young Andrew lay, busy with our needles; and the little girls, in the novelty of fitting on dresses, shoes, stockings, etc., almost forgot their grief, save when they happened to catch a glimpse, through the open door, of the immovable figure stretched out beneath the white drapery in the next room. For some time after we had hushed them to sleep, the mother's hysterical sobs were the only sound that broke the deep silence. Once I tried to comfort her, but Widow Mercer, well versed in simple, homely wisdom, shook her head as she whispered, 'It's no use, dear. When the ice, which has been hardening all winter in the river, breaks up, floods always follow. Peggy has aye held a bold front, but she is human after all, and the tears must come.'

At last it became necessary that I should speak to her with regard to our work, but I drew back when I saw that she had taken from the smoky shelf a sadly dilapidated-looking book, and, by the light of a flaring candle, which stood upon a little stand near the bed, was tracing with her swollen eyes some part of its contents.

After a few moments, I heard her say:

'Oh, Ben, Ben, my man, if ye would but listen to a word from this 'ere holy book, mayhap ye would n't take it so hard! Would that we had minded it better,' she added in a lower tone.

The man neither stirred nor spoke, and she went on. 'Mother found comfort in it. In all her troubles and trials—and she had enough of 'em, God knows—she used to go to it, and there *must be* a word in it some where for us. I wish I had been a better darter to her, Ben,' she added after a pause.

Touched perhaps by some recollection of their youthful days, the man looked up, and said in a softened tone:

‘Read, Peggy, woman; it may do you good.’

Was it chance or the dim remembrance of lessons read beneath a mother’s eye, that led that poor woman to turn to the beautiful story of the raising of the widow of Nain’s son by our LORD?

Tracing the lines with her hard finger, she read the words slowly, sometimes pausing to spell them to herself before she pronounced them, but still intelligibly enough, and with a pathos in her tones which told how deeply each word touched her heart. As she read how at CHRIST’S words the dead ‘sat up and was delivered to his mother,’ Big Ben suddenly reached forward and closed the book, crying in a tone of indescribable agony, as he buried his face in his hands:

‘Oh, woman! woman! there is no hope for us! no one to bid our boy sit up. He must be shut up in the grave! Neither God nor man cares for us!’

‘Have we minded whether HE did or no, Ben?’ said the woman, in a low, sad tone. ‘Have we ever thought of HIM for years and years, or spoken His name except in cursing? The book says — I saw it here a minute ago’ — she went on again turning over the leaves — ‘He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;’ and, sliding down upon her knees, the miserable mother strove to repeat the half-forgotten prayer of her childhood: ‘OUR FATHER.’

Scarcely had the broken murmurs of her voice ceased, when there was heard a sound of low voices mingled with loud sobs at the door, and the next moment the latch was lifted, and one of the young men who had staid to watch the pit put in his head, saying, in a hesitating kind of tone:

‘It’s Polly Benedict that’s come. She’s crazy to see *him*, and ‘cause her folks shut her up, she’s run away, and come afoot and alone, poor thing!’

‘Keep her out! She sha’n’t set her foot within my door!’ began Peggy Jones, all her ancient ire flaming up at the sound of that name. ‘She would n’t wipe her feet on him living, and she sha’n’t see him dead!’ But before she had ceased to speak, the poor girl had slipped past the man, and stood before her with streaming eyes and clasped hands, while Big Ben, who had risen to his feet, strode forward and laid his huge hand heavily on his wife’s arm, as he said hoarsely:

‘Woman, woman, is this a time to harbor old grudges, an’ he lyin’ *there*? Let the girl look on him, and every one else that had a likin’ for him; and, thank God! they were not few.’

Peggy yielded to his touch like a little child, and, sinking down on a seat, covered her head with her apron, murmuring, ‘God forgive me! Oh, Andrew, my boy, my boy!’ while the good widow stepped forward and led the poor girl into the room where the lifeless form of her young lover lay.

I will not attempt to describe the wild grief of that strong but wholly undisciplined nature. Their love had fed upon the obstacles which the family feud had placed between them; and now, in the suddenness of her bereavement, conscious that she had incurred the displeasure of both families, the poor young thing bent over the body of him to whom she had alone looked for protection, and in the wildness of her grief regarded

neither God nor man, nor any power save Death, whom she wildly called upon to take her with him.

It was pitiful to see Big Ben, roused by her sobs and wild words, steal into the room and attempt to soothe her grief, trying to accommodate his deep, hoarse tones to words of tenderness and love; and dame Peggy, too, gradually forgetting her anger in pity, and smoothing back the hair and bathing the brow of the exhausted girl, as if she had, indeed, been her own daughter. It was almost morning before we could persuade the poor girl to lie down, and let us send word to her family where she might be found.

I did not attend the funeral; but the day after, accompanied by my friends, I made my last visit to the shanty, preparatory to leaving the place. As we rode through the forest, traces of the storm, which had so terribly wrecked the hopes of the giant woodman and his wife, were every where visible. The ground was strewn with broken branches, and in many places our way obstructed by tall trees which had been uprooted and cast across the path; for as yet none of the forest paths had been cleared, save that which led to the lonely hill-side grave-yard. Flocks of crows circled slowly over the places from whence their rough nests had been dislodged, filling the air with their discordant screams, and the squirrels and rabbits, whose burrows had been destroyed or laid bare by the storm, crossed our path like light, or peered at us from out their hiding-places with frightened eyes. At last we reined in our horses on a knoll that overlooked the green basin in which Big Ben had ensconced his shanty. The warm sun-light fell as lovingly over it as if there had never been death nor sorrow in the world, and in the calm, still atmosphere the blue smoke from the coal-pit went up like a pillar toward heaven.

There was nothing about the place to indicate the sad scene that had lately passed there, save the trampled turf about the door-way, and a wide board, the same on which the body had rested before it was consigned to the coffin, that had been left leaning against the side of the house.

Not far from the open door sat Big Ben, engaged in an attempt to stop the holes in a great, blackened, coal-basket with some stiff ash splinters. He was not very successful; for, as we approached him unperceived, he kicked it impatiently aside, as he muttered:

'Curse the thing! I might as well try to stop the bottom of the sea.' Then seeing us, he said, in a kind of apologetic tone, as he returned Mr. Gardener's greeting:

'I was a tryin' to tinker up the old thing, so as 't would do for a turn or two, but it's no use. I cannot make the splinters work; my fingers are too stiff, and he who used to do such chores—his are stiff enough now;' and the rough features were turned away immediately, but not until we had noted their convulsive working, which was even more pitiful to see than tears.

'I think you had better fling the old basket aside, Ben,' said Mr. Gardener, kindly; 'it has had its day. Indian Bill has promised to make me half a dozen, and you shall have your choice of them.'

'Thank 'ee, thank 'ee, Sir, for this and all your kindness. I'm but a

poor man, but I know what kindness is, and I don't forget it. But it is little matter what comes of us now, Sir. When the heart is dead the tree is done for, you know.'

Leaving him with Mr. G., my friend and I bent our steps to the house, to bid farewell to Peggy. With some faint recollection, perhaps, of her duties as a mother and housekeeper, she had donned a battered-looking thimble, and with a needle large enough for a sail-maker and very rusty withal, sat drawing up the holes in one of the children's dresses, while they, with their hair still braided and tied with the black ribbons as they had worn it at the funeral, sat near the open door, playing with the rag-babies which kind widow Mercer had made for them.

A rusty, black Barcelona handkerchief, which probably had been sported by Ben in his sea-faring days, crossed loosely over her bosom, was Peggy's only badge of mourning, and in somewhat marked contrast to what had once been a very gay chintz gown; but no one could have looked upon her face or listened to her words without feeling that the heart beneath it beat with as true and deep a sorrow as any shrouded beneath the folds of the most orthodox bombazine.

Widow Mercer was right; her tears had washed away much of her pride and prejudice, and she spoke of Sally Benedict with much kindness, saying it was 'so lonesome-like then of the long evenings, and 't would be a comfort to have the poor girl come in sometimes and talk about *him*. 'T would kinder ease their hearts, and God knew they were heavy enough.'

Mrs. Gardener led her by degrees to speak of her youth, and finding she had been well instructed, dropped many a wise word which may yet bear fruit for all time. As we arose to leave, Peggy pointed to a basket of berries on the dresser, saying, with a touch of her old tone:

'Mayhap you may want some, Ma'am. I thought a mouthful of fresh air would give a lift to a heavy heart, so the children and I went out a spell this mornin'. Poor folks must be doin' something if grief be at the door. We can't sit down and fold our arms like those that's had better luck in the world.'

Mrs. G. readily promised to take the berries, saying one of the farm hands was coming that way toward night, and she would ask him to stop and bring them up to the house; but Peggy interrupted her, saying:

'No, no; no need o' that. I will jest run up myself. It's a whole week sin' I've been up the street, and it kinder seems as if a sight of the faces along the road would do me good. As to the price, Ma'am, you shall have your own way about it. It's little heart I have for bargain-ing now.'

The next day I left the place; and as we drove past the lonely graveyard on our way to the stage-house, the beams of the morning sun fell full and fair on the fresh mound near the gate-way that covered the remains of young Andrew. As we came opposite, even while my companion was pointing it out to me, a meadow-lark rose from the tall grass by the grave, and went circling up to heaven, pouring out its jubilant notes of thanksgiving. 'Even so,' I mused, 'from that fresh grave may spring the heaven-plumed birds of Faith and Hope to bear those poor, sorrowing, ignorant parents up to a heaven of eternal rest.'

L I F E .

BY SIGMA.

I.

THE child, beside its mother's knee,
Knows little of the open sea :
In a secluded vale he dwells,
Where golden sands and smooth-lipped shells
Amuse his life ;
Unconscious that the whirlwinds sweep
The surface of the outer deep
With never-ending strife.

II.

He sees, perchance,
Some bark upon the shore,
Which sailed of late
The waters o'er.
The broken spars, the rifted deck,
The silence of the wave-washed wreck,
Impress his heart ;
But, in the sunshine on the sea,
And summer breezes blowing free,
Such thoughts depart.

III.

The sturdy oak is growing near ;
The ash within the forest stands ;
And yet he builds an osier bark,
Secured with silken bands.
The pennants gay
Stream from the mast,
As on the outward tide he floats,
Receding fast.

IV.

O mother ! who hath known
The terrors of the sea,
In all the watches of the night
How thinks thy son of thee,
Who, smiling, stood upon the strand,
And sent him, helpless, from the land !

V.

What wonder, when a time
Of looking out is past,
Some sad memorial of his fate
Upon the shore is cast !
And that he,
Gone down at sea,
Is lost to earth and all its memory !

V O I C E S .

BY WM. W. MORLAND.

— ' LIKE the echo of a grand, commanding sound — more bewitching, but less imperative: as we go forward, the echo falls, falters, ceases, at last, in the presence of its originating sound; so seem to us the pleasant imaginings of Youth compared with the strong appeals of Manhood.'

O VOICES of the wind-rocked trees!
While August days are shorter growing,
I bless the soft, caressing breeze,
And sunny hours, so swiftly going!
I listen to your varying tone,
On mossy hillock careless lying:
At times, so melancholy grown,
Its cadence is a mournful sighing;
At times a loud and swelling reach,
Like billows booming up a beach!
Through vistas green the day-star's eye
Looks in, my cool retreat to spy;
And flickering, playful, to and fro,
The lights and shadows come and go!
Far off is spread a noble view:
Old Ocean's breast of stainless blue,
And headland bare, with foam-dashed base,
And isles that dot the wide sea-space!
And still, tall trees! your voices near
Fill with true music heart and ear!
So like the deep and solemn roar
Of tumbling surf upon the shore,
Is your more sad and softer wail,
Waked by the fitful summer gale,
It seems an echo to the pride
And power of the advancing tide!

O voices of the wind-rocked trees,
How like my changeful life your song!
How oft some weird and plaining breeze
Hath breathed its thicket-shades along,
While straying gleams of sun-light fell
Even into Sorrow's deepest dell!
O voice of Ocean! proud and grand,
How like the earnest voice of Life!
Alone, toward the weed-strewn sand,
I haste to hail the billowy strife;
But through its wild, tumultuous roar,
That echo sweet is heard no more.
Alas! the notes I loved so well,
Reclined in yonder shaded dell!
That echo sweet! in early days,
Gay strollers flowery paths along,
Half lost sometimes amid the maze
Of glittering shapes that round us throng,
Who has not caught its soothing tone,
With years more rare and fainter grown,

Till merged its lessening murmers be
 In thy hoarse thunders, mighty Sea!
 O Sea of Life, the lost restore!
 Keep'st thou our treasures evermore!

O voices of the wind-rocked trees!
 Like Memory's holy, haunting chime,
 I bless the soft, caressing breeze
 That minds me of the dear old time!
 O voice of Ocean! drowning these,
 Like a loud trump of tone sublime,
 I welcome thy more stern decrees!
 Whatever fate the helm may guide,
 The mariner will trust the tide;
 Will trust His power who well can keep
 The weakest wanderer o'er the deep!

Rye-Beach, August, 1851.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XVIII.

SUNDAY AT THE SALT.

THERE is a little chapel at 'the Salt,' built some years since by contribution of the visitors, and it is generally pretty well filled, as it is the fashion to go, and there are almost always one or more clerical sojourners at the Springs who are willing to officiate. Some clergymen, however, have queer notions about work and duty. One I heard of, at another watering-place, who, being invited to preach, said that he came there for recreation, not for work! Preparation for the pulpit may be called work; but the idea of a man who had been twenty years engaged in preaching thinking it a hardship to read over a church service and an old discourse, or to make a few remarks in a room twenty feet square!

We went, as Miss Cushing was careful to distinguish, 'to church' in the morning, and 'to meeting' in the afternoon; in other words, we had an Episcopalian in the forenoon, and a Presbyterian in the afternoon. The first *delivered a discourse*, the second *preached a sermon*, (from *sermo*, a speech, which indicates something to be spoken, either extempore or from written notes. See WEBSTER.) The discourse was well written and short. The sermon was constructed according to Blair, with introduction, divisions, and conclusions, but was rather too long, and Mr. Riverman fell asleep toward the last, but declared that he remembered more of it than of the discourse, because there were some 'points' upon which one could fix attention. Thereupon a by-stander told of an old minister who once preached in that region from the text, 'Where art thou?'

After an introductory to the effect that this question, which was put to Adam in the garden, has been ever since constantly propounded to the sons of Adam, he proceeded to expound the following points :

1st. All men are some where.

2d. Many men are where they ought not to be.

3d. Those who are where they ought not to be may readily escape from that position.

4th. If they do not escape, they'll soon be where they never wanted to be.

Hence he viewed the necessity of constantly propounding to ourselves, in a spirit of self-examination, the question, 'Where art thou?'

What more delightful period is there than the twilight of a Sunday, when quiet reflection or domestic enjoyment takes the place of the bustle and tumult of the week-day? In the city this is more perceptible than in the country, where there is at all times more of stillness. But at these Springs a very marked change is perceptible. Most of those who have been to church take a stroll in one direction or another. Some content themselves with a promenade up and down the spring grounds, stopping awhile at the fountain to take the prescribed number of tumblers; some go farther down the valley, some up the hill-path; while many, including those who have little ones, take the road to the old Sweet Sulphur spring, stopping by the way to look down into the cow-yard, by the side of the creek, where the cows are gathered for the evening milking. And a lively scene it is. A large proportion of the negroes, old and young, are here gathered in their best attire, for Sunday is a kind of holiday to many of them. There is some flirting and courting going on, for visitors are among them from the neighboring farms, and a capital time it is to whisper soft nothings when he is whisking the flies off the cow which she is milking, with her clean calico skirt so nicely pinned up, so as to keep off all soil, and reveal the white under-dress. There are all sorts of noises too, lowing of the cows, and loud talk of men and boys. This old aunty near us finds it hard work to get through that Methodist tune and keep time with the movement of her hands, for there's nobody here to keep off the flies, and Muley fetches a kick now and then just at the wrong moment.

'Oh, dere will be glory, glo-ry, glory, glo-o-ry! e-ah —

'Keep still, old cow! how you 'pose any body gwyne to milk ye?

'Parents and children dere shall me —

'Uncle Bill! wish you'd send one o' dem 'are boys here to keep dis cow still.

'— shall me-et to pa-art no mo'.'

One is reminded of the New-England choir who managed to make a well-known hymn sound as follows :

'With rev-rence let the sa-a-sints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the Lorn.'

But we'll go on to the old Sweet Sulphur. It bubbles up all alone, as clear and beautiful as either of the others, but looks forsaken and melancholy mid the ruins of the old hotel.

Returning to the house, we meet Sydney and Miss Dalton sauntering down the hill, and hear one of the milk-maids, who is crossing to the dairy, tell another, 'They's a nice match; 'deed they is. She's a born lady, and the leetle-est fut and hands that ever you seed!' There are certain other couples, too, who are very much absorbed in each other, walking up and down the path, all old acquaintances. Williams is with Mrs. Cushing, and Larch with the daughter. There's Mrs. Easy on the arm of that gay old widower. That accounts for Easy's having asked so particularly who the widower was. She's improving. But the tea-bell rings.

XIX.

THE RED SULPHUR.

ONE pleasant afternoon, just after a refreshing shower, a friend proposed that we should jump into the Red Sulphur stage, which was standing empty at the door, and visit that noted resort of pulmonaries, distant seventeen miles. The route is through a somewhat desolate country, on a very bad road. The only person we saw, away from the stopping-places, was a drunken farmer, who, in trying to cross the road, pitched head foremost into a pool of water made by the rain, and having with difficulty raised himself to his feet, staggered along a few paces, wiped the mud off from his face with one hand, shook his fist at us with the other, and wanted to know what the h—l we were laughing at. 'Did you never see a man fall before?'

Arrived about dusk, and were greatly charmed with the appearance of the place. It is in a valley much smaller than that of the Salt Sulphur, though not unlike it in other respects, with a beautiful clear stream flowing through. The cabins are more comfortable than any we have seen, and the buildings, with their piazzas and Ionic columns, are all arranged with a view to comfort and effect; although one of them, perched high on the hill, is never occupied. Indeed, the former proprietor ruined himself in his expenditures here.

The first object of attraction was of course the spring, the pavilion over which, consisting of a dome some forty feet in diameter, supported by twelve Ionic columns, is a remarkably graceful and imposing structure. The water rises in two marble basins, is perfectly colorless and transparent, has scarcely any perceptible odor, and is extremely pleasant to the taste. Sometimes a reddish deposit is found at the bottom and sides of the spring, from which the water derives its name. What this is has puzzled the chemists to ascertain. Most of them regard it as a new and peculiar substance, a sort of compound of sulphur and organic matter. To it is ascribed the wonderful effects of the water in reducing the pulse and in relieving or entirely curing cases of pulmonary consumption. One can hardly credit the many remarkable cases that are related, especially when you learn that some of those who gave the testimonials died soon after of the very disease for which they thought they had found the

specific. It is said to be sedative in its effects; somewhat like opium, but without the unpleasant consequences of taking that weed. But I will not discourse more upon a topic to which Dr. Burke devotes so many pages of his book. Certainly the water is worth trying; it can do no harm; and the cheerful expression of confidence and hope which was depicted in the countenance of many an invalid with hectic cheek and hacking cough, led us to believe that it might perhaps in some cases do some good.

There was a dance that night; but the early hour of breaking up reminded one too plainly that most of those who participated were either invalids or the companions of sick relatives.

We found a real live Yankee here, in one of the keepers of the hotel. He was full of talk about plans of improvements, plank-roads, etc., which might be carried out to the great advantage of the place, if money was n't so 'plaguy scarce' among the farmers up there. He tempted us with a promise of some trout the next morning; but on tasting the shapeless fried mess which was placed on the table, we found a very good fish, but no more like brook-trout than lobster is like sturgeon. He said that it was what people called trout in Virginia, where the streams were not cold enough for speckled trout.

After breakfast we strolled by a well-defined road leading out at one end of the spring grounds to the top of a high hill, where there was a solitary log cabin, tenanted, as we found, by the wife and half dozen white-headed children of the stage-driver with whom we came from the Salt. There was something in the delicate, though sun-burnt, countenance and silvery tone of voice of the blue-eyed, once handsome woman who came out and told the urchins to 'speak to the gentlemen,' which interested us in a high degree. She told how hard her old man had to work the previous winter and spring, so as to get things sort of tidy, and crops in the ground before his driving season commenced; and this she said not in a complaining mood, but as of one only too thankful that sickness had not visited them in their humble house, and confident that prospects would be better by and by; so we emptied our pockets of all the loose change for the young ones, and went on our way moralizing on the varied conditions of human life, and concluding that this poor stage-driver had a jewel in his wife which many a husband at the gay watering-places might envy him for.

We were told that by taking a certain road to the right, after getting over the hill, we might return to the springs by another route; so we wandered on, picking up toadstools that looked like strawberries, and wild flowers, until we had traversed several miles of road, were heated and tired, and then had the satisfaction of being told that we had turned at the wrong place, and must retrace our steps. This was pleasant! A life in the woods is not what it is cracked up to be, when you have no gun, or provisions, or pretty girls to beguile the way.

Right good did the venison taste after our walk; then we experienced the soporific effect of the waters, and, the nap over, read from Dr. Burke's book a playful account of the death of a pet bear at the Red Sulphur, as described by the late Francis S. Key, author of the *Star-spangled Banner*. It was published originally in the *Southern Literary*

Messenger. Without repeating the whole, I will give two or three passages :

‘THERE was a Bear — alas ! that we must bear
The loss of such a bear ! He was the pet
And playmate of the children, men, and maids.
The ladies, too, wept briny tears for him,
Till all the springs were salt : for much he loved
To play his tricks before them, and to take
From their fair hands the dainties they would bring ;
And they would stroke his sable fur, and feel
His velvet paws ; and then he licked his paws ;
And paws so touched he could have licked, and lived
Long on such licking. But, alas ! he died.
Now a bare bear-skin and some bare bear-bones
Are all that ’s left of Bruin !’

Then follows a description of his death, which was caused by the attack of a dog who pursued him when he escaped.

On this occasion comes in the following :

‘O BRUIN ! O Bruin ! come back to thy chain,
Nor seek thy far home o’er the mountains again ;
For the mother that bore thee will know thee no more,
And thy brother-cubs drive thee away from the door.

‘Why wouldst thou return where thou nightly must howl
In thy hunger, as through the dark forest you prowl,
To fight the wild bees for their hoard of sweet food,
Or spoil thy teeth cracking the nuts of the wood ?

‘What a life thou hast led since thou haply wast caught,
And here to this sweet little valley wast brought,
Its blest waters thy drink, its rich dainties thy fare :
What more could be asked for man, woman, or bear ?

‘It is true you are tied ; but, Bruin, you know
It is all for your good that you are kept so.
How many are here who would gladly agree
To be tied to a tree, could they fatten like thee ?

‘We have tamed you and fed you, and now you are here,’
Your polite education engages our care ;
Your manners are mended, some clever things taught,
But greater attainments are still to be sought.

‘CARUSI is here, and shall teach you to dance,
How to enter the ball-room, and bow and advance
To the ladies, who sit in a beautiful row,
Each waiting to see if the Bear ’ll be her beau.

‘Then the waltzing, O Bruin ! think only of that —
That a lady’s bare arms with thy bear-arms enwrap !
Thy bear-skin her bare skin shall touch. Oh ! what bear
Can bear any pleasure with that to compare ?

‘Oh ! think of thy paws when the dancing is done,
When the summer is o’er, and the ladies are gone ;
Through the long winter nights, when the snow-flakes fall thick,
Thy lady-pressed paws will be luscious to lick.’

After a beautiful sunset, and another visit to the waters, we went ‘early to bed, early to rise,’ shook our Yankee host by the hand, and had a pleasant ride back with *that* driver, to whom we praised his wife, whereat he seemed much pleased ; and when we found that he drank no whiskey, and that his great anxiety seemed to be to give his children what he had n’t got himself, ‘good schoolin’,” we were satisfied that he was a worthy husband for such a wife.

H U M B U G .

'Hurrah for Humbug!' is my toast —
 He rules the world all over :
 While hungry MERIT gnaws the post,
 His subjects roll in clover.

Chameleon in the busy play,
 All colors he can borrow ;
 For 'SCOTT and GRAHAM' shouts to-day,
 For 'PIERCE and KING' to-morrow.

A few apt scholars I will name,
 Who profit by his teaching,
 And never play a losing game,
 The green ones over-reaching.

First PHILO on the list appears,
 While nightingales are singing ;
 But sweeter music in his ears
 The clink of dollars ringing.

Those pretty birds, the goose and gull,
 He robs of many a feather,
 And round him culls the sheep to cull
 The fattest fleecy wether.

Though treading on religious corns,
 While gospel-men prohibit,
 The DEVIL, with his hoof and horns,
 For dimes he would exhibit.

Be taught this golden rule, my friends,
 To better your condition ;
 Success triumphantly attends
 The grossest imposition :

And well a titled dame doth know
 The truth that I have stated,
 Although her 'light fantastic toe'
 Is greatly over-rated.

A lovely Countess that can tear
 Strong marriage-bonds asunder,
 Knock down an actor, smoke and swear,
 Is truly a great wonder.

The Spirit of the Age would stop,
 Should HUMBUG 'kick the bucket :'
 Each silly goose the common crop,
 Without one knave to pluck it.

The secrets of the Spirit-Land
 Would know no revelation,
 Nor rail-road to the moon be planned
 By our cute Yankee Nation.

No more on wearing breeches bent,
 Despising pot and ladle,
 Our women-preachers would be sent
 Again to rock the cradle.

Dame S — M would throw down the pen,
 Sew, sweep, and make the jelly ;
 And cease to badger bearded men,
 Renowned Miss A — Y K — Y.

'Hurrah for Humbug!' is my toast —
 He rules the world all over ;
 While patient MERIT gnaws the post,
 His children roll in clover.

DAVIES

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE SON OF THE WILDERNESS. A Dramatic Poem. In Five Acts. By **FRIEDRICH HALM.** Translated by **CHARLES EDWARD ANTHON.** New-York: Printed for the Translator by **H. LUDWIG AND COMPANY.**

FRIEDRICH HALM (*Anglice*, Stalk or Straw) is a man of straw: it is the literary *alias* of **BARON MUNCH-BELLINGHAUSEN**, a pretty enough name for tongues accustomed to the 'sweetness long drawn out' of German polysyllables, but not so melodious to the uninitiated English ear. **BARON MUNCH-BELLINGHAUSEN** is an Austrian nobleman, whose dramatic productions give him a high place among the living authors of Germany. The 'Son of the Wilderness' is considered his most successful effort. It was first brought out at Vienna, in January, 1842. Under the name of *Ingomar* it has been performed with applause on the English and the American stage, and is becoming a favorite. **MR. ANTHON'S** translation should make it as great a favorite in the closet as it is on the stage. It is a remarkably felicitous rendering of German verse into English verse; good English poetry made out of good German poetry. To our thinking, it does entire justice to the beautiful story and to the beautiful poetry of the original. There are two theories, two schools of translation: there are, adopting the terms of another subject, nominalists and realists among translators: the men who render the word, and the men who give the idea. For it is a mistake to suppose that translating the words is always a translation of the meaning. What is called a literal rendering is sometimes absolutely unintelligible. On the other hand, a free translation, as the term is, is in danger of passing the limits and running into paraphrase and commentary, when it ceases to be translation. The union of the letter and the spirit, of the form and soul, of a foreign original, is a combination rare indeed, and most difficult to attain. The difficulty becomes ten-fold greater when the original to be translated is poetry, especially if idiomatic poetry; above all, if it is proposed to render poetry into poetry, and to preserve the metrical forms of the original.

The English has not been generally considered the easiest language to translate into: the first place in this respect has been conceded by scholars to the German, while the flexibility of the French is thought to give it also the superiority, although a great German philologist, learned in the *comparative anatomy* of language, has pronounced a most unqualified encomium of the copiousness, variety, and power of our English tongue.

There are two or three works, (hardly more than two or three,) which have taken their place as the *classics* of English translation. COLERIDGE's translation of that glorious Trilogy of SCHILLER, or rather of two parts of it, the PICCOLMINI and WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH, has been called a *transfusion* rather than a translation, so completely has the spirit of the original been poured out, as it were, and recast in its English mould, like those beautiful vases which the genius of another Englishman has shaped from potter's clay, so like, so full of the spirit of the original, that the uninitiated can hardly tell the Wedgwood copies from the real Portland and Warwick vases. As SCHILLER'S WALLENSTEIN is his greatest drama, that in which his powers have their freest, fullest, most healthy play; free from the crudeness of the ROBBERS; free from the monotony and declamation of the MARY STUART and the WILLIAM TELL; as that, in short, which he has written something as we might suppose SHAKESPEARE would have written had he lived at the end of the eighteenth century, so COLERIDGE's translation of WALLENSTEIN may be considered not only as his greatest poetical production, original in a very true and high sense of the term, but also the first of English translations of the highest order.

When we say that to this order Mr. ANTHON's translation of the 'Son of the Wilderness' belongs, we mean to say that it is executed in the spirit of that great poetical reproduction. It is a transfusion of the beautiful German form and soul of the original. While remarkably close to the letter and to the metre, the English verse is free, flowing, and natural: the language is terse and idiomatic; and the idea is not, in a single instance that we have noticed, mutilated or changed. In one or two places which the translator probably thought a little too broad and free for English ears, or even eyes, he has omitted several lines. This is, we believe, the only departure from the uniform fidelity of the rendering. Mr. ANTHON has done more than the humble work of a translator: he has produced some good English poetry, which reads like original, and which it is a comfort to read in these days and in this country of feeble and fragmentary poetic effort, and of efforts to express the inexpressible.

The story of the 'Son of the Wilderness' is striking and original. Apart from the interest of the plot, it has a philosophical and historical interest, (although a purely domestic tale,) as an illustration, in the concrete, of that great growth and developement of modern civilization out of the elements of Grecian, Roman, and Northern cultivation, character, and blood, as they became mixed in Gaul and Western Europe about the era of Christianity. The scene is in Gaul, at Massilia, the modern Marseilles, one hundred years after it was founded by the Phocæans, one of those communities of adventurous Greeks, whose enterprise in lining the shores of the Mediterranean and Black seas with their colonies, finds its parallel only in the annals of American colonization.

INGOMAR is the chief of a tribe of Teutonic barbarians (saving the memory of our fathers!) whose predatory *raids* have brought them near Massilia. MYRON, the Greek armorer of the town, an aged man, wandering too far beyond the walls, is taken prisoner. He is poor. There is no one to furnish ransom. The laws of Massilia forbid *intervention*:

— 'an old law forbids it,
Left to us from the time when, but just founded,
Massalia* struggled with her barbarous neighbors

* By the way, why does Mr. ANTHON, or rather FRIEDRICH HALM, (for we observe the same spelling in the original,) write Massalia instead of Massilia?

In desperate contest for her infant life ;
 'T was then decreed, lest anxious care for some
 Might jeopardize the safety of the whole,
 And prudence share the fate of reckless daring,
 Maesalia should protect her citizens
 Only so far as her walls' shadow reached.'

No body is even willing to venture out among the barbarians to propose terms. PARTHENIA, MYRON's young and beautiful daughter, had been sought in marriage by POLYDORÉ, an old, rich, and ugly merchant. His suit is rejected with scorn, a scorn which he repays with bitterness when the weeping PARTHENIA implores in tears the aid of his purse to redeem her father, promising in return the care and devotion of a nurse — every thing but love. There is no help for PARTHENIA but within and *above*. With the aid of the gods she will go herself among the barbarians. She will find the way by their guidance to the lair of the savages : by their aid she will find a way to the savage heart of their chief. She will give herself a ransom, if need be, for her aged father.

The drama opens picturesquely and *naturally*. PARTHENIA is sitting at the feet of ACTÆA, her mother, at the threshold of their home. She is spinning, a distaff in her hand, a basket of flax at her side. ACTÆA speaks :

ACTÆA

'BETHINK thee, child, that POLYDORÉ is rich,
 A man of vigorous years ; a widower, true,
 But rich ; a man of station and of credit,
 And courts thee for his wife.

PARTHENIA (*rising*).

'The sun is setting ;
 I've spun enough, methinks, for this day's labor :
 The olives at our neighbor's must be gathered,
 And so I'll hie me thither.

ACTÆA.

'No ! remain !
 For once I will be heard, thou giddy one !
 Enough have childish follies, freaks, caprices,
 Been thy delight ; the time at last has come
 To moderate thy wild, inconstant nature,
 And seriously give heed to serious words.

PARTHENIA (*sitting down again*).

'I'm list'ning, mother.

ACTÆA.

'So thou tell'st me ever,
 And, while I talk, thy truant fancy roves
 O'er hill and dale, as thou thyself art wont,
 The live-long day in chase of butterflies.
 'Tis now full time with thy spring's youthful graces
 To lay up for the autumn. Only youth
 Wooes love, and youth is gone before we think :
 But the sad lot of the unmarried is
 A lone old age, and every fool's derision ;
 And this lot will be thine, because thy mind
 Refuses heed to sage advice, and bids
 The gods defiance. MEDON first of all
 Didst thou reject —

PARTHENIA.

'Why, he was old, and lame,
 And ne'er spoke but to chide.

ACTÆA.

'EVANDER too.

PARTHENIA.

'So redolent of herbs, and oils, and ointments !
 To be with him was worse than to take physic !

ACTÆA (*springing up in anger, while Parthenia continues to spin*).

'Right! Go thou on! Tread fortune under foot!
Repentance never failed to wait on Folly.
Thou think'st, perhaps, that on thy tree of life
There blooms for thee some rare and wondrous lot;
Forsooth, thou'rt handsome, and canst think right soundly,
And rich, no doubt.

PARTHENIA (*springing up*).

'Young am I, gay, and happy:

(*Embracing her mother*)

My mother loves me, and what need I more?

ACTÆA.

'Loves thee! Yes! though so little thou deserv'st it;
By all the gods! we love thee — heartily —
Yet no! why do I fold thee in my arms?
I'm angry with thee — bitterly Away!
We love thee, but thou hast no love for us;
'Tis but to brave us that thou wilt not marry;
Thou'st taken it perhaps into thy head
To wait till the man in the moon shall come to woo thee!

PARTHENIA (*after a pause*).

'Mother! I'll tell you what 'tis that I wait for;
Though I was yet a child, I marked it well;
You spoke to me of HERO and LEANDER,
And of their love; but when I sought to know
What Love might be, you answered with a smile,
And told me how Love springs up and waxes,
And shines with sudden light in darksome breasts,
While every pulse speaks out: 'Tis he! he bears
Within his breast a portion of thy soul!
Oh let me live for him, and with him perish!
These were your words; I heard and marked them well;
And then, when MEDON and EVANDER came
To woo, I laid my hand upon my heart
At stolen minutes, hearkened to its beating,
Listened and listened, but my heart was still;
And so, I wait until it speak its will!'

Presently POLYDORE comes a-wooing:

—— 'SEE how he struts,
Tosses his head and throws his brow in wrinkles!'

POLYDORE must have a good housewife:

'T'is true that my poor CALLINICE's loss
Can never be repaired! Dear, faithful soul!
She knew how to lay up! But after all,
The armorer's daughter cannot fail to make
A stirring housekeeper. If I choose her
I'll make a prudent choice — why see, she's here!
I hail this meeting as a heavenly omen.
Many a weighty reason urges me
To a new marriage: first of all, my children.

PARTHENIA.

'Poor orphans!

. POLYDORE.

'They! Oh, you can spare your pity!
A dainty, greedy set of most unruly,
Rebellious rogues! And now shall I lay out
A good round sum of money to procure
A pedagogue from Samos or Miletus?
Is not rude strength best tamed by gentleness?
And I know you are gentle.'

PARTHENIA's answer is short and to the point:

PARTHENIA.

'Yes! you shall have an answer. Mark me well!
Seek out a pedagogue for your wild brats,
At any price, where'er one may be found;
To guard your house, look well to locks and bolts;

And when you're sick, you 'll find at yonder corner
A huckster, who has wholesome herbs on sale,
And with them you can make your own sick-draughts;
But know, there grows on earth to me no herb
So bitter as your loathed presence! Mark it well!
This is my answer, may it now content you!

The fatal news of MYRON'S capture is announced. The Timarch (His Honor the Mayor) of Massilia refuses aid for the reason we have stated. And now comes POLYDORE'S 'revenges.' PARTHENIA is at his feet:

POLYDORE.

'Tis even so! at my feet! in the dust!

PARTHENIA.

'Forget! forgive! and set my father free!
I'll be your slave; I'll bind myself to serve you!

POLYDORE.

'Indeed!

PARTHENIA.

'I'll faithfully guard house and goods,
Nurse your old age, and watch over your children!

POLYDORE.

'Are you in earnest? Will you really do
All that?

PARTHENIA.

'All that, and yet more! Do you only
Grant me one thing; set my dear father free!

POLYDORE (*rising*).

'Why, let me see: his ransom 's thirty ounces;
No, no! 'T were a bad bargain! I 'in a man
Who takes advice, and so I 'll follow yours!
I 'll get a pedagogue for my wild brats,
And guard my house with trusty locks and bolts;
And when I 'm sick, I 'll buy herbs from the huckster
At yonder corner; that 's my better course;
But as for you, my pretty, scornful one,
Why you can free your father as you may!
Go bind yourself as slave to the barbarians;
Do what you please, but this one thing grant me:
Leave me, my Brier-Rose, out of the game!

(*Aside.*)

Now I have hit her home, and she can think on 't.

(*Exit in the back-ground.*)

PARTHENIA (*1047, during Polydore's last speech, has risen and moved away from him*).

'Go and exult! and fancy that despair
Lays hold on me, and that thy mockery
Is driving my desponding soul to madness!
It is not so! Men leave me to my sorrows,
But the gods look on me and send me help!
Their inspiration swells within my breast,
All dangers vanish, and no object looks
Beyond my reach! A spirit breathes within me,
A courage that shall lead to victory!
Thou fool, that thought'st to sharpen my distress,
The gods impelled thee to speak thus to me!
For thou hast showed me the dark path to rescue,
And taught me how to break my father's chains!
Away! away! Night's drawing on apace:
Others may lay their weary limbs to rest:
PARTHENIA, up! thy morning-work begins!

The second act opens in the wild region of the Cevennes, among the hide-tents of the savages. In a scene of much power two of the great national vices of our Teutonic race are vividly portrayed in the persons of our barbarian forefathers. The rude sons of the wilderness are drinking and gambling. A quarrel ensues, which INGOMAR, who has been reclining apart, summarily puts an end to, by the exercise of his rude authority, backed by a strong arm. Mean-

while the poor old armorer is kept busy serving the barbarians with flagons of mead. He weeps as he hands INGOMAR the flagon :

INGOMAR.

‘WHAT are you crying, for? Foolish old man!
Here you have meat and drink enough; you sleep
At night upon soft moss, and when we’re once
At home a furnace shall be built for you;
Then you can work and hammer as of old,
And live as you were wont. . . .
. . . . And do you miss your freedom?
Why, you were not free when we captured you:
Old age had you under his crippling yoke,
And only Strength is free, only Youth strong!’

Farther to comfort him, INGOMAR regales the old man with some of the ‘peculiar institutions’ of the Ligurians, such as the pleasant custom of turning aged persons out to die in the woods, and devoting slaves by lot as a sacrifice to the gods:

‘STRENGTH is the sum of life; when strength decays,
Our life is but a sword-hilt without blade,
An empty quiver, and we cast it from us!’

But the idea of the sacrifice touches poor old MYRON to the quick:

INGOMAR.

‘YOUR fate depends upon the will of him
Who gains you as his portion of the booty;
Yet it may happen that you fall, by lot,
To the great gods, as their part of the plunder;
Then, where the hallowed stones rear their vast circle,
The sacrificial ax must lay you low.

MYRON.

‘THE sacrificial axe! Ah me! I feel it
Piercing my flesh! Ah me!

INGOMAR.

‘Thou fool, thou art so much in love with life,
That mourn’st thy freedom, and hast ne’er known either:
The home of Freedom is in our free air,
She dwells among our woods, upon our mountains
She draws her vital breath! And as for life,
This which we lead, one moment home, then here,
To-day no care, no sparing for to-morrow,
The chase, the feast, the battle, and the danger,
This, this is life; no pleasure is like this,
When the veins swell, the exulting bosom heaves!
But you, confined within your gloomy walls,
Spend all your days in sorrow and repining.

MYRON.

‘Master, within their circuit I was born,
There Justice dwells, and Law, and Social Order;
There live my faithful wife, and my dear daughter;
’Tis there I have—or did have, must I say?—
All upon earth on which my heart sets store!

INGOMAR.

‘What? Can it be? Tears? Hence! Begone!
For women? Tears? Are you yourself a woman?
What are these women? Vain, luxurious things,
Created to bear children and be slaves!
That cast, as soon as ripe, their wanton glances,
That crouch around the fire, and suckle infants,
Look at themselves in brooks, and twine their hair!
Were I a god, and had the world to make,
There should not be one in it!’

Poor INGOMAR! He little knew how soon his barbarian insensibility was to be shaken. But of this and other remaining matters we shall speak in an ensuing number.

OUTLINES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New-Jersey. In one volume: pp. 272. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is the last work which proceeded from the lamented author's hand, from which has come so much that has stamped itself upon the era in which he lived, and which will long live after him. We are informed that in the days which immediately preceded his peaceful departure out of the present life, and while his powers were free from all clouds and weakness, he spoke of these papers as nearly prepared for the press, and consigned them with that intention to two of his sons. His brothers in the ministry, in the perusal of this volume, 'will recognize in it the doctrines and arguments which characterized the author's theological method, and will prize it as a comprehensive syllabus,' even while they may miss that copiousness, vivacity and warmth, which added such marked efficacy to his oral teachings. 'It was not the habit of Dr. ALEXANDER's mind,' observes his editor, 'to load his discourses with learned citation, or even to break the continuity of his analytical discourse by unnecessary sallies against opponents.' Amidst a life of almost perpetual reading, of which he held the results in his memory with singular exactness and tenacity, he sought and presented truth with the least possible quoted aid. The book before us is one of elements; laying down principles, clearing the statement of fundamental questions, and marking limits around the science. It does not gather, name and 'table' human duties, but lays foundations and elucidates principles. It is positive and didactic rather than controversial; yet the editor is of opinion that it may nevertheless awaken much opposition from controversialists. 'No one,' he adds, however, 'whatever his private dissent may be, will justly complain that his opinions have been treated with unfairness or rigor.' The execution of the work is in the customary style of neatness peculiar to the issues of the popular publisher.

Since the foregoing was placed in type, we have received the following from an esteemed friend, himself an accomplished scholar and able writer: 'Fifteen years ago, when a student at Princeton College, it was with peculiar delight that we beheld the venerable Doctor ALEXANDER ascend the pulpit of the chapel on a Sunday morning. It was a pleasure shared by two or three hundred young men; among whom, we will venture to assert, that from the time when he began to speak until he had finished his discourse, there was not a single one, capable of thought, whose attention was not profoundly riveted. Whether his text were 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!' or whether it involved the subtlest and most abstruse questions, he came immediately to the point: in a way of his own he divested the subject of difficulty; he presented it before your very eye-sight with the clearness of day, in words perhaps unwritten, yet elegant, without a single effort of ambition, and in the most charming simplicity. There was not a thought not consecutive; there was not a word misplaced or superfluous: he stopped exactly at the right place; and young men as we were, it was a matter of marvel that all could not write what all could so readily comprehend. His style is not exceeded in pureness and transparency by any author in the English tongue; and if for that alone, he might be studied profitably as a model of clear, simple, and unadulterated Saxon. His 'Evidences of Christianity' requires at present no comment. It is the text-book at the college; a little compact volume, printed in clear type; and in comprehensiveness and simplicity the most satisfactory and exquisite on that subject ever written. Like all

which he ever indited, it is equally fitted for the wise or for the unlearned. 'He that runs may read.' The present work is one in which all the characteristics of the author are brought to bear to strip of severity, to translate into common terms the unknown nomenclature of a recondite science, so as to make it a hand-book for youth, and present to ordinary comprehending minds the statement of elementary principles. The whole habit of the author's mind fitted him for this ultimate work. His very simplicity is severity; and he can so enunciate the *principia* of the science, that the words of the statement almost include the argument and the proof. The necessary illustration is most wonderfully succinct, giving to each chapter the golden nature of a last result. There is no wastage.'

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE FIRE-SIDE. WHIMS AND ODDITIES. By THOMAS HOOD. In one volume: pp. 215. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

In one of his prefaces to the several editions which Hood's 'Whims and Oddities' have gone through, (we speak of the contents of the book, O PRISCIAN! rather than its title,) the author observes: 'It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that slip out of the meadow-land of the mind. I have caught mine, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grass-hoppers in a cage. The judicious reader,' he adds, 'will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical-winged horses.' Many of the pieces, both in prose and verse, which compose this volume have become, from their quaintness and humor, more or less familiar to the public; but the following we do not before remember to have encountered. It is from '*A Complaint Against Greatness*,' being the remonstrance of a fat bull, which would be echoed by hundreds of the poor beasts who are driven through our cities, if they could but speak. The sly hit at the catachrestical wording of the announcement in the catalogue will not escape notice:

'I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh, I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable ATLAS, I sink under the world of—myself.

'But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, '*The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four-years-old Durham Ox*, fed by himself, upon oil-cake and mangel-wurzel:' but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tounage; and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been 'commended by the judges?'

'Wearisome and painful was my pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous stepplings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even he hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me laboring behind; the ponderous fly-wagon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, O ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings; the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

'If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavory condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant—in the catalogue—is a '*Durham Ox, fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake.'

'I wonder what rapacious cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender suck-

ing pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamp-lighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed, (DAVIS'S STRAITS,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honored the broiled slices of a prize bullock a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

'Will the honorable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meetings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive, on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-lusced in our after eliminations. Oh, let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fireman — of killing frogs — than by exciting them at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen to a mortal inflation.'

One of the best prose-sketches in the book is that entitled '*Walton Redivivus, a New-River Eclogue*,' a quaint but most 'telling' satire upon the enthusiasm of inexperienced trout-fishers. The cuts, which are numerous and effective, although coarse, are from designs by Hood himself, who depreciatingly describes them as 'rude and artless,' compared with other sketches, and as possessing defects of which he is perfectly aware: but, he adds, 'when RAPHAEL has bestowed seven legs upon four apostles, FUSELI has stuck in a great goggle-head without an owner, and MICHAEL ANGELO has set on a foot the wrong way, he hopes that his own little enormities may be forgiven.'

LOUISIANA: ITS HISTORY AS A FRENCH COLONY. Third Series of Lectures. By CHARLES GAYARRE. In one volume: pp. 380. New-York: JOHN WILEY, Number 167, Broadway.

WE remember briefly and inadequately to have noticed the preceding lectures of the series of which these are the continuation and the conclusion. The entire work embraces a period which extends from the discovery of Louisiana in 1769, when it was finally transferred by the French to the Spaniards in virtue of the Fontainebleau treaty, signed in November, 1762. The whole comprises an accurate history of Louisiana, as a French colony. The writer began the work with the intention of presenting a series of gossiping and entertaining lectures, and at first, while his facts were authentic, his imagination was by many not considered to be idle; insomuch that his style was criticised by some as not in accordance with the dignity of history, and to partake somewhat too much of the romantic. Indeed, the writer himself admits that he attached little importance to the first four lectures of the series; but, struck with the interest which they excited, he examined with more care and sober thought the flowery field in which he had disported, almost with the buoyancy of a school-boy. 'Checking the freaks of his imagination, that boon companion with whom he had been gambolling, he took to the plough, broke the ground, and turned himself to a more serious and useful occupation.' The change is observable in the second series, and in the third and last series, now under notice, it is still more distinctly marked; the style corresponding, as was meet, with the authenticity and growing importance of the events which the writer was called upon to record. M. GAYARRE proposes hereafter to write the history of the Spanish domination in Louisiana from 1769 to 1803, when was effected the almost simultaneous cession of that province by Spain to France, and by France to the United States. Embracing an entirely distinct period of history, this will prove to be a volume of no ordinary historical and literary interest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ELDER ADAMS. — We subjoin another letter from the elder ADAMS, of renowned and cherished memory, which we have received through the same thoughtful and obliging source, mentioned in our October number :

Quincy, June 17, 1817.

'DEAR SIR: Accept my thanks for your favor of last month. The safe arrival of your books has quieted my conscience.

'There is nothing within the narrow compass of human knowledge more interesting than the subject of your letter.

'If the idea of a government in one centre seems to be every where 'exploded,' perhaps something remains, undefined, as dangerous, as plausible and pernicious as that idea. Half a million of people in England have petitioned Parliament for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage. Another account says near a million of people have petitioned for the Theory of the Constitution, which they contend prescribes annual Parliaments and universal suffrage.

'Parliament is unanimous against them. What is this state of things short of a declaration of war between the government and the people? And is not this the picture of all Europe? Sovereigns who modestly call themselves legitimate, are conspiring in holy and in unhallowed leagues against the progress of human knowledge and human liberty.

'War seems on the point of breaking out between government and people. Were the latter united, the question would soon be decided. But they are every where divided into innumerable sects; whereas the former are united and have all the artillery and bayonets in their hands. And what is most melancholy of all, an appeal to arms almost always results in an exchange of one military tyranny for another.

'The questions concerning universal suffrage, and those concerning the necessary limitations of the power of suffrage, are among the most difficult. It is hard to say that every man has not an equal right. But, admit this equal right, and equal power, and an immediate revolution would ensue.

'In all the nations of Europe the number of persons who have not a penny is double to those who have a groat. Admit all these to an equality of power, and you would soon see how the groats would be divided. Yet in a few days, the party of the pennies and the party of the groats would be found to exist again, and a new revolution and a new division must ensue.

'If there is any where an exception from this reasoning, it is in America. Nevertheless, there is in these United States a majority of persons who have no property over those who have any.

'I know of nothing more desirable in society than the abolition of all hereditary distinctions. But is not a distinction among voters really as arbitrary and aristocratical as hereditary distinctions? You well remember that between thirty and forty years ago, the Irish patriots asked advice of the Duke of Richmond, Dr. PRICE, Dr. JESS, etc. These three great statesmen, divines, and philosophers, solemnly advised an universal suffrage. TRACY, in his review of MONTESQUIEU, adopts this principle in its largest extent. A party among mankind countenanced at this day by such numbers and such names, is not to be despised, neglected, nor easily overborne.

'There is nothing more irrational, absurd, or ridiculous, in the sight of philosophy, than the idea of kings and nobles; yet all the nations of the earth, civilized, savage, and brutal, have adopted them. Whence this universal and irresistible propensity? How shall it be controlled, restrained, corrected, modified, or managed?

'A government, a mixed government, may be so organized, I hope, as to preserve the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the people, without any hereditary ingredient in its composition. Our nation has attempted it, and if any people can accomplish it, it must be this; and may God ALMIGHTY prosper and succeed them!

'I have seen the efforts of the people in France, Holland, and England. You have read them in all Europe. We both know the result. What is to come we know not. My personal interest in such disquisitions can last but a few hours. But still *homo sum*, and *homo* I shall be.

'May you live to a greater age than mine, and be able to die with brighter prospects for your species than can fall to the lot of

Your friend,

JOHN ADAMS.'

'JAMES MADISON,

'Montpelier, Virginia.'

ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'UP THE RIVER.'—Again our friend from the banks of the Hudson: and well may he write, for his praises every where abound. Of old and young, in town and country, he has become an established favorite; and that 'mighty engine the PRESS' sends forth his lucubrations on their snowy wings, accompanied by such comments as the ensuing, from that whitest and neatest of metropolitan journals, the '*Daily Times*:' 'The gem of the October KNICKERBOCKER is the '*Letter from Up the River*.' It is full of the country: trees wave, and the sweet breath of new-mown hay is therein, with touches of pathos, humor, and good-hearted feeling; while through all, in a hidden strain of melody, like a clear rill, runs the ever-varying, cunning, facile style of one of the most captivating magazine-writers of the day.'

— 'Up the River, October, 1832.

'WHEN my Shanghai began to lay eggs, I preserved them scrupulously as those of no common fowl, and placed them in a shallow earthen vessel in the cellar to be ready for incubation. She sat upon fifteen, all moderately-sized, of a mulatto color, and I expected fifteen chickens in the process of time. Great was my impatience, as the three weeks were nearly fulfilled, and I watched her upon the nest from day to day, most meekly and quietly brooding. One day I gently lifted her, as she protested with subdued clucking, and counted only fourteen eggs. How was this? 'FEL-O-ER-AH! how many eggs did we place in this nest?' 'A-fifteen, Sir.' 'Here are only fourteen: what has become of the other?' 'I do'know, Sir.' That was very strange, for who would rob a hen's nest when she was in the act of setting? In a few days after, only thirteen remained, on which I suspected that some sly rat had watched his chance and indulged his sucking propensity. But it presently appeared that this unnatural Shanghai picked them to pieces and ate them. One morning, in consequence, she got desperately sick, and wandered into the thick weeds of the garden, poking her head among the currant-bushes and burdocks, where she remained for some hours, until every egg became cold. The carpenters who were making the fence told me to take her by the legs and hold her head downward. I did so, stroking the feathers of her neck, when the egg leaked out of her throat. She was immediately well, and resumed sitting. It could not be expected, however, after such a misfortune, that any chickens should be produced.

'One day, after breakfast, FLORA came in with great eagerness, as I was sip-

ping my second cup of Mocha, and said that the hen had a chicken. Sure enough, on going beneath the shed, I could hear its smothered chirp; and on raising the mother up, beheld the chick as yet a little embarrassed by the shell, but quite large and lively, with yellow legs slightly feathered, and all the characteristics of the Shanghai breed. I went into my study to fold a few letters, and on returning still heard the cry. Made a pilgrimage to the garden to get a cauliflower for dinner. When I came back, the voice of the chicken was no longer heard. Lifted up the hen, and found the little thing stone dead: took it up, examined it for a minute, and threw it upon the straw. Pshaw!

'When the next chicken was hatched, I went out to take it away to put it in a basket in the fire-place and feed it 'out of hand,' and learned to my surprise that Shanghai had eaten it up! That the savage and irascible sow will devour squeaklings is a fact well known. That the hen, that very figure and illustration of maternal tenderness, is sometimes guilty of the same act, never before came to my knowledge. Out of fifteen eggs my Shanghai has only two chickens, who go tottling about, stumbling and bungling over the little hillocks: a small brood, and I am afraid that these will fall victims to casualty or a sly rat. It is very hard to be guarded with any certainty against a sly rat. He has a poking nose, a pecking eye, a ransacking smell, an inaudible foot-fall; and added to all, a consummate unprincipled judgment. Before you know it, he has sucked your eggs, gnawed your hams, or emptied your oil-betty. Good rat-catchers are much wanted throughout Christendom.

'MONDAY. — As I walked from the post-office, on the borders of the stubble-fields, and read papers by the way, an incident befel—not that I walked off a bridge, or saw my name in print; but happening to lift my eyes from the page and look up in the sun, I sneezed as if I had taken a pinch of rose-scented snuff. I know not how it is, but as I grow older I sneeze with redoubled violence, sometimes as if it would really tear me to pieces. Some people cannot make a noise in any other way; and one old gentleman of my acquaintance has a fit of this kind every Sunday morning in church, the whole fit including seven successive sneezes of the most violent kind. But this is not the incident. Scarcely had I sneezed, when a peal of puerile laughter broke upon my ear; and turning round, I beheld a small boy with blue eyes, having a little bundle and a Maltese kitten in his arms. 'Oh,' said he, 'when you sneezed, those pigs in the field ran as fast as they could go!'

'The boy had such a happy face, was in such a chuckling mood, so free from care and so disposed to talk, that I folded up the mammoth sheets, so full of sarcasm and rebuke, to be edified as with the bright pictures of a primer or little book. Before advancing the length of a corn-field, he opened his budget—not the little bundle in which his worldly goods were enclosed within a cotton kerchief, but the budget of his history—and told me all things that ever he did: what was his name; that his parents were dead; that he was born in Hampshire; that he was twelve years old; that he could read; that he had been to Sunday school; that he was now out of place; and that he was on a journey.

'How far are you going, my little man?'

'To Rochester, Sir.'

'That is a great way for you to travel. How much money have you got?'

'I've got a shilling,' said he, laughing with great glee; 'I'm going to keep that till to-morrow, to buy my dinner with.'

‘‘Yes; but when you travel on the rail-road you must pay a dollar or two. What will you do?’’

‘‘Oh, I’ll tell them that I want to go, and they’ll let me.’’

‘It was in vain that I could impress upon his apprehension that he was venturing far upon a little capital; for he soon burst into another fit of gay laughter, as he held up the kitten and changed the theme.

‘‘What are you going to do with the kitten?’’ said I.

‘‘Oh, I do as every body tells me: my mistress told me to take her a mile and let her go.’’

‘Having now arrived at my own gate, I told him to let the Maltese loose, and she ran mewling along the garden-fence. When I caught her, and brought her into the kitchen, I found that she was blind. ‘The world is generous,’ thought I, ‘to send a little boy on foot three hundred miles with a shilling in his pocket, and make him drop a blind kitten by the way!’

‘SUNDAY MORNING. — When the sun rose this morning, a white smoke, like that which uprises from the crucible of the alchemist, covered the whole earth; and as HOMEROS expresses it, you could see about as far as a stone’s cast, supposing that the stone were not thrown from a sling. When to the tintinnabulation of the breakfast-bell, inviting to appease a gentle appetite, (how different from the stunning gong which calls whole gangs to ‘raven like a wolf!’) when, as the volatile spirit of coffee came through the key-hole and brooded over the pillow, from which I awoke refreshed, I passed down the broad and polished oaken stair-case which adorns my friend’s house on the banks of the Hudson, and stepped upon the piazza, all was a blank. Of the infinite beauties of Nature, which seemed to have taken the white veil, not one was visible, save a few blue morning-glories on the porch, on the hither edge of this vapory sea. Blue is a hopeful color, not properly the badge of dejection, nor to be ‘worn in the button-hole of a jaundiced man.’ While the winter lingers, Blue-bird first carols on the unbudding bough; while the snow yet remains in patches, Violet ventures to peep out on the cheerless scene; while the clouds hesitate to depart the blue sky gives a little hope; blue eyes beam on me with the greatest tenderness; and so I thought when Morning-glory first greeted me on the dewy porch. Methinks that morning-glory has not received its meed of justice, O my friend! It is not enough be painted in pictures, or celebrated in song: it is too often put off with a mere bean-pole for support, or with an ungainly stick; discarded from porch, arbor, trellis, bower, net-work, floral temple, aerial garden-arch and architecture; given up to the tender mercy and support of coarser plants; yet it affords the best moral lesson among the flowers, for it shuts up early, without even a taste of mountain-dew, and you have never seen it blue at night. Why don’t you laugh?’

‘At the hour of ten my friend’s carriage was at the door; a plain oblong box, without top, fit for the country; painted of a subdued claret-color, mounted upon springs, in which his plump and rosy children climbed, gleefully delighted to ride to church; and as we took our seats, just then the powerful sun controlled the day; while in many a graceful folding, looping, and festooning, the misty curtain rose upon the enchanting scene. There in the fore-ground, at the base of that clean slope, grassy lawn, Hudson, river of rivers, rolled; and as I stood on the piazza, with prayer-book in my hand, I noticed that, with respect to its width, it was, like ‘All of Gaul,’ divided into three parts. First, near the shore

a great extended mirror, smooth, glassy; then a roughened channel; and opposite, beneath the impending, wood-crowned banks, a Stygian stream, full of shadows. It was Indian summer, (short-lived season!) belted betwixt sweltering heats and arctic ice, and every hour of its golden days is blissful and balmier than balm—'from morn to noon, from noon till dewy eve,' all luxury and delight. Oh, the sun-rising out of that sea of silvery vapor, where one by one the mountain-tops reveal themselves in grandeur; surmounting pine and conic summit down to the expansive base, where runs the flashing rill; while all within the scooped-out hollows the mist still rolls in snowy gulfs, till the meridian splendor of the sun dispels the illusion! Oh, the blue hazy atmosphere, tender as beams of the full-risen moon, softening those pictures of the earth which only eyes like CLAUDE's know how to fix and pencil down! And oh, the luxury of life on such a day—Sabbath of Sabbaths! The tinkling kine go down the vale, and all the pastoral picture satisfies the sense; while from the distant spire the 'bells—bells—bells!' come hovering on the air with sweeter melody!

'Winding about the grassy slope we came into the woods, talking of TITUS LIVIUS—something turned the conversation that way—and passed through a rustic gate, whose hinges were of green withes and pivoted upon a stump; masterpiece of the farmer's art, the *extempore* composition of a half-hour, when his hatchet was unemployed in the woods. So ingeniously is it put together, that the elbows and crooked part of the wood seem to have been predestined, and to have grown up in their gnarled and knotted crookedness, for the express purpose of that gate. If I had as good a hand as an eye, I would draw it upon this paper, as a very pleasing object to look upon; for when in the course of taking a ride you are interrupted by such a gate, it well repays for the trouble of opening and shutting, to find the tokens of talent and artistic skill. That's a charming ride through those woods in the spring, when the sassafras, the birch, and all the aromatic woods are bursting their plump buds, and when the tender grape gives a good smell. It is so in the midsummer. Coolness resides in those deep dells; hollows scooped out, where, as you look down by the way, you must drop a plummet very deep before it would reach the tops of the lofty oaks, or sink among the thick green foliage of the trees. The oak throws its over-mastering arms above you, and exhibits its crown beneath. These are the snuggest nestling spots for birds. Here the gray squirrel throws his ornamental tail above his back, or picks a hazel-nut with delicate grace; and the mischievous blue-jay dives into the thickest shades with a sharp scream, that guilty bird!

'Riding on that pleasant Sunday morning, as presently we passed beneath a canopy of chestnut boughs, we heard again the tinkling water-brooks and Sunday bells. The mountains which gird us in on every hand are now changing in their foliage from the many varieties of green, which belong to spring and summer, to the triumphal colors which mark the spanning rain-bow or the setting sun. Among all the trees the pepperidge now distinguishes itself even beyond the maple for its superb tints. The intermingling of purple with the yet green tops of the locust-groves is indescribably rich, or with the orange-yellow of the oak, around which the American ivy is entwined, or hangs in festoons upon the fences; and wherever the eye turns, the intermingling of rain-bow colors is seen on every hand. But you must travel farther north to see the pomp of the dying year. Do you remember that 'Ride through the Gulf,' written by CAROLUS BROOKS? It is a sumptuous account.

'At this season, so voluptuous in its softness, some apple, plum, peach, and pear

trees venture to bloom anew. I have sometimes found the ripe strawberry in the open air. 'Doubtless God might have made a better berry,' says an old writer, 'but he never did;' and so I thought when taking a last leave in the fall of the exquisite flavor of that fruit of fruits. I made a basket of the dry husks of corn, placed therein a handful gathered with patient industry among the red and decaying leaves. Now also do the grapes abound. Isabella and Catawba vie in purple blush, but Scuppernong is too effeminate for the cold North. Not long ago I walked under a glassy dome, with the most glorious clusters above my head, transparent to the very heart and bursting their tender skins with juice. A rill of great transparency really oozed from the corners of my mouth; and as the generous host gave me by the stem a full-grown bunch, I ate them with a feeling of self-reproach. How many a sick and parched mouth would have been revived by what I wantonly ate up with the most abandoned luxury! These are for the tables of the rich; but the time is coming when the vine-clad hills shall be a feature in the glorious land, and the vintage a festive season to the sons of toil. Then shall Nature perfect the convulsive effort to alleviate a mighty wrong. Bacchus and Ceres shall be made friends. But what are those golden balls in yonder stubble-field, among the standing stacks of corn? Pumpkins, my friend. Of these the crop is plentiful and good; and though I do not like the ordinary pumpkin-pie, far be it from me to rejoice not in the prospects of those who do. It is the height of folly to set up your own taste as a standard for the world. Never did this crop more dot the fields; and I can assure you, that it is a sight at least to feast the eye where you behold the distant slope all covered with the auriferous fruit of this vine; while I can anticipate in my heart the full sentiment of a New-England Thanksgiving.

'We must make the most of mid-summer, the most of Indian summer, the most of splendid October; for with the fall of the leaf the pastoral feeling will subside, and it is hard to write an Idyl by a stove. But now, as I pass through the woods or explore the bottom of dells like the aforesaid, I can with my whole heart draw out the ivory tablets, silver-clasped, which you gave me, what time we wandered into BONFANTI'S on a pleasant day, and sitting down on some stump, some rock, some bank where the living waters gush, endeavor to transcribe a little of the feeling which I had in full force when, a boy, I read THEOCRITUS and MOSCHUS, and, when a man, I revelled and 'spreed' in sweet WILLIAM'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*. VIRGILIUS in his *Eclogues* could never stir up in me rich sylvan sympathies, or lull me in a dream. In vain did he talk of cheese and chestnuts, fleeces and kine. I never could hear the bells tinkle on his herds. *ECLOGA* is not *IDYL*. He does well by *pious ÆNEAS*, but not quite so well by *CORYDON*, and *DAMETAS*, and *TYTYRUS*, and all that set. Only one line still tarries on remembrance, and comes up involuntarily on the tongue:

'TYTYRÆ dum redeo, brevis est via, pasco capellas.'

'I saw something in the woods to-day which struck me sentimentally: is it worth mentioning? — a dead catydid at the bottom of a clear spring. Numbed by the frosty night, from a sublime height he fell into this glassy sarcophagus, where his green body was laid out on little white pebbles, swathed in lymph, fit sepulchre for a nightingale or a catydid. When you hear the hoarse cicada sing in the sweltering heats of August, soon after look for temperate nights; and by the time the lightning-bugs have ceased to twinkle on the mead, and casual glow-worms shine with a dull lustre in the path, you may expect the welcome music of the catydids, who love to congregate in the willow-groves, ever re-

peating that mournful story of the broken bottle; and the rule is, that when the first frosts whiten the earth they hush their song. We had some nipping nights not long ago, and sat in the cheerless rooms with a mournful feeling of the decaying year. But again the windows and doors are flung wide open in the heavenly nights; round as young NORVAL's shield the full moon rides aloft, and feebly and in fewer numbers the catydid's resume their song.

'Give me any music but the mosquito's roundelay, say I. I have watched them on my hand until their bodies became little red globules, like the bottles in the windows of an apothecary's shop. After observing curiously for some time the play of their delicate antlers and white speckled legs, like the state-prisoners' breeches at Sing-Sing, you would hardly kill one of these more than you would your own child, because he has your own blood in his veins. We have hardly been bothered with a mosquito among these mountains this summer: but when I staid in town the other night, only one of these tormentors interrupted the rest of a tired man. I laid my deliberate plan to deprive him of life, indulging him for a long time in his far-away hummings, his flights to the ceiling and return, his circling movements overhead, his tipping touches and retreat, until the moment should come for a fair, well-ordered slap, which should stop his music for the night. But amiable humor was well-nigh worried out in waiting for revenge. Now he alighted on my knuckle, now on my finger's end just outside the nail, on the eye-lid, on the lip, on the lappet of the ear, till last of all, he ventured to apply his sucking apparatus to a cheek somewhat pale and ill supplied with blood. Then did I slap my face as it has not been slapped since puerile days. 'Have you killed him?' said I. 'I have,' replied I, speaking to myself, and forthwith, satisfied with the exploit, fell into a tranquil sleep, dreaming of woods, and fields, and water-brooks, and pleasant scenes.' T. W. S.

'A WITNESS 'AS WAS' A WITNESS' is described in the '*Spirit of the Times*' in a most felicitous manner. Professional engagements required the writer's presence in a circuit-court which was then in session in one of the villages of a midland county of the 'Empire State;' and 'during the term an incident occurred, which may be interesting if not useful to those legal gentlemen who are partial to the study of the 'laws of evidence.' The case tried was one in which a question arose as to personal property, claimed to have been sold some time previously under an execution, and the plaintiff in the case called a witness to establish the fact of the sale. The following 'evidence' was elicited on the cross-examination of the witness:

'QUESTION BY COUNSEL: 'Sir, you say you attended the sale on the execution spoken of. Did you keep the minutes of that sale?'

'WITNESS: 'Don't know, Sir, but I did: don't recollect whether I kept the minutes, or the sheriff, or no body. I think it was one of us.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, Sir, will you tell me what articles were sold on that execution?'

'Here the witness hesitated, not willing to commit himself by going into particulars, until the patience of the counsel became exhausted, and he pressed a special interrogatory.

'COUNSEL: 'Did you on that occasion sell a threshing-machine?'

'WITNESS: 'Yes, I think we did.'

'COUNSEL: 'I wish you to be positive. Are you *sure* of it?'

'WITNESS: 'Can't say that I *am* sure of it; and when I come to think of it, I do n't know as we did: think we did n't.'

'COUNSEL: 'Will you swear, then, that you did *not* sell one?'

'WITNESS: 'No, Sir; do n't think I would: for I can't say whether we did or did n't.'

'COUNSEL: 'Did you sell a horse-power?'

'WITNESS: 'Horse-power?'

'COUNSEL: 'Yes, horse-power!'

'WITNESS: 'Horse-power! Well, it seems to me we did. And then, it seems to me we did n't. I don't *know* now as I can recollect whether I remember there was any horse-power there: and if there was n't any there, I can't say whether we sold it or not: but I don't *think* we did: though it may be, perhaps, that we *did*, after all. It's some time ago, and I don't like to say certainly.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, perhaps you can tell me this: Did you sell a fanning-mill?'

'WITNESS: 'Yes, Sir, we sold a fanning-mill. I guess I am sure of that.'

'COUNSEL: 'Well, you swear to that, do you?—that one thing, though I do n't see it on the list.'

'WITNESS: 'Why, I may be mistaken about it: perhaps I am. It may be it was some body else's fanning-mill at some other time: not sure.'

'COUNSEL (*to the Court*): 'I should like to know, may it please the Court, what this witness *does* know, and what he is *sure of*.'

'WITNESS (*to Counsel*): 'Well, Sir, I know one thing, that I'm sure of; and that is, that on that sale we sold either a *threshing-machine*, or a *horse-power*, or a *fanning-mill*, or one, or all, or *neither* of them, but I do n't know which!'

The Century Papers.

ON THE HABITS OF IRISHMEN.

'In what part of her body stands Ireland?'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Green island of Erin, which should more properly be called the Red island of Ire, is situated on the north-west coast of England. It is about two hundred and seventy-eight miles in length, by one hundred and fifty-five in breadth, differing therein from the brogue of the country, which is as broad as it is long. It is inhabited by a race known familiarly as Irishmen. Its principal exports are linens, whiskey, and emigrants, the two latter usually going together, the former by itself. It is also famous for its breed of bulls, a specimen of which was exhibited at Mr. LEWIS G. MORRIS's cattle-sale on the ninth day of June last. Speaking of the 'Lord of ERYHOLME,' one of his imported bulls, he says, in his catalogue, the name of MAYNARD or ERYHOLME, as associated with short-horns, is as expressive *almost* as Mount-Vernon is connected with the Father of his Country! This idea, so lucidly expressed, will no doubt cause Mount-Fordham to be associated for the future with a breed of stock heretofore unknown in this country, namely, the 'MORRIS bulls!'

Ireland is also celebrated for its wit and poverty: two words which have become synonyms in almost every language. Its cleanliness is proverbial, the very pigs being as clean, if not cleaner, than their owners; while in regard to honesty, we are assured by SWIFT 'that the children seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing until they arrive at six years old;' although he confesses they get the rudiments much earlier. The cultivation of vegetables is an object of national interest in Ireland, especially the shamrock and shillelah; the latter, in fact, may be seen flourishing all over the island. As to vermin, if there be any truth in history, St. PATRICK gave them their quietus in the year 526; there, or thereabout: I am not critical as to the exact date, but a traditional something to that effect has been running in every Irishman's head since the epoch of the Saint's visit in that century.

Ireland is also famous for sobriety, although the Maine Law has not yet been

introduced: 'for how,' says PAR, 'can we have a 'Maine Law' upon an Island? Beside, we could only carry it out at the point of the bayonet, which would be the biggest bull poor PADDY ever yet made in the way of philanthropy!' But there is another reason. It is embodied in a legend of St. PATRICK, and a legend with an Irishman is as good as an axiom with a mathematician. It is this:

'You have heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He thrased afther the pipes to Mayo,
And then drown'd them *all* in the Atlantic!
Hence, *not* to use wather for drink
The good people of Ireland determine,
And with mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. PHADRICK has filled it with varmin,
And vipers, and other such stuff!'

Perhaps no people in the world possess more of the '*amor patriæ*' than the inhabitants of this interesting country. Thousands come to our shores every week who would live or die *for* ould Ireland, but who would neither live nor die *in* ould Ireland: it being a notion with PAR that the best way to enjoy himself at home is by going abroad. This patriotic and philosophical sentiment has been sometimes emulated in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

In foreign climes two arts, two sciences, engage the attention of the Hibernian: Horticulture and Architecture. Passing along the streets, the spectator is struck with façades of beautiful buildings in process of erection, adorned with picturesque Paddies in *alto relievo*, or beholds them swarming on domes like bees, excavating like moles, bridging and damming like beavers, and like

'The bird of summer
The temple-haunting martlet,'

approving 'each jutty, frieze, buttress, and coign of vantage, by his loved mansionry.' 'Where they most breed and haunt, (says SHAKESPEARE,) I have observed the air is delicate!'

Horticulture is a passion with PADDY. It is himself that makes his way through the world with POMONA in his arms. Strip him of his hoe, cast his hod to the winds, let every rung of his ambitious ladder be scattered to the corners of the earth, and PAR has still a resource. See him laden with golden oranges, with fragrant bananas, with cocoa-nuts that resemble his own head when clipped with the sheep-shears, with embossed and spiky pines! Not indigenous, but tropical fruits—exotics like himself. And did any living being ever see him eat a fruit? Never! To him they are sacred. As well might you persuade the circumcised Levite to eat the shew-bread.

PAR believes in the usefulness of meat, but was there ever seen an Irish butcher? His tender disposition prevents him trafficking in his household gods. He is more than a Brahmin in that respect. If you live in the country and lose your cow, or a favorite ram stray from the fold, look for it among your Irish neighbors. In those rude cottages, displaying on their outer walls the ragged ensigns of poverty, is hidden the jewel of charity. From pure compassion your IO or ARIES has probably been sheltered in the most comfortable and secluded part of some Irishman's barn.

Irish mechanics are not common. To be sure there are tailors and shoemakers who speak the language of BRIAN BORRHOMER, but they puzzle not their heads with more abstruse and scientific mechanical pursuits. Many as we find perishing annually by steam-boat and rail-road disasters, no Hibernian has ever bethought himself of any thing to prevent the explosion of boilers. If he did

in all probability he would get it on the wrong end, and make matters worse instead of better. Whether it arise from his haughty Spanish or Scythian blood, I know not, but PAT has never made one useful invention since the beginning of the world: and in calamities like the above, as he has done nothing for his fellows, his loss is not considered as a public disaster: they give a list of the rest of the sufferers, and the Paddies are usually thrown in.

I have touched on, or rather hinted at, two virtues peculiar to PATRICK — honesty and sobriety: but there is yet an unnamed virtue belonging to him, which every body will recognize. It is his modesty. An Irish blush is the most cunning sleight of Nature's hand.

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SPECIAL E D I C T

FROM the sky-parlor and ultimate office of the Centurion: All writers whatsoever of books, magazines, newspapers, letters, etc., etc., are hereby prohibited from using any phrases which are public property, and therefore in no wise proper to be appropriated to private use. We therefore interdict in any book, magazine, newspaper, or letter as aforesaid, all landscapes from *'stretching as far as the eye can reach,'* or the beginning of any subject *'which if pursued would fill a volume.'* Neither shall there be any more desideratums, *'the want of which has been felt for a long time ;'* nor shall any person *'leave a large circle to mourn his loss,'* or any description be given of any thing which *'beggars description.'* We also protest against any orator assuming his constituents to be *'the bone and sinew of the country,'* without adding thereto such nerves, arteries, ligaments, tendons, brains, bowels, livers, midriffs, the five senses, and, in fact, every thing which goes to make the said bones and sinews vital and valuable. Neither shall any one presume to commence life *'under the happiest auspices,'* or *'stand at the head of his profession,'* or make a simple remark which *'contains a world of truth,'* as such a thing is clearly impossible. Nor will we allow any body to *'figure conspicuously'* upon any occasion, or have a *'world-wide celebrity,'* like KELLINGER's liniment.

Any person finding phrases of similar character to the above, and not enumerated in this edict, will please return them to this office. We intend to have them all copy-righted, and offenders will be dealt with according to law.

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THE editors regret the want of interesting poetry this month. We are compelled to avail ourselves of the scissors, and clip the following from the pages of an album:

‘DEAR MARY, though these lines may fade,
And drop neglected in the dust,
Yet what I wish, my little maid,
Will surely come to pass, I trust.

‘May all that's purest, rarest, best,
Be imaged ever in thy heart,
And may thy future years attest
Thee innocent as now thou art.

‘Fair bloom the flowers, fair blooms the spring,
Bright shines the sun — the starry band;
Life flies, with inexperienced wing,
Through floral fields of Morning Land.

‘But where yon rosy summit glows,
Forbear to tempt the aspiring flight,
For storms those gilded clouds enclose,
And tempests beat yon glittering height.

' Ah, no! the illusive dream forego,
This precept learn, by Nature given:
From mountain heights we look below,
But in the vales we look to heaven.

' Then be thy guide the golden truth;
Keep thou thy heart serene and young,
And in thy age, as in thy youth,
Thou 'lt still be loved, and still be sung.'

We are promised for our next an epic poem in twelve books, which we shall bring out during the course of the year, one book every month.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We asked a most agreeable friend the other evening in the sanctum, if he would n't do us the kindness to jot down, for the entertainment of our readers, a few of the pleasant things whereof he had been speaking. He has complied with the request 'in the words following, to wit: 'Mindful of the promise made you at our parting, some six hours since, here it is, about to be redeemed. Believe me, to no one save yourself would the promise have been made, for it is a thing so very unusual for me to put pen to paper, except in the dull and rugged professional track, that I feel in making the attempt very much as our friend 'the PROFESSOR' may be supposed to have felt, when suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to officiate as 'Chaplain of the Regiment.' 'The PROFESSOR,' upon that occasion, delivered a most affecting eulogy upon the life and character of the lamented 'defunct' before him, whom he had never before seen, and did not to that moment know, even by name. To hope for 'the PROFESSOR's' success, I must have his happy 'savoir dire;' for HEAVEN knows his ignorance of *the subject* was not more profound than mine. Some envious auditor of that funeral oration, you may recollect, declared that it bore a strong resemblance to the Tragedy of 'HAMLET,' with the part of 'HAMLET' omitted, by particular request; but you and I know the PROFESSOR well enough to give full credit to his own assertion, that 'when he got through he was satisfied that he had made a *finished* oration.' By the way, speaking of the Tragedy of HAMLET, with the part of HAMLET omitted, reminds me of an anecdote of the meeting of SCOTT and BURNS, related the other day by your literary contemporary of 'The Times' daily journal. As far as the story is told, it is well told, thus: 'SCOTT, then a lad of seventeen, and just out of the High School at Edinburgh, was invited by the son of Dr. FERGUSON to accompany him to his father's house on an evening when BURNS was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room and sat down unnoticed by their seniors, looking on and listening in modest silence. BURNS, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and instead of mingling at once with the company, sauntered about the room, looking at the pictures upon the walls. One picture particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier, lying dead upon the snow; his dog on one side, and a woman with a nursing child in her arms on the other. Beneath the picture were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which BURNS read aloud, with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the picture, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know excepting SCOTT, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of LANGHORNE's. The information, whispered by SCOTT to some one near, was repeated to BURNS; who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant

with a look of kindly interest, and the words, 'You'll be a man yet, Sir.' And here ends the anecdote as told in '*The Times*.' Now, is it not a little remarkable that the relator should either not have known what were the lines written beneath the picture, the reading of which caused the voice of BURNS to tremble with emotion, or, knowing them, that he should have failed to record them, with the anecdote?—for surely no one can read the story without an earnest desire to know what were the omitted lines of verse, and a corresponding surprise and disappointment that they are not stated. They occur in a forgotten poem of LANGHORNE's, with the unpromising title of '*The Justice of the Peace*,' and are as follows:

'COLD on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingled with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.'

'The question of BURNS, 'if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines,' reminds me to ask of you the same question in relation to some lines which for a long, long time have dwelt in my memory. I have often resolved to inquire of you the authorship; but as often as we have met, our conversation has driven it from my mind. The lines are the closing ones of a poem on '*The Forging of an Anchor*;' and I have not the faintest recollection of any other line in the poem. Pray, if you can, tell me the author, and tell me if you do not think with me, that they ought to be treasured in the memory. Here they are:

'ON, lodger in the sea-king's hall! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend;
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride — thou 'dst leap within the sea!

'Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land;
Who left their chance of quiet age, and grassy church-yard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave:
Oh! though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!'

'By-the-by, KNICK., I see that this same literary contemporary of '*The Times*' has talked about you in print; and among other amiable things said of you, the 'little red rose always in your button-hole' comes in for a passing allusion. Now, did it never strike you that the color was not altogether in concatenation with your good old KNICKERBOCKER prejudices? Should it not rather be that of the 'House of York'? Do you remember the lines written by a lover of that house, upon presenting a white rose to his mistress of the 'House of Lancaster'?

'SHOULD this pale rose offend thy sight,
Then place it in thy bosom fair;
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.'

Aren't they pretty — very pretty indeed? I repeated them to a friend of mine the other day, and asked him the same question, and what think you he replied? Why: 'They might have been worse.' Think of that: 'They might have been worse!' forsooth. Have you any such *friends* as this? I hope not, for much I doubt if you could endure such an one quite so philosophically as I can. This fellow's 'might have been worse,' however, reminds me of a very excellent story of old Dr. PARR, which I have long longed to deliver to you, and you may thank

my unappreciating friend for it now. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH and Dr. PARR, you know, were once very intimate friends; and you know, too, that this friendship was abruptly terminated when MACKINTOSH was supposed to have abandoned his Whig principles under the influence of BURKE'S '*Reflections on the French Revolution*.' When the coolness commenced between them, PARR made an attack upon Sir JAMES, which the latter never forgave, as he could never forget it. They were at a large meeting at 'The Club;' and the subject of the then recent conviction and execution for treason of the Irish Catholic priest QUIGLEY was adverted to. His conduct was reprobated in strong terms by MACKINTOSH; and in the course of his remarks he was frequently interrupted by PARR, who said several times emphatically, at intervals of smoking, 'He might have been worse.' PARR at length obtained what he wanted, for Sir JAMES asked him how QUIGLEY *could* have been worse. PARR laid down his pipe with deliberate composure, and replied:

'I'LL tell you, JEMMY: QUIGLEY *was* an Irishman — he *might have been* a Scotchman: he *was* a priest — he *might have been* a lawyer: he *was* a traitor — he *might have been* an apostate!'

Now this seems to me very like invective! Doesn't it strike *you* in that light? But if I ramble on in this helter-skelter, disconnected way much longer, it will be necessary to put an index or table of contents to my letter. Apropos of that: is there to be such a thing appended to your 'KNICK-KNACKS'? If there be, let it be, I pray, a '*trifle*' better than an index to one of CHITTY'S law-books. You must know that CHITTY left indexing to his pupils. In the index to the aforesaid law-book you will find: 'Great mind — see BEST, Justice.' You turn to 'BEST, Justice,' and there you will find: 'BEST, Justice: see 'Prevarication.' You turn to 'Prevarication,' and there you will find: 'Prevarication — see 'Bail': you turn to 'Bail,' and you there find what you were seeking: 'The bail having been guilty of prevarication, BEST, Justice, had a *great mind* to commit him!' And now, dear KNICK, it is late, *very* late, and I must to bed; for if I sit up much longer in writing to you, I shall be acting the part of our antipodes: 'The hunters are up in Arabia, and they have already past their first sleep in Persia.' A safe and pleasant journey to you and yours, my friend, and a happy and speedy return!' - - - We do not 'know for certain' that the following '*Voice from the Past*' is from the pen of the writer who sketched '*The Old Garret*,' but we would be willing to make a 'conditional 'davy' that it is:

'LAST evening, as we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one — it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

'It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were singing; strains we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sun-beams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old Deacon who sat near the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village-choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was — CORINTH.

'It is years — we dare not think how many — since then, and 'the prayers of DAVID the son of JESSE are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at night, and those of the other like the same heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Corinth' still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up! There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the 'leader,' and to our young eyes they were passing beautiful, and to our young ears their tones were the very 'soul of music.' That column bears still their pencilled

names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183-, before dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

'Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung again in the sweet reünion of song that shall take place by-and-by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pure pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more; for what could the choir do without them?'

A PORTION of the '*Reminiscence*' sent us from 'Maple Village,' Rhode-Island, impresses us favorably. We annex an example of the most acceptable lines, which are very autumnal in their spirit and natural in execution:

'It rains, it rains! how dark and dun
The clouds that hide the summer sun!
The wind-swept mist is cold and chill,
The marsh-bird whistles loud and shrill—
Nature's voices else are dumb;
Except the wind, except the rain
Against the shaking window-pane,
While a music-tone, from a viewless form,
I hear within my room.

'Louder now the wind doth moan,
Over hill and valley lone;
Faster flies the misty veil
Before the unrelenting gale.
On—unwavering on!
Lonely, lonely wears the day
Slowly, mournfully away;
But that music-tone I hear again,
And I am not alone.

'When I remember years by-gone,
And all life's spring-time gladness borne
By TIME's imperious hand away,
Like wreaths of mist at dawn of day,
I feel upon my cheek the tear,
The sigh that Faith cannot repress
Rises—the sigh of loneliness;
But that music-tone I hear again,
It *can* a spirit cheer!

'The rain was falling from the sky,
And the wind moaned fitfully,
Years ago, when ELLEN died;
She was standing by my side;
Joy was smiling on her brow,
Laughter sparkled in her eye:
But the SLEEPLESS hastened by;
Her fair cheek paled, and she sank in death,
Yet she is with me *now*.'

The remaining verses, to our conception, are more labored and less felicitous; although the moral, the 'joy of grief,' an

— 'unearthly state,
That buoys his soul above its fate,'

is effectively wrought out. - - - We have been 'on our travels,' of which our readers shall hear somewhat hereafter. Absence for some two weeks from town, during the middle of the month, has prevented a perusal and notice of several new works, which promise unwonted entertainment. Of these, our readers shall hear in our next number. Something, too, we had intended to say of the 'golden-voiced ALBONI,' and the delicious SONTAG, who had entranced us, in common with the town, and who have made their way at once, by the great excellence and distinct character of their genius, to the first place in the public esteem. Likewise of THACKERAY, who is about to lecture before the Mercantile Library Association. Much 'Gossip' also abides for our December 'issuo'—the last number of the present volume. The foregoing explanation will be understood by our correspondents, public and private. They shall hear from us at 'the meetest vantage of the time.' - - - A DISTINGUISHED member of the New-York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend, also a New-Yorker, to attend to a complaint made against him before a New-Jersey Justice, for an alleged assault and battery upon one of the residents of the 'old Jersey State.' 'I appear for the prisoner,' said the counsellor to the modern DOGBERRY. 'You abbears for de bris'ner, do you?—and who den be you?' interrupted the justice, eyeing him from head to foot with marked curiosity: 'I to n't knows you; vair be's you come from, and vot's yer name?' The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said: 'I am a member of the New-York bar.' 'Vell den,' replied the justice, 'you ga n't bractis in dis here gort.' 'I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York,' reiterated the attorney. 'Dat makes not'ing tiffer-

ent,' said the inveterate justice. 'Well then,' said the baffled lawyer, 'suppose I show to your Honor that I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States?' 'It ton't make a pit petter,' replied he of the ermine: 'you ain't a gounsellor von de State of New-Jersey, and you gan't bractis in dish gort.' This decision accounts for the fact that New-Jersey is not in the United States! On another occasion, the same dignitary said to a jury, who had been listening to a 'trial' before him of an unfortunate fellow for some offence against the State: 'Shentlemens of dershoory, shtand up: dis here vellow, der bris'ner at de par, says he ish von New-York: now I dinks he pes a putcher-poy, und if he ish a putcher-poy he trives pigs troo de shtreets, and ven he trives der pigs, he kits oder beeples' pigs mit dem vot he haf pefore: dat's wot I calls pig-shtealin'. Now, shentlemens, if de vellow shteals pigs in New-York, I t'ink he vill shtcal a gow in Jarsey, and derefore I t'ink he be a cow-t'ief: und your shudgement s'all be kilty. Vot you shall say, shentlemens of de shoory? — ish he kilty, oder not kilty? If you say he ish kilty, I sends him to de Shtate Brison, mid dwo years.' And he *did* send him! - - - AMIDST the learned and elaborate disquisitions upon music, of which one sees and hears so much in these latter days, the following profound criticism of 'Mr. JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville,' in the 'Sunday Mercury,' will not escape attention:

'HAvING herd these too illustrious singers, SONTAG and ALBONY, wee proseed to givs the publick the benefit of our opinion, premising first that the turms we make use of will be understood by our reeders. ALBONI, from the fust, struck us hard, but did not hurt us; her voice, guggling up as it does from the innermost depths of her resplendent bosom, frizzled in dreamy voluptuousness through the warbling kadenses of her matchless organ, satisfying us that it was a *kontralto* of the highest order. Her inverted distances are really immense, and the ease with witch the roolards of the definite Fifth, coming on the dominant, are worked so that the mezzo-tinto quality is artlessly swollen in the inverted passage, taking in its compass three octaves, four flutes and a flageolet. She sings H with perfect distinction, and her low A was very fine indeed. Her shake resembled the feathery flickering of some ortumnal bird, as it glides through the adamantine meanderings of some ornothological meadow; while her *sustenooto* died away upon the left ear like the magic humming of a large mellifluous bee. We never shall forget it. SONTAG, on the contrary, makes us almost IK MARVEL, possessing as she dus a voice of such fleksability, using no rat-traps to astonish her orditary. She ran up the kromatic scale, taking the doubel stops and accidental fifteenthths in one breth; while the tripley warblingness of her descending passage was received with perfekt delight. She evidently belongs to a good school — say *Spingler Institute*. The few-roar she created in that gem of Doctor ARNE, '*The Soldier Tired of Loosing his Arms*,' was perfektly orful; so much so, that we feered the Light Gard wood have been korled in. We made our mind up that her voice could be herd with ease at the farthest end of the HALL AND SON'S, Broadway; and that her powers of extenuating a note for sixty or ninety days had never been fully tried. Her shake on the dominant key of K miner left us nuthing more to desire; and her cadence, as she took the major cord E in the *andaunty affetuoso con amore allegro ad libitum passage*, drew down thunders of applause. She made a grate hit.'

'STIMULTUANEOUSLY,' (as 'poor POWER' used to say in one of his admirable performances,) or thereabout, with the issue of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, will appear, from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, the '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' by the EDITOR hereof; a volume of some three hundred and forty pages. Our thanks are due, and will hereafter more adequately be rendered, to the artists who have illustrated, the printers who have executed, and the liberal publishers who issue, our first book - 'venture.' With each and all, it seems almost to have been a 'labor of love' to put the book favorably before the public. We need not say, that our heart goes out with it, and that more than one little KNICK. is interested in its success. May it be liked, for its own sake and *ours*. - - - WE go for 'THE CONSTITUTION,' let

parties differ as they may; and the reader shall know *why*, when election is over. - - - THESE beautiful lines, '*Some Things Love Me*,' by T. BUCHANAN READ, have just been set to admirable music by that widely-popular Scottish vocalist, WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, Esq. The words, with the music, are a rare treat to hear:

ALL within and all without me
 Feel a melancholy thrill,
 And the darkness hangs about me
 Oh, how still!
 To my feet the river glideth
 Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
 On the stream the white moon rideth
 Like a barque;
 And the linden leans above me,
 Till I think some things there be
 In this dreary world that love me—
 Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
 Shedding sweetest breath around;
 Countless voices rise to cheer me
 From the ground;
 And the lone bird comes: I hear it,
 In the tall and windy pine,
 Pour the sadness of its spirit
 Into mine:
 There it swings and sings above me,
 Till I think some things there be
 In this dreary world that love me—
 Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me;
 On the stream I see it sway,
 Swinging boat-like, as 't would woo me
 Far away!
 And the stars bend from the azure;
 I could reach them where I lie:
 And they whisper all the pleasure
 Of the sky:
 There they hang and smile above me,
 Till I think some things there be
 In the very heavens that love me—
 Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,
 Like a solemn river slow,
 Gentle eyes akin to heaven
 On me glow;
 Loving eyes that tell their story,
 Speaking to my heart of hearts;
 But I sigh—a thing of glory
 Soon departs:
 Yet when MARY soars above me,
 I must think that there will be
 One star more in heaven to love me—
 Even me!

THERE is something, at least to our sense, exceedingly *bizarre* about the following; something wholly 'out of the common,' and that will repay perusal. Our new correspondent shall introduce the epistle which he sends us in his own words: 'Your 'EDITOR'S TABLE' seems to be a general reservoir, toward which float all manner of queer things, from all manner of queer places. Now I have certain documents in my possession, which have at least the merit of oddity. I am a country doctor, and like all others of 'that ilk,' see a vast amount of pathos and bathos, which perhaps escapes the common eye. Some time since there came to our little four-cornered village a travelling dentist, an every-day looking man enough; rather the worse for wear, and 'no great shakes' at filling teeth. He pursued his vocation for a week or so with but indifferent success, and then fell sick. Here my acquaintance with him commenced. His disease (evidently destined to prove fatal) first interested me in him, as taxing all my powers of diagnosis. He suffered much, and the word '*Euthanasia*' was often on his lips. His history, which I obtained piece-meal at my different visits, had no great matter of romance in it, save as the restless heavings of his own wild spirit threw around him an interest not to be gathered from the mere *facts* of his life. He had 'seen hard times;' was an orphan at an early age, and had 'turned his hand to almost every thing' whereby to get a living. Some clever old country doctor had taken him into his office, and initiated him into the rudimental mysteries of our glorious craft, and he had managed to pay his way through a couple of courses of lectures in a country college, and procure a 'sheep-skin,' by the not uncommon resource of poor devils in the study of medicine—*resurrectionizing*; and many were the hair-breadth 'scapes from tar-and-feathers he had made. After procuring his degree, he had not the wherewithal to buy him pill-bags, and so he enlisted in the Mexican war. During the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, he officiated as hospital-steward; and when peace was declared, having saved some little money, he set up an office in a western village.

To this portion of his life he ever recurred with mingled pleasure and regret. An opposition to his business from a rival practitioner, heartless and unscrupulous; and hesitating at no means of vilification, at last crushed his spirit, and drove him from the place; but his brief stay there was illumined by his first and only dream of love—a love boundless in its nature, and returned with as free a spirit. But poverty broke the match, and the following epistle is among the letters returned to him at the final parting. It seems to have been written in an hour of mingled hope and anxiety; and should it interest you in the character of my poor friend, who rests now in the grave-yard on the hill, there are other papers at your service—some queer tales of the ‘resurrection’ among the number. But to the letter:

‘*Bellevue Cross-Roads, Thursday night, Anno Amoris 1.*

‘DEAR KATE: I left you last night in a somewhat sulky mood, and have n’t got quite over it yet. Your want of faith in the future; your disbelief that the Alleghany and Monongahela of our loves will ever terminate in the placid Ohio of matrimony, grieved me. After all, I slept tolerably well last night. I didn’t ‘bedew my pillow with tears;’ I didn’t apostrophize the moon; and now, after a little consideration, (consider, cow! consider!) I have made up my mind that what *is* to be *will* be; that, thanks to that blessed doctrine of decrees, fore-ordination, and the like, a man may as well sit down and let his destiny come to him, as to fret his gizzard in running after it; and furthermore, that I can see as far into a mill-stone as yourself; have as clear a view of the future as you; and consequently my opinion that we *will* do a certain thing is as good as yours that we *won’t*. And what’s more, I have the whole neighborhood of old women to back me up; while you can find but few to agree with you. ‘Public opinion is on my side.’

‘So, my dear girl, you are welcome to your opinion, only don’t keep me awake o’ nights with it; and I, more steadfast in spirit, and firmer in the faith of ‘the good time coming,’ shall continue in mine, and regardless of the result,

‘‘Act in the living Present
Heart within and God o’erhead.’

‘Oh, the sweets of matrimony! In at my open window comes a sound of woe. FRANK R——’s spider-legged young-one is crying a perfect storm; not one of your short ‘spells of weather,’ such as no one is to blame for in this ‘vale of tears,’ but a steady, persistent outcry, which has lasted an hour, and bids fair to last another:

‘‘Blow winds and crack your cheeks!’

‘I had rather hear B——’s dogs howl the night away. I suppose it would be out of character to go and throw stones at the house. After all, the poor child is not to blame. I’d cry myself if I had such a ‘da-da.’

‘‘But hark! The music all is ground;
The air again is still!’

‘Forgive me, patient mother! looking down in pity on thy baby’s upturned, woful face, if my heart, hardened by its own griefs, answered not in sympathy to its wail of suffering! Poor thing! It’s ‘colicky!’

‘There’s another fine moon to-night, but its kindly influence cannot reach me through brick walls. I am in a state of unrest; my chair don’t sit easy: I write by spasms, and chew tobacco vehemently in the intervals. I have got a diagram of the whole chain of lakes upon the floor. Half the books in my book-case are upside down, and it seems as if that plethoric copy of ‘WATSON’S Practice’ would have the head-ache: nay, there is danger of congestion, apoplexy even, standing so by hours on its head.

‘Oh, give me rest!—any thing but this jail-bird feeling of uneasiness and *malaise*. I would like to look down the stream of Time, and see it a fair river, on whose banks are luscious fruits and golden vistas, which nod to my touch and open to my gaze, as I float dreamily along, softly cushioned in a gilded boat, and lazily reach for the one, or turn my eye to the other. Here and there should lie sweet islands, where I could moor my craft awhile and roll in clover-beds; while above should rest a sky, deep-blue and clear, with only just enough of light and fleecy clouds to draw my thoughts to Heaven: and then I could resume my voyage; until, calmly and slowly, with shut and sleepy eye, I dropped into eternity to be forgotten!

‘But there’s no such luck as that for me. Life’s river is an unpoetic stream, and thus far it has been more like a voyage on the Erie canal in a line-boat, bumping through locks and paying heavy tolls; while ever and anon some rascal cuts my tow-line and jams me aground on the heel-

path, to pry off painfully with setting-poles. Oh, merciless driver! drag me no farther thus heels foremost! *Please* to knock the horses down, and leave the old craft here to rot; and whatever it has of valuable things in its cargo, to sink beneath the stagnant waters, in company with the gray rats which inhabit it. But no! The immittigable driver FATE lays on the whip, and the unwilling horses plod along. Thank God, old canal! you had your origin in a broad blue lake, where mighty steam-boats smoke along, and white-sailed vessels ply, and your end is in a noble river, where the sun-light rests on all that's beautiful! Crack along, driver! Put 'em through! We'll take our time in going down the Hudson!

'Dear KATE, read and ponder!—and tell me in your next that you are ready for either fate; to float quietly down Life's river with me, or (needs must when the d—l drives) go cook on the canal-boat!

Ever and for ever yours,

'JAMES ———'

WE beg, with due consideration, to say to the correspondent who sends us an ill-spelled letter from a certain place in Texas, to a brother and sister at the North, that we are not at all disposed to 'make fun' out of such a simple record of affection. We look with a much more favorable eye upon the perhaps unavoidable ignorance of the writer, than upon the taste or the heart of the man who could ridicule it, when displayed as in the letter before us. Our anonymous correspondent will pardon our 'plain speaking.' - - - We have 'a kind of an idea' that if we were about to ask permission of a father to pay our addresses to his daughter, or to solicit her hand in marriage, we should not write just such a letter as the following; which, by the by, is a veritable epistle, from which however (of course) the names of the parties are omitted:

'DEAR UNCLE: You perhaps are aware that each and all of us upon entering the threshold of life, and particularly when we arrive at an age when our Ideas become permanently fixed our Judgment better matured we seriously think of securing a companion one that we believe will love us with patience anxiously cheer us in making our moments pursuits and years glide happily in our rugged paths through this world of sin and woe Yes how lovely indeed it is too see the attachments of two individuals linked in unison participating in the same joys endure the same sorrows and rejoice and weep in mutual love together revealing and disclosing to each other at all times the inmost secrets of the heart how miserable to sustain the thought there is not a solitary being the world over that gives us one thought that cares the least for us how different how changed the scene when we have one we can clasp to our bosoms and exclaim dearly dearly do I love you being one in feeling one in sentiment and for ever one living for each other Yes dear uncle how lovely how pleasant how pleasing indeed it is to see two individuals in the last stage of decrepitude associated arm in arm perhaps going to the house of God or to see some near relative loving and still living on through as I have often repeated through all ills and through all woes still from beginning to the close of their lives the same unabated in their affections until it pleaseth PROVIDENCE our just and merciful God in his wise instrumentality to call them hence to for ever sleep the sleep of death I feel proud to say I have the honor to be the member of a family who are affectionately united in the bonds of love together For the last 26 years I have been associated aside of a kind affectionate mother Much very much have I profited by her kind counsel her good advice The great truths in which I have from her therein inculcated to at all times regard affection the first paramount and ruling principle of life circumstances now being such and knowing the esteem in which you hold and have always held for the family in which I as a member represent it would please me much indeed to be still more closely united and connected with the family in which you as a member are the head Therefore with your consent I would be pleased to become more intimate better acquainted and pay my attentions to your youngest Daughter Miss ——— if she is under no formal engagements And should such meet with your cordial consent it would afford me the highest pleasure if after becoming more better acquainted and every thing is satisfactory to all and every party to further complete those bonds which tend to complete and seal our bliss and happiness Well convinced as I am that through a kind attention to her needful wants her happiness and comfort she would love me with increased devotion and lasting affection few few there are that are always unflinching steadfast and true to any one great principle few that could suffer and undergo any and every privation for those they devotedly love Having as I again repeat arrived at my 27 year reached the period in life formed and cultivated my mind a period and an age onely in which young men form govern and on all points control and weigh with decision every point in regard to a correct future course of conduct or life an age and a time as regards my self

that I think suitable to secure to select a companion knowing as I do that our happiness never can be permanently secured so long as we remain in the path of single Blessedness and being by nature affectionate and believing as I do we was born to love and being my self of a domestick turn I therefore for those reasons and many others in which I could here enumerate take the step I now do in anxious hope and solicitude I shall patiently wait hoping that those my wishes and desires will by you be fully granted satisfactory to myself Closing by invoking the blessings of ALMIGHTY God the giver of good gifts that He will so lead guide and direct all our thoughts pursuits and actions standing as we do on The brink of a precipice lick meek and slaughtered lambs subject to His will the breath of our nostrils being at His command to fit and prepare us to receive His crowning love and mercy in His kingdom of rest if such there be on the great and final day Remaining sincerely and affectionately with much esteem and regard your kind nephew, — — —

Now we 'respectfully beg leave to inquire,' whether or no a note somewhat like the ensuing would not have better answered the purpose? The long letter failed of its object. The writer's proposition was as speedily as it was 'respectfully' declined:

'DEAR SIR: I write this to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter, who has won, and who reciprocates, my deep-seated attachment. As the language of love is brief, I add no more, save that I remain, dear Sir,

'Your Daughter's devoted Lover,

JEREMIAH P. COLEMAN'

'Love' and other letters, in this style, furnished to order, and at the shortest notice, for a 'reasonable consideration!' - - - 'You have dug into a great many things curiously enough,' writes the author of the following lines to the Editor, 'but did you ever dig a well?—a real genuine well, at the homestead, thirty to forty feet deep; plumb down into the breast of Mother EARTH, until you struck a secret conduit of the pure element? Of course you never did: but suppose you *had*, and just at the point of the glorious issue of your patient and hopeful toil, laid your ear down and heard the pulsing of the circulation in the old maternal bosom, and fancied that still deeper you could hear and feel the measured throbbing of her great benevolent heart? And then, from this deep and solemn recess, suppose you had looked up through the long dim shaft to the clear sky, and seen at noonday the bright stars shining as at midnight? You will own, my apocryphal friend, that under such circumstances thoughts might and must have come crowding and congregating in the chambers of the brain, which would not be likely to depart quite as suddenly as an impatient congregation before the benediction is fairly said, but would have tarried long in earnest inquiry, until you perchance had become a graver and 'a wiser man.' Not that you lack gravity or wisdom on occasion: by no means: but you have never dug for truth in a well! We know you too 'well' for that, even up here in the wild hills and glens of the 'Southern Tier.' I hope you may be able to see that the subject has poetry in it, although by no means developed in the unskilful 'handling' below:

T R U T H I N A W E L L.

Once at mid-day toiled a youth
In the bottom of a well,
Delving for no mystic truth
Down where sun-light never fell.

All he sought was the revealing
Of some stream from living fountain,
Through EARTH's hidden arteries stealing
From the heart of yonder mountain:

Which should spring, a well of joy
To the sacred homestead ever;
Sweet and pure without alloy,
And bounteous as the all-bounteous GIVER.

Upward looked he to the light
And the span of sky afar,
And behold, as at midnight,
Shone at noon a sparkling star!

Then first learned he that the sun
And the glare and stir of day
Were but shrouds and darkness dun
To the high and far away:

That the light, so prized, which made
The Near palpable around us,
But the tyrant with us played,
And to dust with short chain bound us.

Only when the darkness falls,
Veiling all the objects nigh,
Look we freely o'er these walls
To the glorious spheres on high!

THE following is the communication from 'ANTIQUITAS,' a clergyman in York, Pennsylvania, touching the '*Talk of Antiquity*,' to which we made brief reference in our last number. It bears date as late as May last:

'Looking over your March number this afternoon, a '*Talk of Antiquity*' arrested me. In perusal, it seemed more a talk of *iniquity*, from the manner in which the case was managed. Won by the title, and the spirit of the composition, I, all ardent, dived into the piece; but soon felt like a wight who hastily fills his mouth with an unmellow persimmon, to find it presently drawn up; or, in place of a sugar-plum, I had gotten a rasp-berry.

'I wish your correspondent would leave MOSHEIM and NEANDER, especially the first, the most notoriously prejudiced of chroniclers, attractive and racy though he be. He comes booming upon us from his misty 'Father-land;' a land, in many cases, of skepticism, schism, and transcendentalism, of rich and rare imaginings, yet in religious credence of doubtful authority, sometimes.

'But softly: is there no other writer to *vindicate* the 'Fathers of the Church'—no other archives where may be treasured reminiscences of these time-honored worthies? We know of *one*, at least. Let our sol-disant critic disabuse him, by 'CAVE'S Lives of the Fathers, of the First Four Hundred Years.' Let him there read, in the life of that so contemptuously-called 'JOHN,' by others 'Golden-Mouth,' a master-piece of the pathetic. Let a review of the life of ATHANASIUS show what part *that* Saint took to rescue the TRINITY from desecration: and then, to relieve the mind, after the stormy scene, by resting its vision on the next biography, St. BASIL. Behold him modestly rising before us like a 'BASIL-tuft,' with the '*Noli Episcopari*' upon his lips; preferring humbly to serve God with the devoted brotherhood in the calm monastic life, rather than accept the more ambitious calling of a Bishop. What an example of humility!

'An objection is raised that no one reads the ponderous volumes of the Fathers. Where is the example of Archbishop USHER? One such is worth that of a host of hypocritica. Had every age shrunk from laborious religious research, we might not, at this day, have understood the Bible. Had ORIGEN lazily refused to search and expound the Scriptures, we of the nineteenth century might have them now almost as a dead-letter, the very dust of whose neglected noble monuments is sacred, classic and golden: more precious than the lamina of California.

'Your correspondent eschews *tradition*. Let him find in it even the doctrine of the TRINITY. That magna-charta of the Christian's hope, never doubted, though misunderstood, by the Jews themselves,* and which, like a sheet-anchor, is apparent to steady and protect the ship of Faith in its stormy voyage to eternity, is a species of tradition, constructively at least. Antiquity, tradition and Scripture, in all their voluminous church-explication, how much better than the by-path 'short-cut' to heaven of modern times!—times full of new inventions, of spirit-rappings and hobgoblin theories: these trifling wires of a telegraph, compared to the grand Applan Way of the olden time!

WE respectfully call the attention of our friends throughout the Union to our *Prospectus* in the present number. The new terms to *Clubs*, we have no doubt, will double at least our present number of those valuable 'institutions.' Postage, now, is next to nothing; and we should be glad if our editorial friends—from whom we have never received any thing but that *kind* of kindness which makes us glory in our professional *esprit de corps*—would mention this fact, in connection with a reference to our new club-arrangements.

* EPHRAIM SMITH, Pastor, of Vermont, in the Episcopate.

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A TRIP TO CINTRA.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

It was on a bright, warm, melting, and particularly evaporating day in June, that one of my messmates and myself left the *Braganza Hotel*, Lisbon, in a chaise, on a visit to Cintra. Our worthy hostess of the *Braganza* had provided us plentifully with biscuits and cheese, and we had doffed our heavy uniforms, substituting for them light white jackets. Our postillion, though a native, was quite a zealous and energetic member of the class; and we snapped, cracked, and rattled through partially-deserted and filthy streets in a manner which seemed to astonish a few lazy Portuguese, who observed us from the side-walks, or gazed upon us from their windows and balconies. Frames of hogs and skeleton dogs started from heaps of offal, and hideous and pertinacious beggars raised their eyes and extended their dirty palms toward us, as we passed. In vain did we 'sigh for the gales of Arabia'—as many had done before us in Lisbon—raising to our nostrils, in their absence, well-perfumed handkerchiefs; nor did we remove these until we had attained some distance beyond the limits of the city.

It is perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader that Lisbon is proverbially a dirty city. Not muddy, like our own great commercial metropolis, nor dusty, like the metropolis of our Union, but emitting from every turn and winding a mal-odor, quite as remarkable for its antiquity as its strength. Every sort of impurity appears to be collected together. Steams of fried fish, rancid oil, and garlic, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and nameless poisonous horrors thrown from chamber-windows, suffocate you. But to our trip.

Leading to Cintra there is a well-macadamized road, continuously lined with villages. The first of these is a long and straggling one, called Bemfica. The objects which particularly engaged our attention here were the wind-mills, swinging their gigantic arms on the neighboring heights, an occasional orange-grove, the turreted line of the aqueduct, and the hedges of aloe and Indian fig. Bemfica is the residence of the

Infanta Donna Isabel Maria, aunt of the present queen, and the regent previously to the return of her nephew Don Miguel from Vienna. Her magnificent quinta lies on the left, at a short distance from the road. It contains a collection of natural curiosities, and several rare botanical specimens.

In the vicinity a Dominican convent and church are standing. The convent has been sold, and converted into a manufactory, but the church is still used for religious worship. Here are deposited the remains of the celebrated Don Joan de Castro, Viceroy of the Indies, and those of Joan das Regras, a lawyer and statesman of the time of Don Joan I., through whose influence that monarch obtained the crown in the Cortes of Coimbra, to the prejudice of his niece, Donna Beatrix. The chapel of the Castros contains several costly monuments, the most remarkable of which are those of the great Viceroy and his son Alvaro. The image of the Virgin Mary that stands in this church is the one that was taken from the walls of Tunis, at the time the Portuguese squadron was sent to the succor of Charles V., under the command of the Infante Don Luis.

Leaving Bemfica, we soon gained the summit of an ascent named Porcallota, and came in sight of the royal palace of Queluz, which stands at the distance of half a mile from the high road. It forms that part of the personal property of the royal family denominated the *Infantado*. This was a favorite residence of Don Joan VI., and also of Don Miguel, to whom the credit of a few improvements upon it is due. Don Pedro I., of Brazil, died within its walls; and the bed on which he expired is shown in an apartment styled Don Quixote's, from the representation of that celebrated knight's adventures and achievements depicted in fresco on the ceiling.

This palace is an irregular building, its various parts having been constructed at different periods. In a private oratory there is a beautiful Doric column, composed of one entire piece of agate, taken from the excavations of Herculaneum, and presented by Pope Leo XII. to Don Miguel. The gardens occupy a large space. In them are some beautiful fountains, statues, conservatories, and warrens of game, and they contain some rare specimens of trees and plants.

From Queluz to Cintra a greater part of the road stretches over an extended heath, in which there is nothing to divert the attention from the magnificent scene now presented to your delighted vision. The elevated mass of rocks, which, seen in the distance, appeared but a blue outline of somewhat remarkable undulations of the land, suddenly display their crags and steeps, their Christian convent, and their Mussulman castle.

The termination of the heath brought us to the foot of these rocks, where there is another royal residence, the palace and quinta of Ramalhao. This estate was the private property of the queen of Don Joan VI., the great-grand-mother of her present Majesty. It has for many years been neglected, and at present offers no attractions whatever. Passing through the village of Sao Pedro, we next descended toward the town of Cintra. The astounding burst of unequalled scenery which I had been led to expect at this point had miraculously disappeared since the publication of the last English tourist's notes, or else I was unable to ap-

preciate its beauties. To me, in comparison with our own country, it seemed tame; nor was I able, notwithstanding many zealous efforts, to brush up the least ardor or enthusiasm on the occasion. Not so my friend. He always travelled with a guide-book, in which he placed implicit reliance; and as the Lisbon guide-book said this was worthy of admiration, he admired it. *Childe Harold* lay in the chaise: I opened it and read, but in vain. 'Very pretty poetry,' thought I, as I again closed the book. I once journeyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across a broad region of this continent, and I can sincerely say that such a vista as this would not have aroused me from a doze in a stage-coach on the Alleghanies, nor have drawn my attention from my mule's ears on the Rocky Mountains, or the coast range in California. And I am by no means indifferent to beautiful scenery, but, on the contrary, am almost too vehement an admirer of it, for these matter-of-fact days.

There is much that is peculiar in the appearance of Cintra. Its buildings are elevated one above the other, and here and there perched like birds' nests in the rock. But the most striking objects presented at a short distance are the two large conical kitchen-chimneys of the royal palace, rising conspicuously, like spires of a cathedral.

It was near sun-set when we reached Cintra, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, while our host was preparing dinner we clambered up to the Moorish castle which crowns a peak overhanging the town. This consists of the remains of ancient walls, with an occasional turret running over the cavities and along the ridges of the rock. About half-way up the steep are ruins said to be the remains of a Moorish mosque. Part of the vaulted roof has resisted the ravages of time, and on it vestiges of stars, painted on an azure ground, may still be discerned. Scattered about the walls are a few Arabic characters. In another part of the same enclosure is a cistern of quadrangular form, supposed to have been a Moorish bath. It is fifty feet long by seventeen broad, and the water which it contains is about four feet deep. This is always clear, and of the same depth in all seasons of the year. The bath is constructed of stone, and has a vaulted roof. That so copious and unfailing a body of water as this, as well as the numerous gushing springs in the vicinity, which have never yet been dry, should be found here, is subject of astonishment. The water of Cintra, beside being of the best and purest quality, is so cold as quite to disgust one with the tepidity of the liquid he is obliged to swallow in Lisbon. The springs are carefully covered, and conducted through tunnels formed of red tiles and cemented lime and sand, to supply the numerous fountains and tanks which contribute so greatly to the freshness of Cintra, and on which the fertility of its gardens depends. Every garden has its tank in proportion to its size, the overflow of one being conducted to another; so that in every house the gentle fall of water, that sweetest of all sweet sounds in a hot climate, is continually heard. The water from these tanks is let off three or four times a week, according to the weather, into a slated channel, that no drop may be lost, and so to the root of every lemon-tree. In these tanks, which are well constructed of hewn stone, the frogs of Cintra were wont to take their pleasure, enjoying the odor of the lemon-gardens, and promenading when it so pleased them under the lemon-trees. But a dire

calamity befell them. The French invaded Portugal, and the frogs disappeared.

At six o'clock next morning we had horses at the door for a ride to Collares. The animals we rode, or rather strode, for one could hardly call it riding, were a sort of hack jennet. Their owner, who performed the triple office of lackey, guide, and interpreter, kept them upon a hard gallop by his incessant yells and a long pointed stick, which he brandished behind them as he followed closely at our heels on foot, keeping pace with the ponies even when upon their fastest gait. He was literally after them with a sharp stick.

Collares is situated about three miles from Cintra, toward the sea. It is in the midst of a rich valley, covered with orchards, orange-trees, and vineyards, contrasting beautifully with the bare and arid mountain at the foot of which it lies. The road to this hamlet runs along the side of the mountain, bringing almost to your feet the delightful fruits of luxuriant gardens. We passed several country residences, remarkable for their picturesque situations; among the most celebrated of which are Sitiaes, Penha Verde, and Monserrat. The first mentioned is now the property of the Duke of Terceira, and derives its celebrity from the famous convention by Dalrymple and Junot. At that time it was owned by Marialva, and is alluded to by Byron as 'Marialva's dome.' The edifice is more spacious than elegant, and there is a wide lawn in front, where the fashion of Cintra do their promenading in summer. The name of the place, Sitiaes, is the plural of an obsolete Portuguese word, *sitial*, signifying seat or bench, and was most probably given it in allusion to the stone benches on the promenade.

The villa and grounds of Penha Verde were once the property of Don Joan de Castro, and are still held by his descendants. Here there is a beautiful terrace, shaded by cork-trees coëval with the building, from which the beauties of a broad landscape may be enjoyed.

The ruins of the last-named quinta stand on an eminence jutting out from the sierra, and present one of the most beautiful prospects Cintra can offer. It was chosen as a seat by the celebrated Englishman Beckford, better known as Vathek, and was decorated by him with that lavish profusion which here, as elsewhere, has signalized his name. At the extremity of an avenue of trees, over the point of the eminence, the dilapidated château appears. The walls are every where scrawled over with the names of visitors of all ages, nations, sexes, and conditions, and like genuine Yankees, we added ours. On the declivity of the hill, just below the mansion, an artificial cascade was formed, the remains of which, like the rest of the ruins, only tell of by-gone splendor and the capricious taste of the wealthy and eccentric proprietor.

Collares is a small straggling town, and has little to recommend it. It gives its name to the wine so called, which, though celebrated in Portugal, is unfit for exportation, on account of its want of body. When drunk on the spot it is delicious. It is said that several Roman inscriptions have been found in the neighborhood, but neither my friend nor myself had the curiosity to look them up, but remained satisfied with the asseverations of tourists generally to this fact. At the extremity of the valley various streamlets that flow from the mountains unite, forming

a small lake, where parties from Cintra often meet, for purposes of a somewhat confined aquatic amusement. A rivulet winds its way from this spot to the ocean. This was formerly navigable, and the fruit that fell from the trees overhanging its banks was carried down the stream by the current, and gave to the beach the name by which it is still known, *Praia das Maças*, Apple Beach.

A short distance from this beach a rocky headland, known by the name of *Pedra d'Alvidrar*, rises to a perpendicular height of two hundred feet. At certain points the sea breaks against its base, having undermined it to a considerable extent, as may be seen at some distance from the edge of the precipice, where there is a hole through the rock, at the bottom of which the sea is visible. At the highest point of the rock, immediately over the rolling surges, a feat is performed by some of the inhabitants in the vicinity, remarkable both for its dexterity and danger. Without any support or assistance but their hands and feet, they descend the perpendicular rock, from the summit to the water's edge, and return in the same manner. The least slip, or the giving way of a piece of rock or twig, would inevitably prove certain destruction; and yet they make no difficulty in venturing down the precipice, and for a few copper vintens—each worth about two cents—two or three will descend, one after the other. Sometimes fishermen, merely for their own convenience, will climb the dangerous steep, laden with a basket of fish.

We returned to Cintra to breakfast; after which, with the same horses and same guide, we ascended to the convent of Nostra Senhora da Pena. This is certainly a marvellous structure, and peculiarly situated. It stands poised upon the summit of a high peak of the sierra, and well deserves the appellation of 'toppling convent,' which Byron has given it. After many windings, a broad road in the rock leads over a draw-bridge to the principal entrance, above which have recently been sculptured the royal arms of Portugal and Saxony. The Pena formerly belonged to some monks of the Jeronymite order, and was built by King Emanuel, upon the rock which he so often mounted to see if he could descry the returning fleet of Vasco da Gama, and whence, in truth, he was the first to discover it. When it was secularized and sold, the monastery fell into the hands of a private individual, but was subsequently purchased by the present king-consort, in a ruinous condition, and has been changed by him, with great care and taste, into a species of feudal castle. The style of its architecture is the Norman-Gothic, which flourished at the end of the twelfth century. A large tower, several lateral turrets, walls crowned with niched battlements, and a large court, enclose the two principal buildings. The whole is shut in between colossal masses of basalt. Where it has not been preserved, the monastic character of the interior has been in a great measure restored. The cloister and chapel exist nearly in the same state as in the time of the monks, except that a few decayed portions have been renewed, and some slight flaws in the rock, which seemed to have escaped notice originally, have been skilfully filled up.

In the chapel there is a rich altar-piece of transparent jasper, inlaid with alabaster. It is carved in reliefs, exhibiting some of the stages of the Passion, surmounted with niches, in which are groups representing various passages in the life of our SAVIOUR, and surrounded by festoons

of flowers supported by columns of black jasper. A lighted taper held behind the tabernacle, which stands in the centre, shows its transparency. The work is said to have been executed by an Italian artist for Joan III.

The view from the top of the Pena is almost deserving of the high encomiums that have been passed upon it. It is truly sublime, although not unequalled. Nor does it baffle description, as has been said; and did I but possess the faculty of describing, my reader should have it depicted to his imagination immediately. The deep azure of the vast Atlantic, dotted with the white sails of fishing barks and larger vessels, extending to the western horizon; the scenery south of the Tagus, with its regular succession of undulating hills, backed by forests of pine, and these standing against the dim blue peaks of the Arrabida Mountains; the mighty river itself; the rolling and gently-sloping land in the direction of Lisbon; and to the north, as far as the eye can reach, an extensive plain, variegated with heath and fertile tracts, studded with quintas and villages, and the solitary pile of Mafra, rearing its enormous mass, form altogether a beautiful panorama.

Directly surrounding the Pena, the mountain is laid out in shrubberies and beds of flowers, with here and there a tank of water. From these gardens a path descends to a lower peak, upon which the Moorish castle stands 'toppling.' Like all the walks and roads in the immediate vicinity, this path is hedged with geraniums, growing luxuriantly, which were at this time in full blossom.

The height of the mountain of Cintra above the level of the sea is over eighteen hundred feet. The greater part of the sierra is composed of granite, of various consistency; in some places so soft as to be easily crushed by the fingers. And this yielding nature of the rock greatly facilitated the recent improvements around the Pena. Grayish-white feldspar, dingy-white quartz, and black mica, are also found here. Mixed with these there are very fine particles, said to be magnetic iron, which is seen in pieces several inches thick on the summits. From this circumstance, and because the strata follow no regular direction, and rocks are heaped in distorted piles, geologists have concluded that the mountain must have had a volcanic origin. I am no geologist, and therefore troubled my mind very little about this matter, beyond satisfying myself that tourists had not romanced in their descriptions. However, the reader would perhaps still have been in ignorance in regard to it, had not my friend assured me that what I have just stated is true, and produced his infallible guide-book as authority.

Mounting our jaded, tiny steeds again, who, after their respite, (to them a protracted one,) required an extra poke or two from the sharp stick, we descended the great rock somewhat precipitately, and were soon loping (I cannot dignify it by the name of galloping) in the direction of the Cork Convent—*Convento da Cortiça*. The road winds among the barren rocks and over a wide and rugged tract, and the tedium of the ride was only relieved by the fears we entertained for our necks, as our stumbling brutes awkwardly floundered at their work. The poor monastery we visited, which was projected by Joan de Castro, stands in dreary solitude in a bend of the sierra. It consists of a chapel, sacristy, chapter-house, refectory, and about twenty cells. These various apartments are

partly built over the surface, and partly formed of excavations in the rock. They are lined with cork, as a means of counteracting the damp, and hence the name. Each cell is about five feet square, with doors so low that they cannot be entered by a person even below the middle stature without stooping, and proportionally narrow. In the time of the monks, who were reformed Franciscans, the luxury of a comfortable bed was never known within the precincts of the Cork Convent. Their limbs rested upon bunks of rough-hewn stone. Every thing about the place looks and smells *caverny*, and is in perfect keeping. The bell at the entrance was rung by means of a vine-stem. The seats of the dining-room—if the earth-scented cave used for that purpose may be so called—as well as the table, were cut out of the solid rock.

A narrow path leads from the convent to a small hole at a short distance, where a hermit by the name of Honorius dwelt for the last sixteen years of his life. But, notwithstanding this and several other acts of severe penance he is said to have performed, he lived to the age of ninety-five years. Upon the top of this cave there is a simple stone, bearing the following inscription :

‘*Hic Honorius vitam finivit,
Et ideo cum Deo in calo revivit.
Obiit Anno Domini 1596.*’

Byron’s lines in relation to this old zealot are somewhat different from those above quoted. They are :

‘DEEP in yon cave HONORIUS long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.’

For the slight consideration of half a dollar, a deformed monk, who showed us through the convent, permitted us to pocket a few relics. And after we had accomplished this, we returned to our hotel in Cintra, where we lunched.

To the palace with the remarkable chimneys we could not gain admission. Orders had been received to prepare it for the reception of the royal family, who, as well as the *haut-ton* of the capital, were to leave Lisbon in a day or two, to pass the remainder of the summer at Cintra, as is usual at this season. We made application to the person in charge, called the *Almocharife*—which is a word of Arabic derivation, meaning, literally, tax-gatherer—but it was in vain. Nor could he in the slightest degree be moved from his decision, or to disobey his orders, by the astounding information that we were American officers. We were obliged, therefore, to content ourselves with an outside view, which, of course, under the circumstances, was entirely satisfactory and excessively gratifying.

This palace is a strange compound of Christian and Moorish architecture. The ornaments of the windows are arabesque, and represent interlaced branches of trees without leaves. In each there are slender columns of granite, supporting arches which are composed of single pieces of stone. It is said that every thing within this pile of anachronisms corresponds with the exterior. Historical reminiscences of widely-distant events meet the eye in almost every room. The numerous fountains and reservoirs in every part of the edifice, the prevailing style of the architecture, and the very names by which many of the apartments are still

known, prove it to have been of Moorish origin, the Alhambra of the kings of Lisbon.

As we had discharged our chaise on arriving at Cintra, we ordered fresh ponies after our view of the external beauties of the chimneyed palace, which we mounted, and being chased by the youth we had all along employed, with a sharp stick in his hand, toward Lisbon, we reached that place about sun-set.

Cintra is truly delightful; but were it not for the contrast it affords to such a city as Lisbon, and the surrounding country, it would not be so beautiful. Situated as this little nook of freshness is, in an open, sultry, arid country, its charms consist in its verdure of almost every hue; its cork-trees, sometimes festooned with clusters of wild vines; wastes, where rosemary and myrtle grow profusely; jessamine, luxuriant in its growth; garden hedges of geraniums; the convent crowning one summit of the sierra, the Moorish castle cresting another; and the palace, with its balconies and open chambers, and conical chimneys too, if one can but imagine them towers. Cintra must be regarded, however, more as an oasis in a desert than an incomparable elysium, although it is a place of such peculiarities that one never sees a spot of precisely the same character any where else. Nothing so wild or picturesque as Cintra is ever met with in England, and this, added to the contrast already mentioned, will fully account for the extravagant admiration of English tourists. Picturesqueness is a natural characteristic of our own widely-extended country, and Americans, therefore, who visit Cintra are less surprised and less delighted than most Europeans. But it is by no means only in our own country that Cintra is surpassed; for, rob it of its associations, and there are at least a dozen spots near Rio Janeiro more pleasing — certainly beautiful.

Such were my reflections as I paced the deck of our frigate during the middle-watch that night.

LAST WORDS.

By the night-lamp's waning shine
Chant I these last mournful words,
And no more shall hand of mine
Thrill the rich Teutonic chords.

Solemn tramp of armed heel,
Banner's rustle, war-steed's neigh,
Roll of timbrels, clash of steel,
Soften as they die away.

And the Luriel's wondrous lay
Heaves no more her breast of snow;
And the student's carols gay
Vanish, saddening as they go.

So the night grows cold and lonely,
And mine own lute is unstrung;
And the echoes linger only
Of the songs that I have sung.

Full, and weird, and melancholy,
Sound they through the heart's deep cave,
Like the echoes of a volley
Fired o'er some dear comrade's grave.

DONALD MACLEOD.

THE PEASANT'S SONG OF WINTER.

AUTUMN has fled, and Winter is come,
The groves are mute and the birds are dumb:
The winds are cold and the skies are gray,
And the weary sun makes short the day.

And the gushing streams and tiny rills,
That danced and leapt down the rugged hills,
And meandered through the withered plains,
Are bound by fetters of icy chains.

Like fragments of robes that seraphs wear,
Now the fleecy snow-flakes fill the air;
And the crispy earth is wrapt in white,
And the moon and stars lend not their light.

But snows may drift and the clouds may scowl,
The hail may beat and the tempest howl,
They bring not want to the peasant's door
Whose thrift has garnered his winter store.

All the joy he feels no tongue may tell,
For love and peace in his cottage dwell;
And he scorns the slave of base desires,
And he lives as lived his honest sires.

Though trees are stript of their leafy plumes,
And the gardens glow no more with blooms,
Oh, the little snow-drop, sweetly chaste,
Will blossom soon on the hoary waste!

Warm suns will shine, and the soft winds blow,
And rivers swell with the melting snow,
And the daisies soon again be seen,
And the teeming fields be clothed in green.

Dead nature into life will spring,
The orchard bloom and the sky-lark sing;
While the swallows back again will come,
And the woodlands be no longer dumb.

The bees will steal from their cloistered cells,
To gather sweets from the cups and bells,
And the bleating mountains joyful be,
When Nature is set from Winter free.

So the changing seasons come and go,
While the springs of life still onward flow;
And faith and hope cheer the peasant's end,
When the chilling ōews of death descend.

He knows, when his earthly race is run,
That the golden prize of life is won;
He goes to a better land than this,
To traverse fields of eternal bliss!

JAMES LINEN.

THE ELVES AND FAIRIES OF ENGLAND.

‘But now can no man see non elvès mo,
 For now the gretè charites and prayeres
 Of limitoures, and other holy freres,
 That serchen every land and every strome,
 As thikke as motès in the sonnè-bome,
 Blissing halles, chambres, kichenès, and boures,
 Citees and burghès, castles highe, and toures,
 Thropès and bernès, shepenes and dairies,
 This maketh that there ben no faeries:
 For there as wont to walken was an elf,
 There walketh now the limitour himself.”

CHAUCER.

If it was true of Chaucer's times that the ‘limitour,’ the exorcising monk, walked where before the elves and fairies were wont to haunt, we should not so often charge the overthrow of fairydom altogether to the ‘Protestant rule of Elizabeth.’ The ‘holy freres’ of the fourteenth century, ‘thikke as motès in the sonnè-bome,’ drove the elfin brood from chamber to kitchen, from city to burgh, with their unsavory blessings; the Protestant exorcists of the sixteenth and seventeenth followed with holy curses—a more effectual charm—and banished the frightened spirits quite out of the country. It appears, however, that the spirits of popular superstition, with whom we now have to do, were not finally ‘laid,’ either by the holy men of Chaucer's, or by those of Elizabeth's day. Long after the fairies of romance had disappeared, save from the poet's page, the less noble elves and fairies retained their dominion over the fears and affections of the peasantry. Now these also have come to exist no where but in their legends and traditions; excepting, perhaps, a stray Pixy in Devonshire, or a wandering Elf in Northumberland.

In attempting a brief sketch of the history of the popular fairy-lore of our venerable mother-land, we shall occupy, as it were, but a single ‘fairy-ring’ in the broad field of elfin mythology. And yet, within that charmed circle we may find many curious traces of by-gone things of beauty, and tiny foot-prints without number. Many regard the common purposes of such attempts only with a utilitarian sneer. To such we will in the outset object the sentiment of a plain and practical antiquarian of France: ‘They are not indeed truths which occupy the most space, or even which obtain the most importance in the history of humanity; fables there play in every manner a much greater part; and one can, perhaps, get a more just idea of civilized man by studying him in the errors of his reason, and in the illusions of his genius, than in the positive facts of his history.’* With such an assertion from such a source to fall back upon, no sketcher of fairy-land need be doubtful as to the usefulness of his employment. But to our purpose.

Passing over the interesting discussion with regard to the origin of the name ‘fairy,’ whether or no we have it in $\Phi\epsilon\gamma\phi$, or in Peri, or in Feres, or in any thing, from the Hebrew to the Anglo-Saxon, which sounds like it, and leaving out of the account the ‘Faeries’ of Spenser, as no part of the popular mythology, let us at once trace the course of the elves from Scandinavia to England. The descent of this branch of the great

* M. RAOUL ROCHETTE, (*Mémoires, Institut Royal de France, Tom. XIII.*)

family is to be traced by the characteristics of its members, their family likeness, rather than by any similarity between their earlier and later names. In the Scandinavian mythology, as gathered from the Eddas and Sagas, the *Alfar* and *Nornir* play an important part. The *Alfar* were the inhabitants of the fair city of *Alf-heim* under the Ash *Yggdrasil*,* near by the *Urdar-fount*, the 'source of the light and heat which invigorates and sustains' the great tree. There sported the *Light Alfs* and the *Dark Alfs*, as unlike, in all but their nature, as light and darkness. Close by, and connected with them, were the *Nornir*, (the *Parcæ*,) some of whom were of the race of the gods, some of the race of the *Alfs*, and others of that of the dwarfs.† The English counterparts of the *Nornir* are the poetical 'Fairies of romance,' such as may be found in many of the middle-age romancers, and in Spenser, whom, as we have already intimated, our present purpose does not include. The Anglo-Saxon mythology retained only the name of the *Alfar* in the *Elves* which adorn it.

The *Duergar* were another interesting class of the mythological beings of the North. Their origin is thus described in the Edda: 'Then the gods sat on their seats, and held a council, and called to mind how the *Duergar* had become animated in the clay below in the earth, like maggots in flesh. The *Duergar* had been first created, and had taken life in *Ymir's* flesh, (chaos,) and were maggots in it, and by the will of the gods they became partakers of human knowledge, and had the likeness of men; and yet they abode in the ground and in stones. *Modsgögn* was the first of them, and then *Dyrin*.' They were artificers in all the metals, and their fairy workmanship in gold and silver was wonderfully delicate and beautiful, exceeding that of all the smiths in the world beside. We have not only the name of these preserved in the English 'dwarf,' but many of their characteristics are to be found in the mythology. The English Elf, the fairy of many legends, is a lineal descendant of the Scandinavian 'Dverg,' or Dwarf, though the line of descent is very indistinct, and difficult to trace. The Scandinavian elves had many traits of character which reappear in the English fairies. We find among them the household guardians, (the *Lares* of the North,) bringing good luck to their chosen master, rewarding his faithful servants, or making

— 'THE maids their sluttish rue
By pinching them both black and blue.'

Here also are the merry folk, who make the 'Elfdans,' or fairy-ring, in the meadows, by the magic touch of their nimble feet, as they whirl in the moon-light dance. Here, too, are the sad 'Hill-folk,' whose 'sprightly music will be turned into weeping and lamentation,' if the incautious listener whisper a word of doubt with regard to their salvation; the unhappy spirits of those who died without a knowledge of the REDEEMER, doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds, till the great day of redemption.‡ The Danish account of the 'Elle-folk' is, that 'the appearance of the man is that of an old man with a

* THE symbol of the Universe. See frontispiece to MALLETT'S 'Northern Antiquities.'

† Prose Edda, quoted by KEIGHTLEY.

‡ AFZELIUS. See KEIGHTLEY'S 'Fairy Mythology,' p. 79.

low-crowned hat on his head; the Elle-woman is young, and of a fair and attractive countenance, but behind she is hollow like a dough-trough. Young men should be especially on their guard against her, for it is very difficult to resist her.' They 'are most frequently to be seen by moonshine; then they dance their rounds in the high grass so lightly and so gracefully, that they seldom meet a denial when they offer their hand to a rash young man.'* The Dwarfs, or, as they were oftener styled, the *Trolls*, were the principal favorites with the Scandinavian peasantry, for they were the most like them in character. In noticing a few of the peculiarities of the Trolls, we shall be brought still nearer to the English fairy. They dwelt many together in the hills, or by single families in the hillocks. They differ much from the Ellefolk, in that they are republicans, while the latter are monarchists. Being possessed of untold riches in gold and silver, they are not at all dependent upon their above-ground neighbors for any of the necessities or luxuries of life; but they have a monomania for stealing every unconsecrated thing they can lay their hands on, even to unbaptized children, which renders their neighborhood troublesome to the peasants, notwithstanding their frequent good offices to them. In parts of Jutland they often became so tiresome that the people were willing to forego all the advantages of their presence, and get rid of them as best they could; generally by erecting a church and putting in the steeple a huge bell, the first peal of which would empty every hill and hillock in the neighborhood. They disliked all loud noises, but the ringing of a church-bell most of all. They had little red caps, which made them invisible to all but the fortunate wearers of similar ones; and some of them had humps on their backs and crooked noses.† The Troll-maids, however, were many of them very beautiful; and the proofs of the dangerous allurements of their persons and voices abound in the old Swedish and Danish ballads.

One other class of beings in the northern mythology deserves attention, as much for its attractive features as for its connection with our subject. The *Nisses* of Scandinavia, and especially of Jutland, seem to be offshoots of the Dwarf branch of this mythical family. Many of the dwarfish traits appear in the Nis, and in his descendants, the Kobold of Germany, the Brownie of Scotland, and, we may add, the Hobgoblin, or Robin Goodfellow, of England. 'No farm-house goes on well unless there is a Nis in it, and well is it for the maids and the men when they are in favor with him. They may go to their beds, and give themselves no trouble about their work, and yet in the morning the maids will find the kitchen swept up, and water brought in; and the men will find the horses in the stable well cleaned and curried, and perhaps a supply of corn cribbed for them from the neighbors' barns. But he punishes them for any irregularity that takes place.'‡ The following story of a Nis, from the same invaluable repository as the above description, will serve as a proper introduction to the part of our subject relating to the emigration of a fairy colony from the North:

* THIELE, (*Danske Folke-Saga*, IV. 26,) quoted by KEIGHTLEY. Is there no satire intended in this myth of the *hollow-backs*?

† THIELE, as above. Whence did *Punch* derive his ungainly hump and nose?

‡ KEIGHTLEY.

‘It is very difficult, they say, to get rid of a Nis when one wishes it. A man who lived in a house in which a Nis carried his pranks to great lengths, resolved to quit the tenement, and leave him there alone. Several cart-loads of furniture and other articles were already gone, and the man was come to take away the last, which consisted chiefly of empty tubs, barrels, and things of that sort. The load was now all ready, and the man had just bidden farewell to his house and to the Nis, hoping for comfort in his new habitation, when happening, from some cause or other, to go to the back of the cart, there he saw the Nis sitting in one of the tubs in the cart, plainly with the intention of going along with him wherever he went. The good man was surprised and disconcerted beyond measure at seeing that all his labor was to no purpose; but the Nis began to laugh heartily, popped his head up out of the tub, and cried to the bewildered farmer, ‘*Ha! we’re moving to-day, you see!*’”

From the first book of Ecclesiastical History of Venerable Bede, we learn that in the year of the LORD 447, King Vortigern invited the Saxon nation over to the aid of his suffering subjects; and that in 449, the Saxons, the Angles, and *the Jutes* ‘arrived in Britain with three long ships, and had a place assigned them to reside in by the same king.’ Also, that ‘from the Jutes are descended the people of Kent, and of the Isle of Wight, and those also in the province of the West-Saxons, who are to this day called Jutes, seated opposite the Isle of Wight.’ Had there been no Jutes among these early emigrants to Britain, it would still, we doubt not, have been possible to trace the English fairies to their northern origin through the Saxons and Angles, who were of Gotho-German origin, and cherished a belief in the same or a similar system of mythology with that already noticed. We suppose, then, that the ancestors of the elves and fairies of England took ship from Scandinavia with the Jutish emigrants, and established themselves with them in Britain. Whether or no the emigrants were willing to take them along with them, or were aware of their presence on board the ships, concerned not their going; as the above story of the moving peasant and Nis will show. To those who may be disposed to doubt the readiness of the ‘little people’ to undertake such a voyage to an unknown land, far away over the North Sea, it may be satisfactory to know that in the ninth century some of them accompanied the Norwegian and Danish colonists to the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and to Iceland. Why not as readily go to Britain in the fifth? However the fairies arrived there, it is certain that they were in England, and had been some time sporting on British soil, in the twelfth century. There is a number of interesting legends relating to the English fairies of that period. One of these had its locality in the province of Deiri, (Yorkshire,) where the Danes settled, and, what is especially worthy of notice, has its nearly exact counterpart in the original legends of Denmark. It is so brief that we cannot resist the temptation to give it as related by William of Newbridge.* He says: ‘In the province of the Deiri, not far from my birth-place, a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my

* ‘*GUILIELMI NEUBRIGENSIS Historia, sive Chronica Rerum Anglicarum,*’ c. 28; as quoted by KNIGHTLEY.

boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse. . . . A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober; when lo! from the adjoining barrow, which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voices of people singing, and, as it were, joyfully feasting. He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place, by their merriment, the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him stand at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and pouring out the contents, kept the vessel. A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty. Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual color, and of extraordinary form, was presented to Henry the Elder, king of the English, as a valuable gift, and was then given to the queen's brother David, king of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago, (as I have heard from good authority,) it was given by William, king of the Scots, to Henry the Second, who wished to see it.' In the Danish legend the stolen fairy-cup was given to the church at Aagerup, and was consecrated for altar use.

Most of the English fairies may be classed under one or the other of two heads: the house-spirits,

‘THE coarse and country fairy
That doth haunt the hearth and dairy,’

and the out-of-door elves, the sportive, mischievous occupants of field and grove, and, as Brown beautifully describes them in his *Pastorals*,

— ‘THE fairy troops which nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer's day,
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests.’

These classes, however, are very often confounded with each other in fairy legends, and in the poets' descriptions.

We are constantly meeting ‘dapper’ elves in the cellar and kitchen, where they have no business to be; and how often we see Hobgoblin, who ought to be watching the negligent maids, and looking after his bowl of *groute* that it is ‘duly set,’ out frolicking in the fields, with an elf's green coat or pointed red cap on. A notable instance of this confusion is to be found in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where we have a rare compound of the Elf and Hobgoblin under the name of *Puck*. The Nis of Jutland went by the name of *Puk* in Friesland, and he was there the same farm-house sprite we found among the Jutes. Here we have at once the English Puck; and the true Puck of England is a hereditary descendant of the Jutish Nis, like him in all the distinctive traits of his character. Shakspeare used the name for his ‘Lob of spirits;’ Drayton followed with his ‘Puck whom most men call Hobgoblin;’ and

now Elf, Puck, Hobgoblin, and Fairy have come to mean nearly the same thing in English mythology. Hobgoblin, or Robin Goodfellow, and the true Puck of English fairy-lore, are distinct and different characters; and Shakspeare's Puck is a being wholly *sui generis*. This distinction is noticed in Burton's quaint 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' where we find these words: 'A bigger kind (than the German little-folk) there is of them called with us *Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows*, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work.' And also, 'those which Myaldus calls *Ambulones*, that walk about midnight, on heaths and desert-places, which (saith Lavater) draw men out of the way and lead them all night a by-way, or quite barre them of their way: these have several names in several places; *we commonly call them Pucks*.'

The characteristics of a household spirit are no where more briefly and truthfully summed than in 'The Satyr' of Ben Jonson. The Satyr has just said something (from 'out of the bush') which nearly concerns Mab's character as a truth-teller, when the indignant fairy breaks in with

'SATYR, we must have a spell,
For your tongue it runs too fleet.'

The Satyr rejoins:

'NOT so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls set
You and all your elves do meet.
This is MAB, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy;
And can help or hurt the churning
As she please, without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nail remembers
When they rake not up their embers;
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.'

In Yorkshire the house-spirit went by the name of Boggart,* yet retained all his distinctive characteristics. The Boggart's identity with the Jutish Nis is amusingly illustrated in the Yorkshire legend of 'the honest farmer' George Gilbertson, whose family was so tormented by a mischievous Boggart that (like his Jutish predecessor who was troubled by the Nis) he resolved, much against his will, to move them and let the fairy have the house to himself. 'This was put into execution, and the farmer and his family were following the last loads of furniture, when a neighbor named John Marshall came up. 'Well, Georgey,' said he, 'and soa you're leaving t'ould hoose at last?' 'Heigh, Johnny, my lad, I'm forced tull it; for that damned Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for't. It seems loike to have such a malice again t' poor bairns, it onmost kills my poor dame here at thoughts on't, and soa, ye see, we're forced to flitt loike.' He scarce had uttered the words when a voice from a deep upright churn cried out, '*Ay, ay, Georgey, we're flitting, ye see!*' 'Od damn thee!' cried the poor farmer, 'if I'd known thou'd been there, I wad n't ha' stirred a peg. Nay, nay, it's

* Bog with the English termination *art*, says KRIGHTLEY, and Bog is only Pug corrupted, and Pug is Puck, and Puck is, to all appearances, the *Pente* of the early poets, who is no better than the 'father of liars.'

no use, Mally,' turning to his wife; 'we may as weel turn back again to t'ould hoose as be tormented in another that's not so convenient.'

The Pixies (Pucksies) of Devonshire, who continued their 'spiritin' until a late day, and are, we believe, now occasionally engaged in it there, were neither proper elves nor fairies, but a curious mixture of the two. So much for the roguish and entertaining domestic fairy, concerning whom we would that Dryden's verses were less true:

'In vain the dairy now with mint is dressed,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain.'

The out-of-door, or rural elves have many more attractive features than the household fairy, and seem to be of a higher order of beings. These are they who were wont to meet

— 'On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance (their) ringlets to the whistling wind.'

Shakspeare, Drayton, and Herrick have invested them with a deep poetic interest, which they never could have derived from the simple legends relating to them. It is chiefly to the poets that we must recur for descriptions of these elves, whether we would behold them in their mischievous mood, when some poor wayfarer is made conscious of their presence, in the most provoking manner possible, or in their hour of moon-light revelry, their midnight dance and song. The veritable Puck of English mythology is the representative of so much of the elfin character as developes itself in playful roguishness. As Drayton sang of him — although somewhat severely, as if he himself had been waylaid by the rogue:

'THIS PUCK seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.'

Robin Goodfellow is immortalized by his connection with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and although the merry Puck of England has long since taken his departure, yet the word 'puck' as at present used in the popular vocabulary of Ireland is his lasting memorial 'preserved in the amber of language.' 'Whenever a blast of unkindly wind struck keenly upon a person's face, and produced a tooth-ache, or an ear-ache, or a pain in the muscles, such as proceeds from cold or rheumatism, it was confidently believed by the peasantry (of Ireland) that the said 'blast' was occasioned by no less a personage than the fairy Puck, who, sweeping suddenly past, struck the doomed individual, out of a wicked frolic, in the face. Hence this 'blast' or 'blow' came to be called a 'puck,' and hence the word 'puck' glided into the common vocabulary to signify a 'blow' in the ordinary sense.*

They who represent the merely sportive, and oftentimes truly beauti-

ful phase of the elfin character, are the diminutive inhabitants of hill, dale, and mead, whose fairy-banquets, dances, and airy music have been so long the wonder of the homely peasant, and the admiration of the polished poet. 'According to the description they give of them who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men exceeding little; they are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields. When they make cakes, (which is a work they have been often heard at,) they are very noisy; and when they are done they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moon-light, when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them; as may be observed on the following morning, their dancing-places being very distinguishable: for as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass.'* Choice descriptions of these occur in the pages of the early English poets. As in the *Tempest* Prospero invokes those

— 'THAT on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing NEPTUNE, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew.'

And in other passages by the same master-poet, as 'familiar as household words' to us all, these wonderful beings are sketched. In Lily's play called the *Maydes Metamorphosis*, which was first acted in the year 1600, the fairies 'enter' dancing and singing:

'By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall:
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.'

The old pastoral poet Brown affirms of his shepherd, that he often played sweet strains on his pipe for the fairies to dance by, and that

'NICKLE solace they would make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his room
To a field of yellow broom;
Or into the meadows, where
Mints perfume the gentle air,
And where FLORA spreads her treasure;
There they would begin their measure.'

Also in fairy-like Drayton there are frequent sketches of them, almost equal in delightful freshness to those of his great predecessor Shakspeare. These four lines from his '*Polyolbion*' present a charming picture of the fairies in one of their happiest moods:

'THE frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.'

* BOURNE, (*Antiquitates Vulgares*), quoted in KNIGHTLEY.

And in the 'Nymphidia' we find :

'THE fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping
Skip thorow the greaves.
At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day :
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.'

But we must leave off plucking fairy-flowers from this garden of English poetry. We have seen that the popular elves and fairies of England are not devoid of true antiquarian interest, in addition to all that we commonly attach to them for their attractive peculiarities. It is truly refreshing to turn aside awhile into this by-path of literature. Would that it were oftener trod, that it might not become so grass-grown. However so long as it remain true, that there are those bent upon con-
ing 'folk-lore' to oblivion, may it ever remain equally true that

'ANOTHER sort there be, that will
Be talking of the fairies still.'

Portland, (Me.,) August, 1862.

W. F. S.

L I N E S .

GAZING from my room at even,
Just ere twilight shadows gathered,
Naught I saw but clouds in heaven —
Heavy clouds that darkly lowered:
These were all that met my eye,
All my vision could espy.

But approaching to the window,
Looking forth, I then discovered,
Far beyond the clouds' deep shadow,
Where the ling'ring sun-beams hovered,
A rich streak of golden light,
Resting on the brow of night.

Thence the cheerful radiance streaming
Robbed the gloomy clouds of blackness;
And anon the moon — pure-beaming
Mid the stars with silv'ry brightness —
Chased them one by one away
With her mild and gentle ray.

Thus, I thought, when care and sorrow
Cast their mantle o'er the spirit,
Cov'ring with a heavy shadow
All around and all within it,
Tinging all that it can view
With its own dark, gloomy hue:

If the soul, thus sore afflicted,
Would but strive for nearer vision,
Though to bide in sadness tempted,
Faith and Hope, with joy elysian,
Light beyond the deepest gloom,
Would see, ev'n round the tomb.

A U T U M N A L T W I L I G H T .

BY JAMES T. MITCHELL.

I.

In the horizon sinks the Sun,
While o'er his face, when day is done,
Coy as the veil o'er blushing nun,
Hangs the autumnal twilight.

II.

The curling mist lies o'er the stream,
Hazy and dim as a twilight dream,
And like the mist round sunset's beam
Hovers the autumn twilight.

III.

The mountains shade the valley wide,
Night's shadowy wings the distance hide,
But glowing and bright on the sunset side
Glimmers the autumn twilight.

IV.

Now sits September 'neath the trees,
Wooing the coy autumnal breeze ;
Through the dim forest-aisles he sees
The bright autumnal twilight.

V.

Then comes October to pluck red leaves ;
While for the dying flowers he grieves,
A crown of yellow ferns he weaves
For the pale autumnal twilight.

VI.

Nature's gay songsters tune their throats,
Far through the fading forest floats
The music of wild birds' farewell notes
To the sad autumnal twilight.

VII.

Loud moans the wind on the wintry shore,
The sparkling frost is white and hoar,
And flitting at eve is seen no more
The lost autumnal twilight.

October 1st, 1852.

T H E S T R A N G E R ' S F E V E R .

A T A I N O F N E W O R L E A N S

THERE was a grand réunion at the house of Monsieur B — ; and every one thought it the most brilliant affair of the season in New-Orleans. The rooms were crowded with the Creoles of Louisiana, descendants of those ancient French families who settled the State, and gave a characteristic tone to the society of its great city. There were the brilliant light, the profusion of gilding and gaudy colors, the elaborate politeness, the lively gesticulations of the old régime. On every side you heard the nasal sounds and monotonous accent of the French language; you saw venerable old men acting the good father, or the military veteran, or the friend of all mankind; you saw young girls, silent and constrained, huddled together under the wing of their parents; you saw married woman, leading in conversation, and surrounded by admiring groups of young men.

Hyacinth Berger stood in the quadrille with Madame S., the reigning queen of the circle in which she moved; whose affections from childhood had been engaged, by her parents, to Monsieur S.; while Monsieur S., on his part, found in her society the repose which he so much needed; adored her almost as much as if she had not been his wife; and died of old age soon after their marriage, leaving her very beautiful and very rich.

Hyacinth, fresh from a plantation, and still dazzled by the brilliant society into which he had just been introduced, adored her as the flowers adore the sun, offering up to her the bloom and verdure of his youth; while she went on her calm way, accepting benevolently all he had to give, accustomed to such homage, and sure that if he did not wither in her rays he would grow more mature. Let us listen to them while they are talking, amid the din of that music, which was invented to cover just such conversations as these.

‘I am weary of this world,’ said the young man, mournfully; he was pale and haggard-looking, but the fire which consumed him burned fiercely in his eyes.

‘Do not speak of it, my dear friend,’ said the lady, smiling sweetly; ‘your conversation will grow dull, and that would be a mortal sin in my eyes.’

‘I am going to make a voyage of discovery,’ resumed the young man, more gaily, ‘in search of a new world, like Columbus.’

‘Your plans interest me,’ said the lady, languidly raising her great black eyes.

‘This plan of mine is very simple; it is told in a single word.’

‘You tantalize me. Speak that word, then.’

‘It is only that I think of diverting my mind by getting rid of my body. It is my heart that makes me wretched; if I could have my soul by itself, I should be happy.’

'You are growing dull again. It is not kind to fatigue your friend.'

'The fatigue will soon be over, and will not be repeated. I have a hope that you may sometimes give to my memory the sentiment you have denied to myself. This is one reason I have for leaving a world where I am perishing slowly of passion without hope, broken in mind and body by slow degrees under your relentless hand, as men, in old times, were broken on the wheel. It is your pastime.'

'You talk wildly, Hyacinth.'

He bowed with a sardonic smile, such as we at the north see occasionally on the stage. The quadrille was at an end. Madame S., the indolent, good-natured creature, was really troubled. 'This enthusiasm of youth,' she exclaimed, in a tone of annoyance, 'it is so unmanageable; what was it made for?'

She knew that a taste for suicide runs in the Creole blood; it is the only taste which the French have that is not purely artificial. It savors, indeed, of reality, but is, at the same time, so temptingly dramatic! When Hyacinth left her, with the smile of which we have spoken, and a striking gesticulation expressive of despair, she quietly retired to an obscure corner, and writing a few words in her ball-tablets, tore out the leaf on which she had written.

Hyacinth, leaving the ball-room in his party dress, threw a short cloak around his shoulders, and lighting a cigar, passed down the stairs into the open street, where the moon was shining and a faint freshness stirred the sultry air. Winding on his way through the intricate labyrinth, the woven lanes, and streets, and alleys, of the old quarter of the city, he came to a house in which a light was dimly burning. The door had a great brass plate and heavy knocker, beside a bell-handle, around which the words 'Night-Bell' were engraved; but Hyacinth pushed his way in without obstruction, like one who was familiar with the place.

'Hipolyte!' he said softly.

'Hyacinth, is it indeed you? What pleasure!'

These were the exclamations of the friends, who threw themselves at the same moment into those attitudes which we see when the long-lost son recognizes his long-lost father on the stage. Yet the young gentlemen were in the habit of seeing each other every day.

Hipolyte was a student: for his night-lamp was trimmed and shaded, his coffee was simmering on the stove, and an open book lay before him.

He was a student of medicine: for the principal pieces of furniture in his room were a skeleton in one corner, and a microscope and a few bones on the table.

'It is shameful!' ejaculated his visitor, bending over to light a new cigar.

'What is shameful?'

'Why, to let coffee simmer in this way. Where is the aroma by this time, my friend? Is it not scalded to death?'

The friends talked gaily together; they formed a plan of enjoyment for the coming Sunday; they spoke of former adventures.

'Well, well,' said Hyacinth, with a sigh, 'youth will leave us behind

some of these days, and we shall both wake up one morning and find ourselves old. For my part, I advise that, before that time comes, we take the liberty of going out of the world without consulting PROVIDENCE. Let us determine, in advance, what would be the easiest mode of death.'

'Some think highly of drowning,' answered the other, laughing. 'Strychnine is all the rage at present; but unless, by the time you speak of, they invent something new, I determine for chloroform, and shall apply to it if I have my choice, and am in the humor to die luxuriously. It is a most agreeable sort of vampyre, just like those bats you hear of in South America; fans you to repose, and draws away, your breath comfortably, while it keeps you fast asleep.'

'Good!' said Hyacinth; and easily learning, by a few questions, how it was to be used—for Hipolyte never suspected any body nor any thing, not even the science of medicine—they parted, exchanging at the door the old *Adieu* and usual *Au revoir*.

The city was silent, except when snatches of a drunken song, trolled unsteadily, died away down some by-street; or the clocks struck the hour of the night; or the sound of steam was heard in the distance along the Levee, escaping from some boat which had arrived at its journey's end on the mighty inland waters. His mind took note of these things, and bade them one by one a long farewell. Over his head a thin vapor, or seething haze, rising from the city, dimmed the light of the moon, although the sky was cloudless. The heat was dead and suffocating; the young man held his cloak open to no purpose, and, when he reached the door of the apothecary, he shook it with a feverish and impatient hand.

The clerk, who was roused to wait on him, for it was now near morning, yawned over the counter, and was altogether so stupefied with sleep that, if Hyacinth had demanded every poison in the shop, he would not have considered the demand singular. It was at the very door of this shop, where the light flashed across his face, that, while Hyacinth held the phial of chloroform in one hand, a note was thrust into the other by a person who fled into the darkness. It was a folded leaf of paper, but the perfume—how well he remembered that favorite odor of violet! a breath of it made him more giddy than a breath of the chloroform which he had inadvertently inhaled before the phial was securely corked.

By the light of the moon he read the following words:

'Do not, by a rash step, complete the unjust accusation which you bring against me, of cruelty. Meet me at the reunion to-morrow night. Let us explain, HYACINTH. It is you whom I find cruel.'

The young gentleman staggered, clasped his hands, and, pressing the note in rapture to his heart, struck a fine attitude on the apothecary's steps, which, although unfortunately there was no one present to witness it, was a splendid representation, in pantomime, of hope soaring from the depths of despair.

He was heard mounting to his bed-room with an elastic step, singing a jocund French ditty, which sounded like the tuning of a violin.

They met at the reunion—Madame S. subdued and kind, Hyacinth intoxicated with hope.

But the intoxication was not destined to be of long duration.

The lady had felt a glow of interest while composing the note; while instructing the messenger; while anticipating Hyacinth's surprise. It was a delicious bit of romance, that would not occur off the stage every day, and she entered into the dramatic details with zest.

Now, however, she found his bodily presence, and his honest raptures of admiration, quite as much a bore as they had ever been.

'The man haunts me every where, like a ghost!' she said to herself impatiently.

It was true that he was by her side every moment, except when he was following her.

'He behaves just as he might if had not I prevented him from becoming a ghost,' thought the lady; 'perhaps we would both of us be happier if I had not interfered.'

'Hyacinth,' she said aloud, repeating the words of her note, 'let us explain. I find that you still cherish hopes which you must learn to abandon for ever. You have accused me of cruelty. It is you who are cruel, for you force me to allude to my sorrows. Hyacinth,' (here her voice faltered with an exquisite descent through an octave of musical notes,) 'you should have known that I have no heart to bestow. My heart (her fine blue eyes filled with tears) is with the dead, Hyacinth. It is with one who ——'

She could not proceed.

'You do not mean that your heart is with Monsieur S.!' exclaimed Hyacinth, who knew that Monsieur S. was too old to be his father when he married.

The lady raised her great black eyes toward heaven, as if to reproach him with the doubt.

'Then,' said Hyacinth in despair, 'I shall seek your heart where it is buried — in the grave.'

'Stay,' said Madame S.; 'since you have done with the affairs of this world, you can have no objection, in passing, to give this flower to Baron D ——, who stands in that corner. You see whom I mean; the heavy-looking person, with a nose à la nègre. Tell him the flower comes from me.'

Hyacinth bowed mechanically, and went stupefied on his errand. The flower was a black camellia.

The Baron received it grimly; heard from whom it came; threw it on the carpet, and crushed it under his heel. Hyacinth stared with a look of no surprise, but of perfect vacancy.

'I find you look insolent,' said the Baron.

'I find your language impertinent,' said Hyacinth.

The Baron was a native-born Frenchman, who had been only a few months in this country.

The Frenchmen and the Creoles when they quarrel do not strike. They do not kick, box, or draw knives. They exchange cards.

Friends gathered round at once.

Both parties declared that they had never seen each other before; that their quarrel could not be arranged; and each only asked to fight as soon as possible.

They fought at the break of day; the Baron was slightly wounded at the first fire. Hyacinth did not desire to kill him so much as to kill himself; he felt that to exchange shots again would be wasting time, and declared himself satisfied. He was anxious to get home to his chloroform, and dying with impatience to commence his dissolution.

'By the way,' said he, 'what did we fight about, Baron?'

'I do not know,' said the Baron, 'except that I was in a bad humor over that cursed camellia.'

'But why? What is there about that ridiculous flower?'

'It was an answer to a declaration. The lady said she would reply with a flower, since I understood the language of flowers.'

'What then does the black camellia signify?'

'That one's heart is with the dead — with Monsieur S., I suppose;' and the Baron took snuff with a frightful sneer. 'The woman is a ghoul. She lives on the dead. She is a Will-o'-the-wisp, who shines, and shines, and leads a man at last into an open grave;' and the Baron swore a horrible oath, in which the r's rolled like kettle-drums.

'It is precisely what she told me,' said Hyacinth, 'in answer to a declaration of mine, a moment before I brought you the flower.'

The Baron looked at Hyacinth.

Hyacinth gazed at the Baron.

'If you refer, gentlemen, to Madame S.,' observed one of the seconds, smiling, 'I have myself reason to know that when the living cease to please her, she calls up the ghost of the dead to dismiss them. We all know it here, but you are strangers.'

'It is in fact well known in society to be habitual with Madame,' said the other second, 'to become inconsolable whenever she is tired of charming.' He spoke with a slight blush.

'I find our situation eminently dramatic,' exclaimed Hyacinth.

'We are two rats in the same trap; let us embrace!' ejaculated the Baron. They embraced; they breakfasted together: it was a holiday; a day to be remembered, and handed down by tradition to posterity.

'*Va-t-en*,' said Hyacinth, that night, as he tossed the phial of chloroform out of the window; 'thou hast played thy part in a comedy which will save me a great many tragedies in after-life. I am free of the city now; for I have gone through the grand passion for Madame S., which I suppose may be called The Stranger's Fever.'

M. W.

A LITTLE PIECE.

Oh, happy cloud, that voyagest from the sun,
With crimson freight of fuding, kindling fires —
A splendor in the sky! The human soul
Its all of beauty takes from Him who lit
Its upward-soaring flame; and so too thou,
With sunlit form, bearest away such hues
As beauty's cheek, nor all the gems of Earth —
The opal's changeful light, the ruby's blush,
The rainbowed pearls or fire-eyed diamonds know.
Thou seem'st an angel lingering near the shrine
Of some long pilgrimage, and bearing thence
A halo of bright virtues, as thy mood
From out its golden urn.

T.

A N A U T U M N A L L E A F .

BY THE PEASANT BARD.

I.

THE rain fell gently through the night,
And heavy vapors veil the dawn;
They gather on the woody height,
They slowly sail across the lawn:
Beside the brook, where ashes tall
Of late in verdure robed were seen,
The long leaves, twirling as they fall,
Drop on the banks their faded green.

II.

Distance is shortened to the ear:
The far-off cock sounds near and shrill;
The rumbling train, leagues off, I hear;
The grinding of the distant mill;
Amidst the cloud that morning brings
Along the vale where waters stray,
I hear wild-fowl on whistling wings
Flit, winnowing the mist, away.

III.

Hidden upon the cloudy hill,
I hear a herd-boy shouting high,
Making strange sounds, uncouth and shrill,
To tempt the echo's queer reply.
Bold in the mist, that lad is still
And bashful when beheld of men;
And were the cloud but off the hill,
Bashful and still would be again.

IV.

Boy, thou'rt like man: oft will he move
Bold-faced along an evil way,
When cloaked by something that may prove
A covert from the eye of day;
But let a breath of truth dispel
The flimsy veil around him rolled,
Then men the hypocrite may tell,
And jeers reduce his bearing bold.

V.

Boy, yet again thou'rt like to man!
It may be to a genius bright;
Exception to the general plan —
A lustrous being hating *light*;
Lifted above the herd, forsooth,
Yet sharing less of peace than they:
They simply see the lamp of truth,
He clouds, and glooms, and mystery.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND THE POET GRAY.

A YEAR had been passed, principally in England, and yet I had not seen Windsor Castle: the proud home of the monarchs of England, the royal cathedral, where are deposited the remains of some of the most celebrated of those monarchs, and where hang the banners of the knights of St. George, and Eton College, so long the nursery of early genius, all are objects of interest to the American traveller. And yet in the spring morning, as I walked through the grounds of Eton along the banks of the Thames, sooth to say, my thoughts were more on the neighboring churches of Upton and Stoke-Pogis, and the 'aged elms and yew-tree's shade,' than upon Eton College, and Windsor Castle, and the Royal Chapel of St. George. The home and burial-place of the poet Gray had more interest for me than the home and burial-place of the blessed martyr Charles I. Ascending by a long flight of stone-steps, rising from near the bank of the river Thames, we came into the cloister of the collegiate church, and thence passed out to the open terrace, and stood beneath the walls of a palace which has been the chief residence of England's kings for eight centuries, and the imposing character of which may be imagined from the fact, that over seven millions of dollars have been expended there in improvements and repairs in the last twenty-five years. From this terrace, but especially from the top of the castle, the eye ranges in all directions for many miles, over villages and churches, woodland and meadow, and cultivated fields, embracing one of the finest and most highly-improved portions of England, and affording a prospect of impressive beauty. I have not time to describe the castle, even if I had the power.

On entering the royal chapel, the first objects which attracted my attention were the banners of the knights of St. George. Each knight, on his admission, hangs up his banner in this royal chapel. There it remains during his life, and only at his death is taken down, to make a place for the banner of the knight who succeeds him. As I looked around, I noticed that few were new and fresh; most of them were old and moth-eaten emblems of the age and decaying natures of their owners. The early part of the day had not been pleasant. The clouds and the sun had been struggling for the mastery, each in turn giving evidence of the fickleness of April. But the sun was now in the ascendant, and his rays, streaming in from the west, and mellowed by the stained windows, fell on banner and monument, on vaulted roof and tessellated floor, bringing into bold relief every part of the interior of this noble edifice. Especially the beautiful cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte glowed and was re-vivified under this mellowing light. Yet as I stood looking intently at these banners and monuments, some of them emblems and memorials of another age, gazing upon the scene where the monarch bows in the presence of HIM who is KING over all, and before

whom the rulers of nations are but as dust and ashes, I could but feel the insignificance of all mere earthly distinctions.

Leaving this burial-place of the rich and the noble, I turned my footsteps toward the church of Stoke-Pogis. At a distance of two or three miles from Windsor, far removed from the public highway, and within the fine old park formerly belonging to the family of William Penn, stands the church of Stoke-Pogis. Here, under the 'aged elm and yew-tree's shade,' lie the ashes of Thomas Gray. I had spent an hour in the morning viewing the old and ivy-covered church at Upton, (also in the immediate neighborhood of Windsor,) and reading the inscriptions upon the decaying stones which mark the mouldering graves of past generations. Through fissures in the walls you may look in upon the heaps of dust which now cover the sacred places where a worshipping congregation once bowed in the presence of their CREATOR. An ivy, gnarled and knotted by age, with a trunk like that of a forest-tree in size, spreads its vast branches over this edifice, now fast passing into ruins. A venerable yew-tree still guards the entrance into the church-yard, and throws its sombre shade over the humble places where

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

It is this spot or Stoke-Pogis which the poet is supposed to have had in his mind when he wrote his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*. Either place answers the description. The church at Stoke-Pogis is, however, in good repair. On a tablet under the east window of the church is the following inscription:

'OPPOSITE TO THIS STONE,
IN THE SAME TOMB UPON WHICH HE HAS
SO FEELINGLY RECORDED HIS GRIEF
AT THE LOSS OF A BELOVED PARENT,
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF

T H O M A S G R A Y .

THE AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

HE WAS BURIED AUGUST 6TH, 1771.'

A plain, unpretending tomb covers the poet and his mother. At Stoke-Pogis the elms and the yew-trees shade the graves of the hamlet forefathers. I sat for a long time beneath those yews, thinking that, in all human probability, the blood of many of these men was still flowing in the veins of my own countrymen; for around me I saw the graves of Parry, of Cooper, of Goddard, of Gould, of Geere, and many other names familiar in our own land. And then I thought how much more desirable was the fame of the poet than of the king. This country church-yard has attractions not found beneath the roof of the Royal Chapel of St. George. Few care as to where rest the ashes of Charles the First, of George the Third, and George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. But the country church-yard where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and where sleeps all that was mortal of him, is precious and sacred to every reader of the English language. The vision rises to view in city and in country, in hall and in cottage, in the groves of the academy, and in the primeval forest where the smoke from the woodman's hut gives notice of advancing civilization. I remained musing for a long time. No human voice disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. The deer which had been

feeding in the park were gathering and lying down to their rest. The songs of the birds in the leafy elms had ceased, for the shades of evening were advancing. The morn would break on the morrow, but

‘The cock’s shrill clarion and the echoing horn’

would never again arouse the poet, or those who sleep around him, from their lowly beds. ‘Peace to their ashes!’ was my humble benediction as I bade farewell to this sequestered and beautiful spot, consecrated by genius.

W. W. C.

C U P I D D I S A R M E D .

PRITHEE, LOVE, why fly so fast!
Life is quickly fleeting past;
Soon our joyful days are o’er:
Alas! they can return no more.
Enter then, and rest thy wing,
Drop thy quiver, loose thy string;
Come while, led by low-breathed lutes,
The graceful nymphs, a band of mates,
Join in the mazy, gliding dance,
With many a burning, side-long glance.
With song and feast our days we’ll spend,
Nor fear the spectre at its end.

‘Alas!’ poor CURIO said, and sighed,
‘Too oft have I that solace tried:
Let fools still make a mock at sin,
I mind the minitress within.’

I answered naught: the proffered wine,
Which bright with golden motes did shine,
Had power to tempt the wingéd boy;
He drank, and praised the fount of joy.

‘Thanks! sparkling, leaping source of life!
I feel again for mischief rife:
My bow and quiver! Hasten there!
I’ll seek again to wound the fair.
Unhand me! lest I speak the ban
That bars the love of maid and man.’

Here, overpowered, the drowsy god
Affected Jove’s paternal nod;
Though worlds unmoved their courses kept,
He shook himself, and, shaking, slept.
I left him to his quiet rest,
But this sage thought my brain impressed:
Our best endeavors often fail,
Whilst ’gainst excess we proudly rail;
We’re none so good as ne’er to sin,
At the first chance we swift begin;
But we at least can still refrain
From chiding those who strive in vain.

D E A T H A T S U N S E T .

BY C. C. COFFIN.

THE golden dust of autumn
 Is falling on the field,
 And the red moon of October
 Spreads out its ruddy shield.
 The russet and the yellow
 Are on the distant wood,
 And all the lovely flowers
 That 'in their beauty stood,'
 The lily and the violet,
 The white rose and the red,
 Have with the summer faded,
 And all their perfume shed.
 The golden-yellow corn-ears
 Are ripened for the store,
 And purple grapes are hanging
 On the trellis by the door.
 The apples in the orchard
 Are shaken to the ground,
 While o'er the distant wood-land
 The hunter calls his hound.
 The ripened nuts are falling,
 And the squirrels in their play
 Climb to the rustling tree-tops
 And chatter with the jay.
 The young men and the maidens,
 When the nights are calm and still,
 And the cricket 'neath the hearth-stone
 Is chirping loud and shrill,
 To the farmer's cottage gather,
 Where the cheerful fire-light falls
 Upon the oaken rafters,
 And on the whitened walls.
 But hushed is all their gladness,
 When they think of one alone
 Within her chamber fading;
 Who, alas! will soon be gone.
 They know that she will never
 Go to the fields again,
 And see the sturdy reapers
 Cut down the golden grain:
 For they say there is a Reaper,
 With an hour-glass in his hand,
 And he holds the keenest sickle
 As he walketh o'er the land;
 And soon he will be coming
 Across the withered wold,
 And MARY will be resting
 Beneath the heavy mould!

The mellow sunset falleth
 On the up-land and the plain,
 O'er the valley and the forest,
 And the cottage window-pane.
 The reapers from their labors
 Are coming down the glade,
 And the stars begin to twinkle
 Within the gathering shade.
 Hushed are all the echoes
 Of the thresher's heavy flail,
 The loud call of the hunter,
 And the whirring of the quail.
 The children's joyous laughter
 Is silent on the hill,
 And the berries are forgotten

Boston, October 4, 1852.

That grow beside the rill:
 For they have ceased their playing,
 And round the cottage door,
 With trembling voices whisper,
 That 'MARY is no more!'
 She died so very gently,
 And did not wish to stay,
 For the flowers would be but fairer
 In a garden far away.
 She said 't was heavenly music,
 As we listened to the swell,
 While the sexton, slowly tolling,
 Swung the heavy old church-bell.*
 Then the bright moon of the harvest
 Rose from out the distant sea;
 And we heard her gently saying:
 'T is the harvest-moon for me!
 Her lover stood beside her,
 And his scalding tears would start,
 But she said that there was healing
 For every broken heart:
 And when the death-dew gathered
 Upon her golden hair,
 We listened to the pleadings
 Of LIFE's last earnest prayer:

'Must the baptism be sprinkled
 Ere the brow is wrinkled?
 Must the wine be wasted
 Ere it hath been tasted?
 Can the flowers that I cherish
 Blossom ere they perish?
 Oh cheer the broken-hearted,
 Who weeps for the departed!
 And let the love-light burn,
 Though shattered be the urn,
 Till the tree that THOU hast riven
 Shall bloom again in heaven!'

Then the spirit faltered,
 And fluttered in her breast;
 As a dove that far has wandered
 Returneth to its rest.
 It was the last sad struggle
 Of the spirit with its God,
 To bow without a murmur
 To the chastening of the rod.
 And then we heard her saying,
 As slowly ebb'd the tide,
 That 'Angels now were staying
 Upon the other side.'
 We saw the SOUL was passing
 Across the narrow bay,
 And heard her gently whisper,
 As it soared from earth away:
 By my grave while thou art kneeling,
 Let no tears unbidden start;
 For the SAVIOUR now is healing
 All the sorrows of my heart.
 To my soul are angels calling,
 From the regions of the blest;
 While the sunset-shades are falling,
 On God's bosom let me rest!

* THERE is a custom in some rural places to toll the church bell when the spirit is taking its departure.

M Y G H O S T .

THIS is not a tale of spiritual rappings. I never heard any. Possibly I am not worth a rap, being only an artist. My table does not hop, or rear up, or fly. Between you and me, it is lucky it does not. If it did, the claw would come off, to a dead certainty. I think it right to mention this, and to warn any playful young ghosts or ghostesses of the fact. Now to my tale.

Aurelia Garford and I loved one another passionately, so passionately that at the age of seventeen we resolved to marry. Both our parents opposed the scheme. We had neither of us any money, and though I thought myself a Titian, the portraits I daubed were poor things even for sign-painting. But we could not wait. We grew desperate. We determined to run away into the wide world.

The wide world! How narrow it is, after all! A gimlet eight thousand miles long would bore a hole right through it. And what is eight thousand miles? Less than most people walk in a couple of years. 'What is any thing compared to every thing?' as the editor down east observed.

Aurelia's parents lived in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street. Their house is near the corner of Fourth Avenue. It is a long way 'up town.' Some say there is no such street. But that of course is nonsense, because I know Aurelia lived in it. Many people, no doubt, have started off in the cars to look for the street, and never found it. It is not easy to find; though, as it is the next street to Two-hundred-and-twenty-first street, it is not so difficult, after all. But I knew the street like a book. There was only one house in it, and that was only half built, owing to the owner's want of funds. I need not add that that house was the house of Aurelia's parents.

There was a large garden to the house. People can afford space for gardens up in Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street. It was a very nice garden. Only one thing grew in it, and that was grass. But give me grass to walk on. Trees are all very well for climbing, and timber is useful for building. Fruit is a capital thing if you want to eat, and flowers are very pretty if you care to look at them. But Aurelia and I only wanted to walk about with our arms round one another's waists; and we preferred grass to trees, as we did not want to climb like squirrels, or build like carpenters. We valued grass even more highly than flowers, because we preferred sitting down upon it, and looking into one another's eyes, to gazing at all the roses and magnolias in creation. And as for fruit, we scorned to think of earthly peaches or apricots, when our lips could be so much more sweetly occupied in exchanging celestial kisses, of which no amount could possibly give us a surfeit.

It is my deliberate conviction that the garden of Eden was a grass-grown bit of land, with good high fence round it to cast a shade in hot weather. The rest was love, which makes a paradise of any place.

We resolved to run away. And we did. We met one afternoon behind the wall of the grass grown garden, and made for the cars. As

we went along, I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were:

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; silken tresses to match.
3. A complexion pure as the whiteness of a pearl.
4. A mouth which beat all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human though quite equal to vegetable ivory.
6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have destroyed St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so much the better for him if it had tempted him.
7. Love for a certain individual, (who, like Mr. Ferocious in 'Tom Pepper,' shall be nameless,) carried to the confines of hero-worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhilaration. My soul cut capers and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least so I conjectured from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of kiss, just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apocryphal Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street, and in another minute we were at the rail-way station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, where he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford, at least so it appeared to me, was allowed to play at business just to keep himself out of mischief.

'Hollo, young people!' he cried, jovially, 'taking a walk, hey! Where are you off to? and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bulgy basket there?'

'Oh, papa!' cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was upset by the sudden rencontre, and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears; tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

'Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?' said old Garford sternly, smelling a rat for the first time.

'Why, Sir,' said I, perhaps stupidly, impelled by an irresistible impulse, 'if you had not met us so unluckily, we should have run away and got married.'

'Hum!' said old Garford, looking at me fixedly; 'is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?'

'Yes, Sir,' said I.

'And pray what is it?' said old Garford, severely.

'We love one another!' said I, looking him boldly in the face.

'Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away; I have not the least objection to your being married.'

'Oh, Sir——'

'Stop a moment. I *have* a great objection to your marrying without any thing to live on. Much as I was attached to Mrs. Garford, Sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, Sir.'

'But, Sir——'

'But, Sir,' resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; 'but, Sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate ——'

'Not at all, Sir,' I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. 'I know very well that you cannot give your daughter any thing.'

'Indeed, Sir, *indeed*? And pray *how* do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, Sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this city have been realized, Sir?'

To use a somewhat worn but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law 'in the raw,' and all attempts to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia, that 'papa knew very well he had not made the rent of his office for the last two years,' at all mend matters.

Finally, Mr. Garford positively forbade my farther visits or correspondence with his daughter, until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear, and making an income of at least two thousand a year.

Thus we parted. I made several attempts to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and income with the least possible delay.

Luckily I made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again. The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the blending of colors, but I drew like a Chinese, or a Yankee as I was. My master was a Frenchman; he had studied at Paris under Delaroche. He opened my eyes. I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labor, I could produce a portrait at any rate tolerably correct in outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the majority of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in a bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter announcing the death of Aurelia from her father. She had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend the painter was present. He saw me turn pale and cover my face with my hands.

'What is it?' he asked, kindly.

'She is dead!' I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no farther explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and in a tone of grave sympathy asked me of what I was thinking.

'Of death!' I replied.

'Of suicide?' said he.

I made no answer.

'Do you not possess her portrait?' said he.

'Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds *me* at least vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold, ghastly look.'

'You should paint her.'

‘Paint her?’

‘Yes, paint her as an angel of heaven; realize your memory of her beauty on the canvas. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die, if you please.’

The artist’s suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a violent hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend’s idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame; of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and labored as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels; and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, ‘Truly you are a pupil worthy of a greater master!’

We had the picture framed and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. ‘An Angel’ was decidedly *the* attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New-York. I sat with this letter in my hand trying to read it by the already waning light in my studio, when I heard the door open and some body enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld to my horror a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelia’s!

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over-exertion, my fasts and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibility to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reasoning by the figure saying in a low but distinct tone:

‘Frederick! do you not know me?’

‘Yes, I know you,’ was my solemn answer.

‘And you still love me?’

‘Now and for ever!’

‘Then why do you not embrace me?’ said the figure, gliding nearer.

‘Can ghosts embrace?’ I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

‘Try!’ said the ghost.

And I did try; but it was no spectre; it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

‘What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead!’

‘And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I have had a fever in consequence; see how pale and thin I am!’

‘But I am alive; so are you!’

‘That is evident.’

‘What could have been your father’s motive for such conduct and such falsehood?’

‘An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smithson.’

‘His partner?’

‘Yes; he has caught a partner with money, as mamma says, and she

thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her own income any longer.'

'But how did you know I was alive?'

'Dead men do not paint pictures.'

'Then you know?'

'Yes, I have *seen* — oh! you flatterer!'

'Flatterer? not at all. But look at *this* — an offer of seven hundred dollars for the picture.' An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now — suppose we take the seven hundred dollars and run away at once?'

'It is not necessary; my father gives his consent — and here he is.'

Old Garford entered.

'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I congratulate you on your success. We shall be happy to see you at Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged.'

Shortly afterward I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling, 'My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day!'

'I will try,' said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, 'to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live.'

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it.

W. M.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS.

BY FREDERICK O. CARNES.

FROM their quaternian realm
The exuberant Seasons seemed to spring,
All coalesced and molten into one,
Whose variegated form and shadowing
The atmosphere should overwhelm.
I watched the solar disc, for 'twas the hour
When like a coruscating globe he shone,
And long prismatic shafts were swiftly thrown,
Linking Earth with the Ecliptic. Through the air
In idle dalliance swept the breezes by,
With many a fragrant sigh;
And timid stars peered forth; and e'en the Moon,
But in her crescent, shed a lustrous glow;
While ever to and fro,
Unseen, the elemental minions sought
Their countless tasks. Unblenched by all,
The solemn hours strode silently and slow;
And turbulent winds great pæans wrought,
Symphonious as an Alpine waterfall.

And still I gazed, for from the horizon's rim
Emerged a gorgeous cavalcade, whose height

And sudden breadth leagues could not bind,
Nor whirlwinds grim
Subdue or blight.
These were the clouds of air,
Lifting their forms sublime,
Thronging majestically every where.
Amid their ranks were found
All that the days and nights e'er knew,
All that e'er crept exulting from the ground,
And tiny or prodigious grew,
Of all imagined shape or hue,
Filling the mighty fields of space
With wondrous purpose and perpetual grace.

First came the delicate Cirri, they that float
In regions most remote,
Fibrous and spiral, or in parallel bars,
As if to poise the unseen stars;
Now shooting forward in diverging lines,
Or waving like a plume,
As when the column'd Borealis shines,
And seeks the rainbow's colors to assume.
Fast following, the Stacken-clouds were seen,
Heaped up irregular in broken cones
And orbs of light, whose fleet dilating zones
Were bathed in copper sheen.
These wander with the Sun, and when he dies
Scatter perplexed and wasting through the skies.
Now they are forced along, for in their wake
The beetling Strati sailed, from whom descend
Vapors and mists that saturate the earth,
And animate its soil to constant birth.
Dark and impervious, at morning's break
They flee away; yet lingering bear
Coolness in sultry hours,
When droop the parchéd flowers,
Spreading the crystal dew upon the grass;
And, as they pass,
Instilling virtues through the balmy air,
With blessings every where.

Then hastened on the Sonder and the Wane,
Imperious clouds where'er displayed,
Portending wind, and snow, and rain:
Of fleecy texture and capricious shade,
Haunting the lower confines of the air,
They change from thin and wavy streaks
To hazy contours; and again,
In faint, attenuated peaks,
Dissolve. And now appear
Those most magnificent of clouds,
Whose arrogant career oft-times enshrouds
The galaxies of heaven. These steer
In huge battalions, o'er each other piled,
Strenuous and wild,
Forming great domes and spires,
With pyramids of fires,

Crosses and arcs that swell
Throughout the gulfs of space,
And interlace
And with each other dwell:
The Twain-clouds — monarchs of the rest —
In spangled robes of purple drest,
The electric sceptre swaying loftily,
Their throne the fulminating sky,
For ever dazzling with a buoyant crown
Of terrible renown.

Lo! what a strange mutation marks the scene,
Plunging the radiant sky
In sombre agony,
And cold convulsive mien.
Not in abrupt and horizontal lines,
Nor in detached or flimsy forms,
But dense and massive, with imposing signs
Of closing combat, and with furious speed,
Rush the swart Nimbi forth, wielding the storms,
Gigantic weapons, whence proceed
Unearthly terrors. Nearer still they come,
While the whole heavens, struck dumb,
Hide in dismay. Then patter down
The ringing rain-drops; while, with awful frown,
The thunderbolt cleaves the black chasms
With sonorous spasms,
And frequent flambeaux smite the awful gloom.
Long the wild warfare rages, till, bereft
Of strength, the elements grow calm,
And breathe their joyous psalm,
As the far-girdling rainbow gleams
With blended tints; and then the air is left
To sweet tranquillity again,
Soft as a thousand dreams:
So followeth Pleasure o'er the wrecks of Pain.

Thus are they passing on their pilgrimage,
Those hosts aerial. How the eye
Aches with the charm of such a phantasy!
For there are built towers that an age
Of human toil could never raise,
Of amethystine walls, and gates of pearl,
Where crimson bannerets unfurl,
And spears dipped with the sardonix
Glimmer across the spectral lakes,
An avalanche of rays;
While rapid currents intermix,
And the elastic ether grandly quakes.

Then higher up are gardens decked
With obelisks and statues rare,
And flowers with dainty colors flecked,
And trees whose branches bear
Bunches of luscious fruit; and then behold!
One ray of light betrays the gloom

Of jagged caverns black and wild,
Crossed by a deep and sullen flume,
Arches of porphyry in fragments piled,
And vines of poisonous fold.

So clouds that drift and scud and fly,
The irisated pavements cross,
That grace the sky ;
And golden hands are stretched — so frail,
They tremble like the silken floss,
When stirs the breeze ; and many a sail
Goes flapping o'er the magic sea,
Whose luminous waves rock gloriously ;
And coral shores, where beacon-lights revolve,
Complete the enchanted pageant, and dissolve.

They have all vanished, and the skies are clear,
But darkening ; for the dusky arms
Of Twilight are upreared, and all the charms
Of Day must disappear.
Oh ! scarce shall I forget that marvellous sight
Of Nature's handiwork, though faded now ;
On Memory's faithful tablet shall it glow,
A vision of the Past, whose flight
'Tis sad to know.
Yes ; helplessly expiring, the last clond
Climbs o'er the hill,
And long and loud
The cricket and the whip-poor-will
Contest in minstrelsy.
Soon shall the planetary train
In soft effulgence rise again,
And Night's dominion rest o'er land and sea.

Stupendous scenes ! beyond the power of Art
To enthrall or imitate,
What clustering glories are revealed,
Borne through the universe, and, as a shield,
To hide the mysteries of divine estate,
To magnify man's soul, and cheer his heart.
Thus from Life's battlements we see
Our outer semblances appear,
Masked in the wayward forms of Hope and Fear,
Of Joy and Sorrow, Truth and Love,
And all the insatiate wilderness
Of circumstance, whose problems move
Our being to its destiny.
Some are in sunshine, some in shadows vast,
Black as tornadoes ; others shrink aghast,
Too cowardly to live ; and all impress
Some vivid hue upon themselves, and stand
The bold reflections of their MAKER's hand.
O power of Faith ! not doubtingly besought,
Exalted harbinger of Wisdom found,
Embalm these lessons in the deep, profound,
And silent catacombs of Thought.

STUDENTS' NONSENSE.*

A CLEVER knot of young fellows were assembled around the door which led into the garden adjoining the house in the *Rue Copeau*. I do not know why students are so much in the habit of congregating around the threshold of an outer door. Such is the fact undeniably. Who will undertake to explain it?

It was a fine, pleasant day in the fall of the year. The leaves were beginning to drop off, and the air was autumnal. One by one, as they left the *salle-à-manger*, the young men passed out into the garden, with pipes, meerschaums, and cigars; some with books in their hands: most wore caps, but a hat here and there could be seen on the head of some resolute American, who in this way showed his contempt for prevailing customs.

Of the company, one was a Pole, two were English, three American, two German; there were also an Italian, an Irishman, and a Genoese, beside several, the place of whose nativity had never transpired. They were, for the most part, diligent students, somewhat reckless of the ordinary demands of society, but having a decided purpose in view. The majority were studying medicine.

The Irishman was a Roman Catholic, and devoted himself to theology. His name was James Daloney. Where he now is I do not know. He was about taking orders, and is, doubtless, laboring some where in his holy calling. Should his eye chance to fall upon this page, I beg to send him a friendly greeting, for I am sure he will not have forgotten his sojourn in the *Rue Copeau*, nor his companions there.

One of the Germans was named Franz von Herberg. He was a painter, devoted soul and body to his art. He was open-hearted and sincere, somewhat sensitive to criticism, refined in character, of an exquisite humor, yet subject to frequent depression of spirits.

The other German, Jacob Wahlen, was a student of philosophy, full of mysticism and Spinoza.

The Italian and Genoese—so they were always named—came to the house together, and were much in each other's society. They had incurred, I imagine, in some way the resentment of their respective governments, and were now exiled.

The two Englishmen were as unlike each other as was possible for two persons to be. One was conceited, and a cockney; the other was my delightful friend Clements.

Vincent, Partridge, and myself, with three or four others, completed the group.

'What is the news to-day?' said Vincent. 'Has any one been on the other side? Is Louis Philippe recovering?'

No one knew.

'I was down in the country yesterday,' said the cockney. 'Lord Ros-

* FROM MR. RICHARD B. KIMBALL'S new work, 'Romance of Student-Life Abroad,' now passing through the press of MESSRS. GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

lin, the brother-in-law of the cousin of our ambassador, invited me. 'Pon my word, we had such a capital time. I am to go out shooting with him next month—such a box as he's got: he's such a sportsman too; he told me he shot thirty-three hares in England one morning before breakfast.'

'He must have been firing at a wig,' said Partridge.

A general laugh followed this sally, which the other did not seem to comprehend, for he went on in the same tone, not heeding the interruption.

'By the way, Franz, when are we to see the new painting?' asked L.

'Never, I fear,' said Franz; 'I have tried to paint the man, and——'

'You can't get the right *expression*, I suppose,' said Daloney.

'Go to the *Morgue*,' said one.

'Or to the public executioner.'

'You should have been here in '30,' said the Italian; 'that would have been a time for taking dead men in all shapes.'

'Gentlemen, you don't understand me. You speak as if I wanted to get upon my canvas the characteristics of *death*; that, I admit, I can find where you suggest: but it is the *living* expression which sometimes lingers on the face *after* death that I would transfer. Bah! 't is not so easy to put the two things together.'

'That's not the only disappointment which Franz has met with lately, in putting two things together,' said Daloney.

'Ah! how is that?' cried several.

'Why, our friend here undertook to paint a cow and a cabbage on the same canvas, and both were so natural that he had to separate them.'

'Bravo! bravo! Daloney;' and there was a general shout.

'Daloney,' said Vincent, gravely, 'take my hat. I never will wear one again.'

'It comes in good time,' whispered Clements, loud enough to be heard by the whole party, while Daloney gave him a glance to be silent.

'No, no; it is too good to be lost,' said the other. 'You must know, gentlemen, that yesterday our friend treated himself to a new hat; price, nine francs, fifteen sous, and two centimes. Instead of coming home, like a rational creature, to his dinner, he wanders into the *Rue Rivoli*, dines, takes *café*, and rises to depart. His hat is missing; he looks about quietly; he is sure he placed it on the seat just behind him; he looks again; he discerns a dirty piece of paper, with two lines scrawled on it; he picks it up, and reads as follows:

'I have taken your new hat; but I leave you my eternal gratitude.'

Another general laugh succeeded Clements's narration.

'You have interpolated,' said Daloney; 'there was not one word about gratitude, else I had been satisfied; there was nothing, in short, for my fine beaver but an old, shabby, torn specimen of a *chapeau*, not fit for the beasts of the field to wear.'

'They *would* look well in hats, to be sure,' said Vincent; 'do n't you think so, Professor?' turning to Wahlen.

'I do n't think so soon after dinner. It disturbs my digestion.'

'How solemn you grow! Pray, Franz, let's have the story about Wahlen's going to see the juggler.'

'Ja — ja — you may tell it in welcome,' said Wahlen, seriously, 'if it will pleasure the company.'

'Oh, *do* let's have it, Franz!' cried half-a-dozen.

'I can give it in word. Wahlen and I went to see a juggler who exhibited on the corner near the Odeon. We had front seats. In the course of the performance he asks some person to step on the stage to assist in a piece of *diablerie*. He beckons Wahlen, who at that moment was thinking of any thing but what was going on. Wahlen starts at once. Among other things, he asks Wahlen to hand him a napoleon. 'You see,' cries the juggler, addressing the audience, 'this gentleman hands me a napoleon. I put it in my pocket. Now let every one watch me narrowly. *Siberah, Vibberah, Tintentuncleristhatch — Presto, voilà!* The gentleman will tell you it is in his pocket again,' appealing to Wahlen, who was at that moment deep in Fichte or Jacob Boehme, and was startled into saying 'Yes,' before he knew he had said any thing. The juggler, with most triumphant air, now moved our friend to take his seat.

'Please return me my napoleon,' said Wahlen.

'Swindler!' exclaimed the juggler, in a low but resolute tone, 'have you not *said* publicly that you had it back again? If you make the slightest disturbance I will have you turned out of the house.'

'And I *made* no disturbance,' interrupted Wahlen, 'for two reasons. First, I was properly punished for forgetting where I was, and what I was doing; and secondly, the juggler's unparalleled audacity deserved its reward.'

'Ah! Jacob Wahlen,' said Vincent, pleasantly, 'you are a perfect mystery. You will become in due time a great German professor; and when you die — distant be the day — you will doubtless say, as your admired Hegel said: 'I shall leave behind me but one man who understands my doctrines, and he does *not* understand them.'

'Perhaps,' ejaculated Jacob Wahlen; and having uttered this single word in reply, he was again deep in his philosophical revery.

Here three or four of the company went across to the billiard-room.

'Well, Franz, are we not to see the picture after all?' said the Italian.

'I tell you the truth, Signor Italiano, I cannot paint it. I have sketched and rubbed out, and sketched again; it's of no use.'

'Why don't you do what some of your craft have done before you?'

'What is that?'

'Drive a trifling bargain with the old gentleman down stairs.'

'I won't do that. I believe in the devil, but don't think him a good artist; he colors too highly.'

'You must admit he *draws* well,' said Vincent.

'He's not the subject for a joke, at any rate,' replied Franz.

'Franz is low-spirited, I do believe.'

'Supposing he is,' said Clements, 'it is as it should be. You know the saying: 'Melancholy is the characteristic of the German; wit of the Frenchman; gallantry of the Spaniard; love of the Italian; and, I am almost too modest to add, sense of the Englishman.'

'While a happy combination of all you find only in the American — ahem!' said Vincent, laughing. 'But come, Franz, permit us to run up into your rooms, and see what you have done.'

'You shall, with pleasure, but the picture I cannot show you.'

Three or four of us accordingly followed our friend to the top of the house, where, of course, we had been often before. The appearance of the room was like that of every artist. One beheld the usual arrangement for light, the easel, stands for paints, etc., one or two unfinished pictures about the room, a few exquisite old paintings, and several pieces placed on the floor and turned to the wall.

'Now, won't you change your determination and show us the picture, although it be unfinished?' said Vincent.

As he said this, he took hold of one of the larger pieces of canvas, which was placed to face the wall, and, I imagine, quite involuntarily turned it around.

An exclamation of horror fell from every one, succeeded by a breathless silence, as our eyes were *fixed*, as if by enchantment, on the painting.

It was that of a young girl, no more than seventeen, having a classical face, with dark hair and eyes. In saying this I have said nothing. It was the expression which made the painting what it was; and yet there *was* no expression which one should recognize as human: and as for the eyes, they seemed, while you looked at them, *to creep into you*.

While we were thus standing transfixed, Franz rushed forward, and seizing the picture, turned it back again, exclaiming: 'For Heaven's sake, not that—not that!'

'Ah, my dear fellow, you are not yourself this evening; we will not tease you any more: but pray tell us what moves you so?' I said.

'The fact is, the black dog has been sitting all day on my left shoulder, as my Scotch friend Macdonald used to say. I do not know why or wherefore; and now you have turned around that picture, which has not been touched for a twelvemonth, I shall carry two black dogs instead of one; perhaps it will help to balance the load. At any rate, I will show you the unfinished thing you came to see, although I said I would n't. It will create a diversion at least.'

'No, Franz,' said Clements, 'you did not wish us to see it, and we will not look at it. But we have a request to make; I think I can speak for the rest. We want to know if the picture we have just seen is drawn from life?'

'I perceive,' replied Franz, in a more cheerful tone, 'that there is no escape for me. Whoever sees that picture once never rests till every thing is told. For this reason I always keep it with the face to the wall, and usually with something thrown over it; and, as I told you, I have not seen it before for a twelvemonth.'

'How could you ever have painted it?'

'*Me!*' replied the artist, with a look of terror. 'Mother of Heaven! I did not paint it! No, not I.' And Franz von Herberg stared at us for a moment as if he had forgotten who we were. He quickly recovered, and said hastily: 'Sit down—sit down; you shall hear what I have to tell about that painting. But, in the first place, let me ask if any one of you wishes to examine it more closely; if so, you are to do it before I commence, for when I have finished you must not ask to see it.'

No one expressed the least desire for another look, so fearful, I may say so terrible, was the effect of the first sight upon each one of us.

Whereupon Franz took the picture, and, without changing the position, placed it in his closet, and threw a quantity of loose papers over the canvas. Then bolting the door, he drew his chair toward us, and commenced as follows :

THE TERRIBLE PICTURE.

‘ ‘LIFE is not a particular form of body, but the body is a particular form of life. The body relates to the soul as the word to the thought.’ So says old Jacobi. He did not address artists, but artists may learn a lesson from the saying. So may you, *Messieurs* students of medicine. For myself, I always carry it in my head.

‘I don’t know why I commence by quoting Friedrich Jacobi, when I am to tell you about Ernst von Wolzogen, except that it was a favorite saying of Ernst, and since — but no matter.

‘Ernst and myself were born in the same village. He was but a year older than I, and we were placed at the same school together. From his childhood Ernst manifested a strong love for his art. At that period I had but little idea of it, and I owe to my intimacy with him my taste for painting. With a handsome person, eyes black and piercing, with long dark hair, and a magnificent brow, he certainly was the handsomest fellow I ever saw. As an artist he was bold, independent, full of original conception, no imitator, no copyist, no follower of any school, although he appreciated, as much as any one, the works of the great masters, as they are called. From the first he was remarkable for throwing *the very living thing itself* upon the canvas, in a manner which would astonish us all. There might be errors; there were errors of one kind and another; but for all that the thing itself stood before you. It mattered little whether it was a portrait, or a landscape, or a historical piece; the effect was produced. When certain faults were pointed out to him, he would say: ‘I know it — I perceive it — I will mend it by and by; but first I must see that my picture is *alive*, that it is *real*. ‘Life is not a particular form of body,’ etc.; the rest will come soon enough. We must have patience. It *will* come.’

‘Away from his easel, Ernst von Wolzogen was dreamy and superstitious. He was susceptible, too, but very shy; so that before he was one-and-twenty he had fallen in love and had his heart broken a dozen times without so much as speaking to his *inamoratas*. Once at his labors, however, all the unhappy mists which gathered about his brain were dispelled; then, and then only, he was really himself.

‘ ‘Art, my dear Franz,’ he would exclaim, ‘Art belongs to man only. In Art there is no divided empire.’ And he would triumphantly recite those lines of Schiller :

‘ ‘In dilligent toil thy master is the bee;
In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps
Through earth its dexterous way may tutor thee;
In knowledge, (couldst thou fathom all its deeps,)
All to the Seraph are already known:
But thine, O MAN, is ART — thine wholly and alone!’

‘I have said he was superstitious. I can hardly expect to be credited if I tell you what a slave he became to all sorts of signs, and omens, and prognostications. He believed, too, in presentiments and warnings. He

credited ghost-stories and tales of apparitions; and maintained that, were it not for our gross organization, we should all enjoy the privilege of second sight, and I do not know what else. This had a very unhappy effect on him; an effect I was quite unable to counteract, although we were bosom-companions, and had been almost inseparable from the time we commenced our studies.

'My friends,' continued the artist passionately, after a moment's pause, 'I loved Ernst. I loved him for these very weaknesses, which betokened a spirit far removed from this earth. Beyond every thing I loved him for his appreciation of our artist-life, and for having roused my soul to a proper sense of it.

'As I had much more of the practical in my composition than my friend, it fell to me to look after the economy of our every-day life, while he endeavored to carry me along with him in the rapid strides he was making in his art. We went over Europe in company. We dwelt together in Rome, in Florence, in Naples, in Vienna, in Munich, in Dresden, in Paris. We accompanied each other to see paintings and statues, and, in short, every thing worthy of examination.

'We had spent some time at Dresden, and Ernst was becoming more and more subject to the unfortunate influences I have named. I proposed, therefore, as an agreeable change, that we should go to Paris, and take apartments in a pleasant part of the town, and thus try the effect of gay and lively scenes. There was at the same time a painting in the Louvre—a landscape by Annibal Carracci, which had lately been transferred to that palace—which we both wanted to see.

'We came to Paris, and took rooms in the *rue de la Paix*. The first morning after our arrival Ernst started out alone to take a stroll through the gallery of the Louvre, in order, as he said, to report about the 'landscape.' He promised to return in an hour or two, but he did not come back till quite late in the afternoon. He was in a state of most cheerful excitement. He had not looked at the 'landscape,' but he had seen the most exquisite of all living pictures.

'Ernst was always extravagant when describing his favorites, but he now exceeded any thing he ever before said in praise of female perfection.

'Her name?'

'He did not know—he did not want to know. He only wanted to gaze on her, to be inspired by her, to worship her.

'I suppose,' I said, 'I may be permitted to visit the gallery and steal a single glance at the fair one.'

'Indeed,' replied Franz, 'you *must* see her; otherwise you have a right to think me beside myself.'

'The next day we went to the gallery together. We passed nearly half-way through the hall, when Ernst touched my arm.

'Seated before the painting by Teniers, of the 'Village Wedding,' was a young girl, scarcely more than seventeen. Her hat, and shawl, and gloves were laid aside, and she herself was so completely absorbed in transferring the scene to her canvas, that she did not appear aware of any thing that was going on around her.

'She was indeed a beautiful creature—perfect, it would seem, in form

and feature, and apparently of great simplicity of character; and no one could witness the enthusiasm with which she pursued her employment without feeling a strong interest in her. A man-servant, in plain livery, stood behind her. This indicated the enjoyment of competent means, while a certain indescribable bearing evidenced that our young *artiste* was of gentle birth and breeding.

“What shall I do?” whispered Ernst. “I must turn copyist. Let us see; what is the next painting? ‘The interior of a smoking tavern.’ Pshaw! that will never do; but on the other side! Ah! ‘Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man’—Rubens. I’ll copy it. By Jove! I’ll copy it! But is it honorable to take such an opportunity to be near this charming creature? Is it a fair advantage, think you?”

“Why not?” I replied; “surely, we may admire all the portraits here, whether on canvas or not; and you have certainly a right to select your position.”

“I wish you could have seen the work Ernst made of copying the piece he sat down to. Sometimes his Diogenes stood out with long, black tresses, and a delicate lithe form: again the cynic would absolutely forget his lantern, and at another time omit to light it. Droll business was it for Ernst von Wolzogen, already the pride of the younger German artists, and the admiration of all who saw his productions.

“The young girl, meanwhile, was busily engaged. Acute as the sex are in recognizing an admirer, I do not believe she had any thought that Ernst was other than an artist intent upon his copy, so single-hearted was she in her own pursuits. But this could not last always. The ‘Village Wedding’ was finished, and our heroine, after an absence of a week—during which time Ernst was inconsolable—reappeared at the Louvre, and, selecting a picture in another part of the hall, again commenced her labors. It was a landscape by Salvator Rosa, a painting calculated to call forth all her enthusiasm, and she began it with a zeal delightful to witness.

“What am I to do now?” said Ernst, despairingly. “Be near her I must: I live but in her presence. What will become of me?”

“You should paint her; then you will have her image to worship.”

“Ah! would I had the right to do so; but I will not steal a portrait; I should despise myself for ever after.”

“By the way, where is your Diogenes?”

“That is a most excellent joke. It is the only funny part of the affair. *My* Diogenes, indeed! No one after this will accuse me of *copying*.”

“But what have you done with it?”

“Done with it? Nothing: I gave it to Laurent to amuse his children.”

“Then I must get it from him. I will give him two pieces, much more suitable for children, for the one which he has, and preserve it for exhibition, when you are renowned.”

“But that does me no good now. Let me reflect: I do not dare venture again to copy next her; she would certainly notice it.”

“She would not: and that is why I admire her.”

“Well, let us see, then, what I am to work at.” We moved toward the spot where the girl was sitting.

“The dead CHRIST.”

“I will not place myself there,” said Ernst, emphatically. “Why will artists spend their labor on death? as if *representation* was their sole work. Believe me, it is a false idea. Life, *life* always. We have nothing to do with *dead* bodies.” And he repeated his favorite quotation.

“Look on the other side.”

“A sketch of Paradise.” That will do. The *living* SAVIOUR is there. This I will endeavor to transfer, and *she* shall inspire me.”

A short time after this conversation, I went to Havre for the purpose of taking leave of one of my relations who was about embarking for America. I was absent four days. On my return, I met Ernst standing at the entrance of our house; he expressed much satisfaction on seeing me, and appeared, I think, more cheerful than usual.”

Here Franz von Herberg stopped and mused for a moment.

“*Messieurs*,” he continued, “what I am about to relate was told me by Ernst himself. I will proceed and take up the story from the time of my leaving for Havre, until my return to Paris—a period, I have said, of four days.

“On the day of my departure, Ernst went as usual to the Louvre, and took his accustomed seat. He had really done something toward copying Tintoret’s Paradise, and was certainly much improving it. I have it now in an unfinished state, and you shall see it. The girl, too, was busy with her pencil, while the very proximity made Ernst sufficiently happy. The next day Ernst resumed his seat at the usual time, but the young girl was not there. A half-hour passed, and she did not come. Five minutes more—Ernst saw her walking along the gallery. His heart beat tumultuously. He could scarcely restrain his emotion. As the object of his devotion approached, he perceived that she was not accompanied by the man-servant who invariably attended her. She walked, however, rapidly forward, cast an uncertain glance around, then placed a chair for herself, and arranged for her morning’s occupation. Ernst observed, however, that her countenance bore a troubled look, and that her dress was in disorder, and some parts of it seemed to have been recently soiled and draggled with mud from the street. She continued to wear both hat and shawl. This of itself would scarcely have attracted Ernst’s notice, were it not for the strange appearance which the young girl exhibited. So much was he carried away by it, that, forgetting his previous resolution, he seized his pencil and commenced sketching her.

“While he was thus engaged, and utterly absorbed in the occupation, the subject of his sketch rose and stepped toward him.

“Ernst colored crimson, and, like a guilty wretch, unconsciously drew aside the paper on which he was drawing.

“You were taking me?” she said.

“On my honor,” cried Ernst, deeply moved, “on my honor, it was involuntary;” and he tore the paper in pieces to prove his sincerity.

“But do you desire to paint me?”

“Ernst dared not raise his eyes. His first impulse was to fall at her feet and pour out his soul to her, for the tone in which she asked the question implied a willingness to grant the favor.

“Do you desire to paint me?” she repeated.

“I would ask nothing more in this world, could I have permission.”

“It is granted. But you must come *now*. I can give you but *one* sitting.”

“I will attend *Mademoiselle* immediately.”

“Nay, I will attend *you*.”

Ernst hesitated.

“*Monsieur* is losing time.”

Ernst von Wolzogen was taken by surprise. What could it mean? Had he mistaken the character of his adored object? No; he could swear—No! Was it possible? Had she discovered his secret devotion, and was she therefore willing to show him this favor from a sense of pity? As yet Ernst had not presumed to look at her, but sat spell-bound.

“We lose time,” she whispered softly.

Ernst started up, and, bowing low, led the way out of the gallery.

They descended the steps together, and stood on the pavement. Ernst beckoned for a carriage. His companion uttered a faint exclamation, too indistinct to be understood, and said hurriedly, “I will walk.”

They proceeded on in silence. Reaching the house, the young girl followed Ernst up the stair-case and into his apartment.

“Where,” said she, “shall I sit?”

Ernst hastened to place his visitor; then he arranged the canvas, and deciding on what he thought the proper distance, he seized his brush.

For the first time, he now looked steadily at his companion.

She had thrown aside her hat and shawl. Her hair, escaping from its fastening, lay in disorder over her shoulders. The face—the eyes! Ernst dropped his brush. He was terror-stricken.

“We lose time,” once more she repeated.

Ernst again took up the brush; he fixed his eyes boldly on the sitter; he set to work; he grew more and more excited; touch after touch was laid on; no point was omitted. His labor was so intense that he felt his breath shortening and his pulse throbbing as he proceeded.

“The hour has expired: I must leave you,” said the girl; and she rose to depart.

“Stay—stay; in HEAVEN’S name, stay—one instant. The eyes, the eyes—I *must* have another glance.”

She turned her head; she fixed her gaze intently on Ernst for at least a minute; then waving her hand to prevent his following her, she slowly walked away.

Ernst continued at the picture the entire day, without the slightest intermission, and when evening came he laid it aside, finished. He went to bed, but he could not sleep. To use his own expression, those eyes were *burnt into him*. How would this adventure end? Would she be at the Louvre the next day? Would he ever dare address her? *Was* his visitor really the same person he had beheld so often there? She was, and she was not. What could it mean?

Ernst passed the night, his brain teeming with tumultuous thoughts, and his heart beating with violence all the time. The morning dawned, and found him feverish and excited. He rose and hastily dressed himself. His first impulse was to inspect the portrait. He went to his easel;

he looked on the canvas. His teeth chattered ; his knees knocked together.

'At that instant, the woman who had charge of the room entered with his breakfast and the morning journal.

'Ernst swallowed a cup of coffee. Taking up the journal, the first paragraph which met his eyes was the following :

"MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE. — Yesterday, as Mademoiselle DE LAUNY, only daughter of the Comte DE LAUNY, was proceeding in her carriage to the Louvre, which she was in the habit of visiting daily, the horses took fright near the corner of the *Rue de Rivoli* and the *Rue Castiglione*. As the postillion endeavored to curb them, one of the reins broke, and the horses becoming unmanageable ran furiously down the street, upsetting the carriage with great violence, by which Mademoiselle DE LAUNY was thrown out upon the pavement and her skull fractured. She was taken up senseless, and immediately conveyed to the residence of the Comte, where every means that medical skill could suggest were resorted to, but in vain. She continued insensible, and after the lapse of one hour, life was extinct."

'Ernst read no more, although the paragraph contained particulars of the beauty of the deceased, her accomplishments, her virtues : he threw down the journal. Did a shivering seize him ? Was he maddened with excitement, or struck with horror ? Quite the contrary. He was perfectly calm and tranquil. His own convictions were sustained and carried out : he felt a serious pleasure that *a sign had been made to him*.

'The following day I returned. I found Ernst, as I have said, more cheerful than usual. Never before had I seen him so free from gloomy thoughts and fancies. To be sure, he was not gay or animated, but he never appeared more rational. His favorite author was Schiller. He felt a sympathy with any thing from his pen. As we sat together the morning in which he gave me the account I have now detailed, he repeated from Schiller's dying words, 'Now is life so clear ! So much is made clear and plain !' Think you,' he continued, laying his hand upon the table, 'that this base matter is more enduring than spirit ? I can now answer Schiller's question :

— 'SEE
The marble-tessellated floor ; and there
The very walls are glittering livingly
In clearest hue and tint. The artist where ?
Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
Pencil and colors !'

'I did not think it judicious to raise any discussion about a subject so delicate, although Ernst and I had been for years in the habit of canvassing each other's opinions with great freedom. Beside — the painting. It would have been idle, were I disposed, to assert, what I by no means felt sure of myself, that it was the work of a heated and overwrought brain ; that, distracted by disappointment in not meeting the object of his passionate adoration, his feverish fancy had supplied the rest. I neither affirmed nor denied what Ernst would say, but endeavored to minister as much as I could to his prevailing cheerfulness. We continued to take our walks together ; we discussed subjects of art as before ; but my friend never took up his unfinished pictures ; *he never again entered the Louvre !*

'"Franz, I shall never paint any more," he said to me as I was urging him to resume his labors. "I cannot," he continued, "explain to you how I feel. My devotion for Art is not lessened, nay, it is stronger in my heart than ever. I am neither moon-struck nor melancholy. What has

happened to me *is natural*. But the flesh is weak. I *cannot* sit again at the easel after ——'

'He did not finish the sentence: he knew I understood him.

'Ernst proceeded: 'I must change my life. I must court an active life. I will busy myself with the practical.'

'And thy *artist-life*, O Ernst!'

'Shall still live, Franz, in my soul: it shall show itself in my deeds: they shall be humane, truthful, energetic, and so I will *create* a new picture. Behold my faith:

'Six thousand years has death reigned tranquilly!
Nor one corpse come to whisper those who die
What *after* death requites us!'

No longer am *I* without assurance. This is why I am cheerful, hopeful; I believe in the '*requiter*.'

'I did not attempt to dissuade him. I could not; for I was myself convinced that Ernst was right in his decision.

'His plans were not settled, but he determined first to devote a few months to travel and recreation.

'The time had come when I was to lose my early friend and companion. We parted with an understanding that we should meet during the season in our native village.

'Ernst decided to pass through Switzerland. It was as yet too early to cross the higher passes of the Alps with safety. But Ernst was always enthusiastic among such scenes, and loved the excitement attending them.

'You doubtless remember a published account, about eighteen months ago, of a company of five persons who, attempting to cross by the pass of the St. Gothard, were overtaken by a *tourmente* near the fatal *Buco dei Calanchetti*. Ernst was one of the party, and perished beneath the avalanche.'

There was a long pause after Von Herberg had concluded. It was broken by Vincent.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that story makes me feel deucedly *unsettled*? You Germans are a fearful set of fellows. What is the use of harrowing up one's fancies in this way? Franz, my dear boy, I mean no offence; with you it's all very natural, but it's too hard work for me: beside, my old aunt would say that it isn't good Bible doctrine. Gentlemen, you must all adjourn to my room. Franz, you shall lodge with me to-night; I have two beds, you know. I am afraid to leave you alone after such a narration. Lock that closet-door and throw away the key — g-h-r-r r-r! It makes me shiver to think of it. *Allons, Messieurs*, I have some champagne-wine and a box of real Havanas just smuggled, and, what is more, I propose to tell you a story which I heard but yesterday, and which, I hope, will help us to forget this one, so that we may sleep in peace without those *eyes* — g-h-r-r-r-r! *Allons — allons*.'

Not one of the party had stirred while Vincent was making his speech. But the spell was now broken, and, accompanied by Franz, they all descended to Vincent's room, making numerous lively demonstrations on the way. The corks flew from the champagne; pipes, meerschaums, and cigars were lighted; and after a reasonable period spent in discussing their merits, Vincent was called on for the story.

D E A T H O F D A N I E L W E B S T E R .

THE deep full accents of a nation's woe,
 Which mourns the havoc of the fatal blow;
 The vain oblations to departed worth,
 Which wrought and shone until the last of earth,
 Proclaim the hero is no more, whose story
 Has filled the measure of his country's glory.
 Not where dark-rolling clouds of fury met,
 And, mid the wrath, the sun in slaughter set,
 And flashed the lightnings on the field of strife,
 Fast followed by the flood of failing life;
 But there, where mustered in the war of mind
 The arbiters and chieftains of mankind;
 Where coped the champions of the intellect
 In the still fight of matchless argument;
 Where gathered heroes toils could not deject,
 In the night-watch on Freedom's battlement,
 Mightiest he stood, serenest in his might,
 Calm as a statue in the pale moon-light,
 Firm as a hill, whose feet roll back the sea,
 And strong as tempests and the lightnings be,
 When came the battle for the Right and Free!

The Master eloquent is dead; the Sage,
 The Statesman, and the Man of all his age!
 The seal is set! Earth hath reclaimed her dust,
 And given to Heaven her glory and her trust;
 Leaving the world — what Time shall not obscure
 While Liberty and Gratitude endure —
 The memory of his works, his well-earned fame,
 Th' eternal sunshine of his glorious name.

Where floats the blood-bought banner of the stars,
 The flag of Freedom, flaming through the wars;
 From nation unto nation, pole to pole,
 Where cry th' oppressed, and roaring oceans roll,
 There can they tell who made our navies ride,
 Who bade our commerce whiten every tide;
 Who dared unbar the barriers to the breeze,
 And gave the world the freedom of the seas!

Where treads the Greek, now more than half a Greek,
 The fields, whose very stones of glory speak,
 And where the sun of splendor, set, still glows
 In twilight skies o'er heroes in repose;
 There have they hailed DEMOSTHENES again,
 Whose voice came thundering o'er the sounding main,
 With cheering words to succor the oppressed,
 Groaning on graves by god-like sires possessed!

Where the bald Andes lift aloft the sky,
 And to the plains the condor screams from high,
 There they lament the grand old chieftain's death,
 Who kindled up republics with his breath!

Where, from young California's golden sand
 To Old Dominion's consecrated strand;
 From where the Lakes leap thundering to the Ocean
 To where the Gulf careers on in commotion,
 The hamlet's smoke curls peaceful to the skies,
 The cities gleam, the solemn temples rise,

And Education mouldeth men of worth
 To guard the Freedom which hath blessed their birth :
 There can they tell the story of the man
 Who more than 'Roman' made 'American ;'
 Whose counsel guided, and conformed whose skill,
 A jarring State in every time of ill ;
 Whose Country was the idol of his soul,
 Her welfare his Ambition's utmost goal ;
 And in whose service, to his latest hour,
 He nobly toiled along the path of power.

The sleep is on him, and his toils are passed,
 The valley lies upon his breast at last ;
 And let him slumber, for in grand old age
 Hath gone the Statesman, Patriot, and Sage.
 But breathes his spirit in each peaceful plain,
 Made fertile with the blood of heroes slain ;
 Nor shall 'the mould upon his memory be,'
 While men shall dare, or nations shall be free ;
 Nor WEBSTER'S name as household word shall fail,
 Nor one of all his radiant glories pale,
 Until the heavens shall deny their dew,
 Until the rain-bow shall resolve its hues,
 When, in the great and awful hour sublime,
 The last cold wave of light breaks on the shores of Time.

CLAUDE HAISBE

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

AUNT SOLOMON AT HOME.

'MORE qualifications are required to become a great fortune than even to make one ; and there are several pretty persons about town ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate than they possibly could have been with the want of it.'

STEELE.

I BEG leave to return again to my most respectable and indefatigable aunt, Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. I delight, at times, to dwell upon her characteristics. She is an active, energetic, and large-sized epitome of the enterprising, fashionable ladies of our city. She has attempted to make her way in New-York society, and her way she is going to make. What she undertakes to do — and I quote her own words — she is in the habit of doing. That is her style, and a very effective style it is.

She is eminently a 'strong-minded' woman. If fortune had determined her lot at the head of an Orange-county dairy, she would have grown up remarkably red in the face, strong in the elbows, tyrannic in her demeanor to milk-maids, and eminent in cheeses.

As it is, the surplus energy of her character works off pleasantly in

furbelows, coach-driving, opera-going, and assiduous cultivation of respectably-connected young men. To aid in her designs upon society, she is possessed of great constitutional activity, a large share of the salary of Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, (as well as the dividends of his coal-stock,) the promising and brilliant WASHINGTON FUDGE, and the French and finery of the daughter — my cousin WILHELMINA.

She is gratified with evidence of very perceptible gain in her advances: I see it in her air; I see it in her treatment of the whimsical Mr. BODGERS; I see it, I am sorry to say, in her comparatively negligent treatment of myself. The time was when my youthful air, jaunty toilet, and hotel habitude, rendered my visits impressive and desirable. My aunt delighted in my society; she gained from me, in a circuitous way, a great deal of information as to what was doing in polite circles; and a great many valuable hints in regard to the city education of WASHINGTON and WILHELMINA. That time is gone by. I feel myself growing, week by week, of less consideration.

Mrs. FUDGE has achieved, through the indirect and unwitting action of Mr. BODGERS, an acquaintance with that elegant young man, Mr. QUID. A little blight seems to hang upon his father's business character; in virtue of which, it is thought, the son is possessed of a large supply of ready money. As for the mother, there is little said or known about her; she lived and died in Paris, and was very probably connected with a princely family — perhaps that of the Great Mogul himself. ADOLPHUS QUID has command, as I hinted, of no inconsiderable income. This fact, in connection with his foreign antecedents and familiarity with the social arts of the gay capital, renders him a decided favorite with enterprising ladies who are possessed of fashionable and marriageable daughters.

Through Mr. QUID, Mrs. FUDGE contrives an acquaintance with young SPINDLE; who, being eminently fashionable, and having formed, as rumor reports, very distinguished acquaintances abroad, is quite a feather in the FUDGE connection. I may take occasion to remark here, that a young man of ambitious social tendencies can hardly play a better card than by forcing his way — whether by presumption or strategy — into the houses of British gentlemen of reputation. Not a few individuals have come to my knowledge who are now trading largely and successfully upon this capital alone. The matter exposes us, it is true, to the occasional querulous observations of such grumblers as Mr. CARLYLE; but, on the other hand, it supplies our choicer circles with numerous young men of sharp shirt-collars and intense interest.

For my own part, I must confess that I always feel a little doubtful of those social attractions which never seem to be appreciated except they make their appearance over seas and out of sight. One of the best ways in the world for a man to be a gentleman, is to be a gentleman — at home. But if my aunt, Mrs. FUDGE, like many another good woman, can find sufficient charm in her visitors, springing from so slender a source as the casual reception of foreign social charities, I shall neither quarrel with her judgment nor abuse her taste.

Mrs. FUDGE has educated, and is educating, WILHELMINA — to be married. It is a common aim of city education; perhaps the very common-

est. Properly pursued, it is a worthy aim; grateful to parents, and especially grateful to daughters. I am inclined to think, however, that it should not be the only aim of life, even with young ladies. Very many would probably disagree with me. Mrs. FUDGE, in her secret heart, I am confident would do so. WILHELMINA would do the same.

It is my opinion that she does justice to her education, and that a prospective husband, rich, elegant, of good position and yielding manners, is rarely out of her thoughts or foreign to her plans. I am confident that she dwells upon the topic, and shows a power and fertility of imagination in that direction which would be utterly incomprehensible, except by young ladies similarly educated. I should not wonder if she had espoused, in fancy, a dozen or more of the most distinguished-looking young men at present upon the stage of city life.

Whether such forays of fancy are of any great benefit, or, indeed, very satisfactory in the end, I am inclined to doubt. For a vast deal of time seems to me to be lavished upon this peculiar employment of the young-lady imagination. If the hours spent in those myriad conceits which attach to the thought of—a husband, were passed in that sort of self-culture which gives independent dignity, and which, in supplying high mental resources and the glow of a thousand social charities, would make the vista of a woman's life full and rich—whether husbanded or no—there would, in my opinion, be a gain for the sex.

It would be interesting to compute what proportion of the young ladies' private talk, of the city or of watering-places, bears relation, either remotely or directly, to husbands for themselves, or to husbands for some one else. It would be interesting to know what variety and fertility of discussion illustrates those moral, mental, and physical qualities which go to make up *une bonne partie*. I have sometimes thought of taking up the matter myself, and of executing a treatise upon the subject: and what with my intimacy with Aunt SOLOMON and WILHELMINA, to say nothing of BRIDGET, JEMIMA, and the like, I am confident I could achieve a very popular work.

Miss WILHELMINA, like most girls of eighteen or nineteen, has her instinctive likings, and very romantic ones at that. But under cautious motherly guidance, they have not as yet cropped out very luxuriantly. I suspect she was in love with her music-master—the delightful pale Pole already alluded to. And had Monsieur HAUSTHIZY been JOHN BROWN, of the firm of WITLESS AND BROWN, wealthy hide-dealers, and strong upon 'change, the affection would have been encouraged, doubtless, and perhaps reciprocated.

Mrs. FUDGE, however, suggests no haste. She hopes WILHE. will, for the present, play off one admirer against another—SPINDLE against QUID, QUID against SPINDLE—for some time to come. In her own mind she has little doubt that either would be easily enchained by the attractions of Cousin WILHELMINA.

My cousin WILHE.—the dear girl—who is growing more coquette every day, reasons this way, (so far as I can judge from not a little private conversation :) 'QUID, being only son, living well, and somewhat weak of judgment, (and so liable to be reasonable, and not to combat any whim of mine after marriage,) is a desirable match. SPINDLE, being better

known, a capital dancer, and somewhat *distingué* in his air, is a better man to have about one. But, being one of several children, his father still in business, and apparently healthy, he is not upon the whole so desirable a *partie*.'

Cousin WILHELMINA thereupon undertakes a flirtation with SPINDLE, while she keeps an honest eye for the QUID chances. I do not know that she is to be blamed for this: she is certainly not to be blamed under the circumstances named, and for the very substantial reasons given, for preferring QUID to SPINDLE; she knows, furthermore—as well as every body else—that nothing so provokes a little faltering timidity of advance in such a young man as Mr. QUID as to witness a good round flirtation with a pleasant and jaunty friend. Indeed, I have hinted as much to my friend WILHELMINA, who thereupon wore an air of great surprise, as if she doubted the fact—all which I regarded as only a pretty coquettish way she has of playing the innocent.

It is my opinion that great innocence is the prettiest possible aid that can come to the relief of a discomfited or embarrassed city flirt. From some little observation of my own, I would recommend its cultivation in preference to any more showy qualities. WILHELMINA, for example, in talking with Mr. QUID, sometimes forgets herself into an affectionate *naïveté* of remark, which has the prettiest effect in the world; when, (as she always does,) a few moments after, she blushes at thought of her indiscretion, and apologizes, and wonders she could have been so foolish, and asks (with such an air!) if Mr. QUID would be kind enough to forget it all.

And Mr. QUID, taking the bait, stammers out an answer which he clearly does n't mean, and only thinks of the shrinking, lovely creature in the shadowy barège, who shows such pretty submission; and wanders off, after a time, with as pleasant a bit of recollection of WILHELMINA as my enterprising cousin could possibly desire.

Then again Miss WILHELMINA has a pretty knack of mentioning inadvertently to Mr. QUID the little attentions she has received from Mr. SPINDLE, and Mr. So-and-So—gentleman friends of hers—and so very agreeable as they are; not that she would say that they were *altogether* attractive, but such agreeable talkers; that is, agreeable to most ladies, but, for her part, 'she detests flattery.'

I remark here, as a singular circumstance, that young ladies all detest flattery; and considering their intense dislike of it, the amount of patience which they keep in store must be enormous. The same perhaps might be said of most young men: I am inclined to think that it might.

I am gratified by the confidence which Miss WILHELMINA reposes in me. She communicates to me very freely, especially in reference to the remarks dropped in her hearing by her gentleman admirers. I am inclined to think that she likes to ascertain, in a careless way, my interpretation of their inuendoes, though she does not say this. It is certain that she listens very kindly and keenly to any gratuitous explanations of mine. Generally, however, she had surmised 'as much herself.' She is 'by no means disposed to count men in earnest—not she. She has seen too much of society for that, she hopes.'

I may remark in this connection, that most young ladies, however staid or proper, do not like to be supposed ignorant of any of the little arts of flirtation. Least of all are they willing to allow themselves to be the subjects of any delusion in that art. One might suppose, indeed, from the conversation of WILHE., that the great aim of her gentleman friends was to create in her a very undue impression of their real character and feelings, (which, doubtless, is partially true;) and that the great object of her life and conversation was so to wear her knowledge of their deceptive practices as to seem the most naïve and confiding creature in the world. To tell the truth, a very large share of the town intercourse would come safely under the same general description.

Mrs. FUDGE, being a keen observer, is a reasonably good tactician: her tactics, however, are rather *brusque*; and I have a fear that she may injure WILHELMINA's prospects in consequence.

The real state of Mrs. FUDGE's feelings I take to be this; indeed, in confidential moments I think she may possibly express herself to her daughter in this way:

'WILHE., dear, you are my only daughter, and I naturally take great pride in your success. You are now getting to an age at which you may reasonably hope to create some remark. Your father's position is a good one in the moneyed world, and also to some extent in the political. You will not forget, my dear, that your father was for some time mayor.

'WASHINGTON I hope brilliant things from on his return from Paris. He was always inclined to dancing, and he has a distinguished figure.

'Do not be in haste to be married, my dear; there is no greater mistake a young girl can make. You have advantages — great advantages. It is highly proper that you should use them. Try and be conciliating, WILHE. Young Mr. QUID is an interesting person, beside being fashionable. I hear that he is wealthy, and I would be cautious about offending him seriously. At the same time, a little piquant quarrel is often very serviceable, and gives you occasion to appear very amiable. You should treat TOMMY SPINDLE with great consideration: he is of a distinguished family, and you will find an intimacy with him — I might almost say, if I approved of such things, a flirtation — very serviceable. It will make remark and lead to inquiry, by which you will be favorably known in fashionable circles.

'Your cousin TOXY (the reader will spare my blushes) I beg you to humor: he is past the age when you need have any fear of an association of your name with his; and there being a remote cousinship, I think you might banter him very familiarly. With all his conceit, he has really seen a good deal of society; and though I would by no means recommend direct questioning, yet you may pick up a good deal of instruction from him about society, without his once suspecting your design.

'Your cousin KITTY you should treat kindly. It is not necessary to be familiar. She is a poor girl, and, as you must see, quite countrified. She seems an amiable, sprightly creature, and with your advantages, WILHE., of position and of wealth, would very likely have been a belle. I think young SPINDLE has met her, and is pleased with her. You should take occasion to speak kindly of her to him — especially of her beauty and her naïve country manner. You need not, however, call it 'country

manner.' That will of course suggest itself to him. Where it can do no harm, as in this instance, always show yourself amiable. You might even venture the wish that 'you were in her place—so poor;' as in that event you could be sure that your admirers were sincere. Your own good sense, WILHE., will suggest the wistful look that should always accompany such a remark.

'BRIDGET and JEMIMA are very good girls in their way, and we must invite them here some day; perhaps during Lent. But I beg you would keep yourself on your guard, and don't show a familiarity upon which they can at all presume. As they are quite poor, it might prove very awkward.'

As for my uncle SOLOMON, I suspect he has never been very much interested in the fashionable *ménage* of my aunt. It humors him to find WILHE. admired; it would humor him more to see her married to the son of a fat broker, of large expectations. He regards every thing about the town, and in the world generally, as ephemeral and sentimental, which does not have reference to stocks or good position in the moneyed circles. He delights in the respect shown him by quite a horde of bank-clerks; he admires their reverence, he is gratified by it. He has the highest regard for such benefactors of their race as the ROTHSCHILDS, and BARINGS, and the late Mr. ASTOR.

He likes to see his name in the papers: and if he could at breakfast read the announcement that 'our eminent merchant, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, late mayor, has, we understand, entered into partnership with the house of BARINGS, and will henceforth occupy himself with the supervision of their American business,' he would be ready to die at dinner, and leave my aunt a widow. I am confident of this.

Ambition is not without its rewards. The name of SOLOMON FUDGE is becoming more and more known in the circles and among the bill-brokers of Wall-street. The long-pursed men dwell longer upon his paper. There are hints that his Dauphin speculations have proved unfortunate; but still he is accounted rich; his carriage takes him up at three.

The FUDGES generally are talked of. The FUDGES' equipage is known, and the FUDGES' box at the opera. The FUDGES' ball is mentioned in the Sunday papers; it is known that the FUDGES were at Saratoga or at Newport. The FUDGES begin to be ranked with the SPINDLES. I find myself recognized by ambitious members of the New-York Club as a—FUDGE. Count SALLE (who drops his title out of respect for our institutions) knows the FUDGES; is seen with the FUDGES; absolutely visits at the FUDGES'. A great proportion of the talk of the frequenters of the New-York Hotel is—FUDGE.

The last FUDGE ball was reckoned, I am proud to say, one of the crowning triumphs of the season. In some of the details of ceremonial my advice was deemed essential. (I do not say this in disparagement of either Mr. BROWN or Mr. WELLER.) I feel justified in saying that it was fashionably attended. Mrs. FUDGE having made interest with one or two old belles of a tractable disposition, by virtue of a shower of opera-tickets and such-like attentions, had the pleasure of greeting a great many desirable people for the first time. The SPINDLE girls, after long discus-

sion, had consented to honor madame: it was remembered that Mr. FUDGE had been mayor; that the daughter was *bien élevée*; and that WASHINGTON, on his return from Paris, might turn out—who could tell?—something desirable. The PINKERTONS also had delighted the hostess by an acceptance, and sustained their dignity by keeping very much to themselves in a corner, and remarking, in an amiable way, that ‘there was really *nobody* there.’ The SPINDLES, it may be remarked, who were of a different set, had previously made the same playful observation. The HOBBS and JENKINSSES, being unknown to each other and the before-mentioned parties, were of the same opinion—‘that there was really *nobody* there.’

It is not a little curious to observe how the first rash ventures of a fashionably-disposed lady upon our town society bring together a heterogeneous mixture of coteries, each circling in its own orbit, bolstering up its own dignity, and all very critical upon one another and their host. But as venture succeeds venture—if only the husband’s forbearance and liberality hold out, and the daughter’s graces or expectations make the risk a secure one—it is interesting to notice how the floating elements seem to combine, and the impurities settle away through the sieve of womanly discernment, until our adventuress becomes an established lady of the town, her daughter the toast of aspiring boys at SINCLAIR’S, and herself a very leviathan in the boudoir.

Mrs. FUDGE, on the particular occasion alluded to, was earnest in her receptions, and very red in the face: at best it is hot work, but with my aunt SOLOMON’S intensity of manner, I am sure it must have been frightful.

Desirable young men were even more abundant than the same quality of ladies. They are, I observe, by far less fastidious in their socialities than the gentler sex: beside which, the suppers on such occasions are specially bounteous, and fresh flirtations offer with those bouncing parvenues, who are very apt to put on a little boldness of manner and familiarity of approach, to cover, as it seems to me, a certain lack of the *savoir faire*.

Count SALLE, with eye-glass and white waist-coat, set off with crimson edging, was absolutely ravishing. His devotion to Miss WILHELMINA was unbounded; and I have my suspicions that he uprooted many of those tender feelings which my cousin had previously entertained for young men generally, Mr. QUID in special. It was delightful to witness the matronly pride with which my indulgent aunt regarded this new and brilliant conquest. It is quite impossible to picture the irradiation of her face: only the presence of WASHINGTON, to bewitch the three Miss SPINDLES—a feat he would undoubtedly have accomplished—was needed to complete her triumph.

I cannot say that any unusual or important incident occurred. At a New-York party they do not ordinarily occur. I should say, that importance of any kind did not often belong to such gatherings. Indeed, I have long been at a loss to determine what special and definite interest can belong to a crowded party of the city. The loss of a coat-tail, or of a new hat, or even of sobriety itself, is not to be spoken of. And it has always seemed to me that there was far more of rational good-humor

and social *bonhomie* at a smaller gathering, and that your *jam* proper bore about the same relation to a fairly-filled room of genial people, who are not shy of each other, that a fashionable dinner-party — where you have to gauge your conversation by the card upon your neighbor's plate — bears to the old sort of cozy companionship of four good fellows over a generous joint and a pot-bellied little decanter of South-side wine.

Of course my aunt thought differently; and so thought WILHELMINA; and Uncle SOLOMON yielded to it, as one of the disagreeable necessities of what Mrs. FUDGE calls their 'growing position.' I have heard of other husbands who have yielded in the same way, and for the same reasons.

I said that no incident occurred: I mistake. An incident did occur. It was verging toward the middle of the night. Madame was fully satisfied that WILHELMINA had acquitted herself bewitchingly, and had succeeded in captivating that elegant gentleman, the French count. She had gratulated herself on having won such honor in the eyes of the PENDLETONS as would entitle her to a respectful bow from their carriage ever after; she felt sure of this. She had even ventured across the room, to drop a few encouraging words to that neglected lady, the elder Miss SPINDLE, when she was startled by the abrupt entrance of a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with his arm swung in a yellow bandanna, and accompanied by a fairy, timid creature in full white, with only a sprig of geranium in her bosom and a trailing bunch of fuchsia in her hair.

It is needless to remark that I speak of TRUMAN BODGERS and KITTY FLEMING.

It is needless to remark that the kind-hearted Mr. BODGERS addressed Mrs. FUDGE in his most friendly way:

'How d' ye do, Cousin PHÆBE? — how d' ye do! KITTY and I thought we would take a look in upon ye, and here we are. Blowy evening out, Squire, (addressing Uncle SOLOMON,) but you're looking uncommon well; no rheumatiz, I hope? As for Cousin PHÆBE — 'pon my word, PHÆBE, you look as smart as when you was a gal!'

If the roof had fallen, or the gas gone out, or WILHELMINA fainted, I think my aunt would have borne it bravely. I am sure that she would have shown less agitation (bless her kind heart!) than she now manifested at meeting with an old friend. Mr. BODGERS must have observed it. It is certain that he tried every allowable means of consolation; he addressed endearing words to Mrs. FUDGE; he bade her 'bear up, and keep a stiff upper lip;' he patted her, with his sound arm, upon the shoulder.

Whether there was not a little lurking humor in Mr. BODGERS' face, as he walked off with Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, is more than I can say. But I may take occasion to observe, that true refinement is never embarrassed by contact with seeming vulgarity; and only those sailing under the flag of a weakly power drop their colors at sight of a strange craft. There is a repose of manner in that woman who is always conscious of right intention and only modest endeavor, which rises by its own buoyancy to the height of dignity in any and every presence.

Miss KITTY possessed that pretty diffidence of manner and look which attracts, in the town assemblages, not less for its intrinsic charm than for

its exceeding rarity. Indeed, I suspect that she created a diversion among the besiegers of my cousin WILHELMINA, which may possibly work unexpected consequences. And she did this all the more effectively (let me say, for the benefit of those concerned) because she did it quite unconsciously.

Mr. QUID, who had breakfasted in company with lords, and accomplished many similar social feats, appeared to be quite charmed with the native graces of KERRY, and paid her a degree of attention which proved a very successful offset to the coquetries of WILHELMINA *à propos du Comte*.

There is something, after all, in a fair and honest girlish brow, though it be not set off with the arts and the smirks of the town education, which steals its way to the inner places of even a bad man's heart, and which kindles in him a little wishfulness of better things than belong to the high-road of blazoning fashion. But woe be to the pure-hearted girl that yields to the first gush of town admiration which her innocence will demand: for the chances are, that she will find it, however native in its burst, a very feeble and quick-consuming offering upon that altar of a heart where only truth and nature have kindled flames!

How it happened that Mr. BODGERS and Miss KERRY should be in such place at such time, and how my little cousin KERRY sustained herself under the exuberant addresses of Mr. QUID, I must take another chapter to tell.

— Not, however, before I go back to follow the Parisian advances of my excellent male cousin, GEORGE WASHINGTON FUDGE, whom I left amid all the delightful experiences of an intrigue with the elegant Miss JENKINS.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

AN INTRIGUE BY WASH. FUDGE.

‘He that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of LYONEUS' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through rime mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her.’

WASHINGTON.

MASTER FUDGE had discovered, if I remember rightly, that the *incognita* of the masked ball could be none other than his old companion of ship-board, Miss JENKINS. He exulted, if I remember, in the discovery. It certainly was amusing. In some sense it must have been a triumph. He felt that he was gaining ground. He enjoyed his mirror excessively. Paris observation had not been in vain. He had grown killing. I think, in view of the circumstances, I might be allowed to express a certain degree of pity for Miss JENKINS.

WASHINGTON FUDGE, however, did no such thing—not he; the inexorable, the complacent, the ravishing, the elegant, the merciless WASH. FUDGE! It is really painful to think what a hecatomb of young ladies are annually offered up, sacrificed, burnt, absolutely consumed, in the devotional fires which such young men inspire! I have just now in my mind's eye several who, by their own fearless admission, (the cannibals!) carry oceans of tender girl-blood upon their skirts!

Their fearful cruelties they wear like honors, and prey ferociously, summer after summer, upon poor, weak, harmless, unresisting women. It is my opinion that they should be restrained, caged, bound with pink ribbons, their moustaches shaven — any thing, in short, to prevent the sad ravages which they are committing in the great world of hearts! It is my opinion that such restraint or imprisonment would not be felt, except by the parties themselves; it is certain that the world of business would not feel it; or of politics, or letters, or science, or any thing else that ever engages a really manly appetite.

Now Mr. FUDGE was growing riotous one fine morning over this strange and unexpected conquest of his, when he was agreeably startled by the receipt of still another perfumed billet from the same hand as before, full of pretty praises of his gallantry and his finesse of spirit, and offering, in courtly terms, the privilege of another interview, always, however, under the same precaution of the mask and secresy.

Such an intrigue, so mysterious, so rich, and offering such staple for talk among the boys at home, was vastly gratifying to Mr. FUDGE. The notes he guarded as trophies, and the second adventure proved even more mystifying than the first. Miss JENKINS was certainly most adroit in her manœuvres. WASH. FUDGE ventured to hint, in a timid manner, the possible identity of his domino with a certain fair young lady of Atlantic experience, etc.

To all which inuendoes the domino replied by very significant shrug and deft management of her fan; intended, perhaps, to allay suspicion; but in this particular instance tending to confirm it to a very remarkable degree. I shall enter no defence of the inhumane manner in which my cousin WASH. FUDGE exulted in his conquest of the heart of Miss JENKINS. It deserves no sympathy; it was barbarous. I am convinced, if ladies knew the inhumanity of most young men in this respect, they would be more cautious.

My Paris hero determines to call upon Miss JENKINS, and to intimate in his graceful manner that 'the secret was out,' that he felt sensible of the honor conferred, etc. His professor, who seems well posted in the *morale* of these things, highly approves the procedure. He warns him, however, that a lady in such a position will naturally avail herself of a thousand playful *equivokes*.

I beg leave then to attend WASH. FUDGE as he makes his way, upon a cheerful afternoon, after his usual two-o'clock bottle of *vieux Macon*, to the second floor of a substantial hotel in the Rue Rivoli. A little tremor did very possibly overtake him as he ascended the waxed stair-way, and listened to the distant tinkling of the bell, *au seconde*. It is not the easiest matter in the world, after all, to approach a pretty lady, who has made some coy advances. Ladies, I have remarked, bear that sort of face-to-face encounter much better than the men — especially such very young men as my innocent cousin WASH. FUDGE.

Howbeit, with the *vieux Macon* tingling pleasantly in his brain, and the memory of his last interview diffusing an agreeable warmth over his system, Mr. FUDGE awaited, in one of those charming little salons which overlook the garden of the Tuilleries, the appearance of his adventurous *intrigante*.

That she should take a little time to prepare herself for the ordeal was a circumstance which seemed to Mr. FUDGE at once highly proper and natural.

Miss JENKINS is looking well — very well. Those Paris modistes do somehow give a very telling tournure even to the frailest of American beauties. Her face and eye, however, were all her own.

Mr. FUDGE was delighted to meet Miss JENKINS — ‘quite.’

Miss JENKINS manifests a very gracious surprise.

Mr. FUDGE hopes that she is well — ‘indeed, he need not ask; the fatigues of Paris life do not seem to overcome her.’

‘Not at all.’

‘Yet the balls are rather serious.’

‘You find them so, Mr. FUDGE?’

‘Ah, not fatiguing, by no means, *au contraire*; but what do you think, Miss JENKINS, of three o’clock in the morning, in close domino and cruel mask ——’

‘Indeed, I am not familiar with such experience, Mr. FUDGE.’

‘Not familiar? (a playful *equivoque*, thinks Mr. FUDGE;) and perhaps Miss JENKINS has *never* ventured to amuse herself in this way,’ with a leer, that somewhat surprises our American lady.

‘You are quite right, Sir.’

‘Ah, quite right, I dare say, Miss JENKINS, (another playful *equivoque*;) and do you fancy, Miss JENKINS, that those rich eyes could be mistaken, or that delicate hand?’ (Mr. FUDGE proposes to take it.)

‘Sir!’

‘Seriously now, Miss JENKINS,’ and Mr. FUDGE throws a little plaintive honesty into his tones, ‘had I not the pleasure of a delightful promenade at the masked ball with a most graceful and piquant lady, and that lady — could it — could it, Miss JENKINS, be any other than yourself?’

‘What does this mean, Sir? Do you imagine I could so far forget myself?’

‘Piquante as ever!’

‘But, Sir ——’

‘Oh, it’s all right, Miss JENKINS; only a little continuation of the play.’

‘You are impertinent, Sir.’

‘Ah, Miss JENKINS, Miss JENKINS, (with very tender plaintiveness,) and with these sweet notes (taking them from his pocket) in such a dear little, lady-like hand; surely you will not be so cruel.’

‘Sir, are you aware to whom you are talking?’

‘Perfectly, (the *vieux Macon* is in the poor young man’s head;) to the divine Miss JENKINS, the *domino qui domine tous cœurs*!’

‘Sir, you are insufferable!’ and Miss JENKINS, rising, rings the bell angrily.

‘MARIE, you will show this gentleman the door.’

It was a conjuncture my cousin WASH. had not anticipated — a very disagreeable conjuncture. He, however, summons resolution to kiss his hand to the ‘divine’ Miss JENKINS, and passes out. His embarrassment is not relieved by the reception, a few hours after, of the following rather disagreeable note from his late fellow-passenger, Mr. JENKINS:

‘MR. FUDGE will much consult his own advantage in abstaining from the imposition of any more of his drunken and impertinent fooleries upon the society of my daughter. THOMAS JENKINS.’

This was not complimentary; young FUDGE and the old professor, who was in some measure a confidant of advances, were agreed upon this point.

Another happy adventure, however, of the opera-house ball restored the tone of Mr. FUDGE’s complacency; but what was his extraordinary surprise, to find that his charming *incognita* was perfectly informed of his interview with Miss JENKINS, and rallied him not a little, in her piquant way, and with the most voluble fore-finger in the world, upon his ‘drunken impertinences!’

Paris is surely a very strange place; and what with blind doors in the wainscots, and hangings, and NAPOLEON’S secret police, there was great food for the young and playful imagination of Mr. FUDGE, junior.

Our hero was growing confused; a fact which, under the circumstances, will hardly appear unnatural. What might have been the result of this confusion, if unrelieved, it would be hard to say. He however found relief. In answer to the urgent solicitations pressed by him upon an evening at the ball, it was his good fortune to receive one of the most gracious little notes in the world—always written in the same delicate hand—inviting him, in the name of the *Comtesse de GUERLIN*, to a ‘*petite soirée*, at No. 10, Rue de Helder (*au premier*).’

A countess!—happy WASHINGTON FUDGE! thrice happy Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE! Who could have imagined that the weak-limbed son of the plethoric SOLOMON, that the late incumbent of a college-bench at Columbia, and the cherished son of Mrs. PHÆBE FUDGE, (late BODGERS,) should have won such brilliant conquest of a scion of the noble stock of Europe? Not one—not one! I feel sure.

Yet it is true. He is there, at length, at the goal of his hopes; in the presence of a blooming dowager, who may have been forty, but better preserved than most American ladies of seven-and-twenty; and possessing that airiness of manner and delicacy of figure which, joined to a fair skin, keen black eye, and glossy ringlets, were calculated to weigh upon the heart of our susceptible cousin WASH. like the graces of seventeen. I doubt if he even now admits that her years had run to four-and-twenty.

There was an elderly gentleman present, in white hair and white moustache, and in half-military dress, who received Mr. FUDGE in quite a stately way: perhaps he was the father of the Countess; perhaps he was a count himself, or something of that sort; who knew?

But here I shall allow WASHINGTON to describe matters for himself. I shall quote from a letter with which I have been favored by one of his young friends at BASSFORD’S. Nothing is altered, except the spelling. I observe that young persons familiar with French are apt to spell English badly.

‘You should have seen the apartments,’ he says, ‘the neatest, genteel-est thing you can possibly imagine, with or-molu, and *chef-d’œuvres*, and all that; beside the delicatest statuettes. There was an old gentleman present, with white moustache, very distinguished-looking—might have been her uncle.’

'She whispered to me, as I came in, '*Vous vous rappelez du bal masqué, mon cher ?*'

'*Mais oui,*' says I, '*Madame.*'

'*Eh bien — pas un mot !*' and she glanced at the old gentleman in the corner.

'Enough said,' thinks I. Gad, ain't I a lucky dog, Fred ?

'She is devilish pretty ; and these French women have such an artless, taking way with them ! She presented me as a young English friend — ha, English ! good, is n't it ? — and highly recommended, *d'une famille distinguée* — FUDGE. Gad, the old lady would prick up her ears at that !

'There was a Marchioness Somebody came in, in the course of the evening ; a splendid-looking woman, but no equal to *ma belle*. There were two or three distinguished-looking men — officers of the government, I thought ; and we had a little *écarté* together. I won some forty or fifty francs ; did n't like to take it exactly, but they insisted. They are devilish stylish, and no mistake !

'Since the first evening, I have been there frequently ; and taken a drive or two in the Countess's *coupé* out to the Bois de Boulogne. Of course I have made her some magnificent presents ; and, egad, I believe the old gentleman in the white moustache begins to be afraid that the Countess is a little tender my way !

'We play a little every evening ; sometimes the luck runs rather against me ; in fact, I am a little ashamed to be always winning in such company. The other evening I was in for seven hundred francs. But the Countess insisted I should n't pay down, as I would be sure to win them back.

'And faith, so I did ; but the night after was down again to the tune of one thousand. However, I fancy it will all come out about even.

'I have tried to find how the Countess knew so much about me and my affairs, but she always staves it off in the prettiest way in the world. She has got an idea, too, that I am confounded rich. I tell her it is n't so ; at which she makes up the prettiest and most coquettish face in the world.

'I met on her stairs the other day my old professor. It struck me, at first, that perhaps he knew her, and had 'peached' on me. But it can't be.

'She tells me I speak too well to need a professor any more ; and she has the delicatest way of saying, '*Mon cher, tu parles bien Français ; pas tout à fait comme Parisien, mais — si gracieusement !*'

'There is a Colonel DUPREZ I meet there, who was something distinguished in Algiers ; he plays devilish well at *écarté* — most full of anecdote ; he must have suffered immensely in his day — but not at cards, I reckon.

'P. S. I have just come in from the Rue de Helder. It's about two A. M., and I am devilish nervous. To tell the truth, I am in for seven or eight thousand francs. The Countess bet on my hand, and I thought myself safe. She don't seem to mind the loss at all.

'I am afraid the old man will get wind of the matter. If you happen

up at the house, do talk to the old lady about the deuced expense of living in Paris; at least, in genteel society — that'll touch her.

'I may work it off to-morrow. But the Colonel has got an I. O. U. from me. My bankers are about dry, and I shall have to come down for a cool three thousand. I hope devilishly that the Dauphin is doing a good business, and the old man in good humor.

'Remember me to the boys.

WASH. FUDGE.'

Brave WASHINGTON! learning very much of the world; making brilliant conquests; a familiar guest in the salons of countesses; polishing for a bold stroke at home; making a proud son for old SOLOMON and Aunt PHOEBE to doat upon; speaking French *si gracieusement* — how we shall welcome you home!

A U T U M N L E A V E S .

WHIRLED on high or rustling low,
Hurried past or circ'ling slow,
Full of meaning as they go,
Drive the Autumn leaves.

Like the burthen of a strain
Often heard and lost again,
Comes the fitful, wild refrain
Of the Autumn leaves!

Once as full of sap as we,
Sere and withered though they be;
And a future time shall see
Us like Autumn leaves:

Scarlet leaves that cannot fade,
Mixed with those of sadder shade;
Some in ever-green arrayed,
Even Autumn leaves.

As we sweep adown the stream,
Shall we bright and cheerful beam,
Or morose and thankless seem?
Ask the Autumn leaves!

Let the Life adorn the lot:
Joyless is the fairest spot
If a smile illumine it not,
Teach the Autumn leaves.

Summer may be on the wing,
And aside the livery fling;
Still there were no joyous Spring
But for Autumn leaves.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, Esq., Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne.
Written by Himself. By W. M. THACKERAY. In one pamphlet-volume: pp. 193. New-York:
HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE presence among us of the gifted author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' and the interest which his admirable lectures are exciting in this metropolis, will give additional popularity to the work before us. Not having had, at the late hour at which we received the volume, an opportunity to peruse the work, and being unwilling to postpone a reference to it until another month, we take occasion to copy and endorse the discriminating and felicitous comments of a critic in the *Daily Times* of this city: 'Except MACAULAY's History, no work has of late been so anxiously awaited as this new novel by THACKERAY. It was partly curiosity to see how the author would acquit himself in a new sphere; how the artist who had produced the clever drawings in 'Yellowplush,' and the brilliant portraits in 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' would succeed upon a large canvas, and in the more subdued style demanded by a historical picture. Yet this was not all. We feel toward THACKERAY as we do toward few authors. We debate whether or no BULWER's 'Novel' is equal to 'The Caxtons,' but we care about it only as our own enjoyment as readers is concerned. But had 'HENRY ESMOND' proved a failure, we should have felt as if a personal friend had missed of success. The reason is because THACKERAY has stamped himself upon his work. He is a satirist, as keen as SWIFT, but as genial as ADDISON. Like that of CARLYLE, his literary career is marked by the bones of the shams and humbugs he has slain. Their mode of warfare is different. CARLYLE rushes upon his victims, mace in hand, and smites the life out of them with such a superabundant force that their very corpses are not recognizable. THACKERAY advances with the air of a gentleman, bows to his opponents, crosses weapons; your eyes are blinded for a moment by a dazzling play of light, when you perceive him coolly wiping his blade. The victim smiles, perhaps, as though, like the slave in the Eastern story, he had only felt something cold passing through him, and never discovers, till he attempts to move, that he has been cloven through from shoulder to thigh; then indeed he tumbles asunder, a sham dead for ever.

'It is no very useful task to draw comparisons between great authors, farther than in respect to specific characteristics. But we can assign no one his proper place except by comparison. We can designate the height of a mountain only by comparing it with something else, another mountain, for instance,

the pyramid or a yard-stick. As there is no common measure of intellectual or artistic power, we can measure an author or artist only by comparing him with other authors or artists. The most obvious measure of THACKERAY is DICKENS. But the former is strong precisely where the latter is weakest — in the delineation of actual human character. DICKENS has great and peculiar merits; he has a keen eye, and a still keener imagination, for eccentricities and humors. Like CRUIKSHANK, he can draw a distorted nose, a wry mouth, or a bandy leg; he can even paint a beautiful face, but he cannot put it on a proportionate body. Hence his characters, with, perhaps, half a dozen exceptions, such as PECKSNIFF, DOMBEY, and Sir LEICESTER, are not human beings; they are impossibilities, monsters, which, had they been born into the living world, could not have survived a month. Mr. JAMES fails in his characterization in quite a different way. He has no individuality. His knights, and ladies, and robbers, and horsemen — and horses too, for the matter of that — are all alike. The greatest wonder is, how he invented names for all of them. He is a most agreeable writer, a pleasant describer, with great geniality and heartiness. We have read the greater part of his works; we perused them with pleasure; but not having a copy before us while we write, we cannot call up distinctly one of his characters. Should one of them enter our room, we should not have the remotest suspicion which it was. There are portraits of SHAKSPEARE'S heroines, and SCOTT'S heroines, and you recognize the faces without the inscriptions. But what painter could draw recognizable likenesses of JAMES'S heroines? Compare with these wax-dolls the marked portraits of BECKY, and RAWDON CRAWLEY, and Sir PITT; of BLANCHE AMORY, and the BEGUM, and Old PENDENNIS, and COSTIGAN, and WARRINGTON, and NED STRONG, and Sir FRANCIS, and HARRY FOKER; and we may now add, of HENRY ESMOND and Lady CASTLEWOOD, and BEATRIX.

'In point of style and skill in composition, HENRY ESMOND is fully equal to its predecessors. The archaisms and slight tinge of pedantry, by the aid of which the reader is carried back to the period when the scene is laid, are exquisitely managed: the historical personages who appear as secondary characters are sketched with great felicity; and the passages of moral reflection, where the author steps forward in his own person, are equal to any thing in 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis.'

SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE: embracing the best Speeches entire of the most eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries. With Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D., Professor in Yale College. In one volume: pp. 947. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is one of those books which are sure of being eagerly welcomed and permanently prized. It contains the master-pieces of British eloquence. The most celebrated speeches of CHATHAM, BURKE, FOX, PITT, SHERIDAN, ERSKINE, GRATTAN, CURRAN, MANSFIELD, MACKINTOSH, CANNING, and BROUGHAM, are given, with selections also from the writings of JUNIUS, and from the Parliamentary efforts of WALPOLE, CHESTERFIELD, PULTENEY, BELHAVEN, DIGBY, STRAFFORD, and ELIOT. 'The speeches of each orator are prefaced with a carefully-prepared sketch of his life; a clear specification of the circumstances under which each speech was delivered; an analysis of the longer speeches in side-notes, giving the divisions and sub-divisions of thought; a large body of explanatory notes, bringing out minuter facts or the relation of the parties, without a knowledge of which many passages lose all their force and application; critical notes, as specimens of the

kind of analysis which the author has been accustomed to apply to the several parts of an oration; translations of the passages quoted from the ancient and foreign languages; and a concluding statement of the way in which the question was decided, with occasional remarks upon its merits, or the results produced by the decision. This volume is evidently the work of a great deal of reading and reflection, and it cannot but have a very valuable influence in improving oratorical taste. The work is surprisingly compact, and yet is in every respect complete. It is the best of all picture-galleries of British statesmen for the last two hundred years, and no one can familiarize himself with it without forming a higher estimate of British intellect and British patriotism. The volume is brought out on fine paper, and in clear double-columned print, and its mechanical execution in every respect befits the rare worth of its contents.'

THE FOREST. By J. V. HUNTINGTON, Author of 'ALBAN' and 'Lady ALICE.' In one volume: pp. 384. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

A NEW work by the author of 'ALBAN' can hardly fail to create a good deal of inquiry. Is it proper? May I read it? Might it be seen on a centre-table? Is there nothing naughty in it? These questions will surely be asked, and may be answered, so far as our opinion is an answer, that this book has the beauty of 'Lady ALICE,' and more than the strength of 'ALBAN,' without the blemishes of either of those works. It imitates, or excels the former in the richness and power of description, the keen artistic perception of natural beauty, and a very unusual facility at painting a picture in words. 'Lady ALICE' describes scenes that have already employed a thousand pens, the landscape of the Old World; but here we have the forest, the rapid, the lake of the New: not geographically nor mathematically depicted; not colored in the old hard tints so common in pictures of American scenery; not, in a word, setting down what the eye hath seen and the ear heard, but giving the result of what the soul hath felt after long, silent, religious musing. So that the reader sees and hears as plainly as if he were standing in the wilderness solitude, or shooting in his bark-canoe, down the current toward the rapid, or staggering under his burden round the difficult portage. We may cite, in example, the opening description; the description of the water-fall, and what it symbolizes, at page 135; the lake-chase beginning at the thirty-fifth page; the trout-fishing, etc., etc.

Whatsoever is unnatural injures pure artistic, dramatic effect, and 'Lady ALICE' has, we think, much unnaturalness. 'The Forest' is in as admirable unity in this characteristic as in others: there does not exist in any of its dramatic positions the least exaggeration, which is very remarkable in the midst of so much power. The liberal philosopher, convulsed by spasms of pain, page 262, is an instance of this, and the really grand description of ALBAN's declaration, page 269, *et seq.*, a still finer one. Sparkling through these descriptions are sweet poetical thoughts, which, like a bit of bright red in a quiet picture, relieves the quietness without appearing intrusive: a thought which, while it harmonizes entirely with the unity of the description, and brightens the whole picture, is yet not one essential to its perfect finish. MARY DE GROOT making the sign of the cross, her little hand goes across her breast from left to right, 'like a white dove alighting.' In the midst of the mighty forest stands the clear oak-glade, and

'in the fall of leaf, the penitential season of nature, the young oaks wear violet chasubles, like priests in Lent.'

As for MARY DE GROOT and ALBAN, they have greatly improved as they grow older: they have gained propriety without losing innocence; are wiser, more chastened, and to us who love old civilization, are infinitely pleasanter acquaintances in the Forest than they were in the City of Elms, on the hurricane-decks of steam-boats, amid their New-England relatives, or in the drawing-rooms of New-York. Voluptuousness, even the most purely artistic, is dangerous: even if it do not offend the good, it will minister to the unwholesome imaginations of unripe youth or prurient senility; and we are therefore rejoiced to see that no form of it is visible in the Forest. All the other characters have become chastened and subdued by time, and we like them the better for it. As for JANE, we never did care much about her, and we don't now. She is a nice young woman, and makes a good end: *tant mieux*. Had she not done so, *tant pis*.

The Indian scenes are tranquilly yet beautifully drawn; and we hope soon to see, from the same pen, a fuller portraiture of them and of their forest home.

Highly as we estimate this book, it has one very great blot. What were a book without one? In the midst of the quiet beauty, and the natural unity of the most vivid dramatic scenes, this defect is keenly felt. We allude to the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Iroquois Martyr, pages 382-5. Whatsoever exaltation, although excused by deep religiousness and mental anguish for a father's moral and physical illness, is revolting to human nature, has no business in a novel, and we are sorry to see it in this case. The extent of the penance in its full horror is, it is true, only hinted at, but is the more vividly seen on that very account. When the condemned man is led off the stage to be shot, and we hear the report from behind the scenes, we are as much moved as if the execution had taken place before us: often more moved, for the excited imagination is left to itself, and can readily surpass the conception of the dramatist. When human anguish had been painted as far as words and action could do it, and yet a deeper woe must be shown, the Greek dramatist bade the mourner veil her face in her robe. It is nothing to the purpose that MARY escapes the actual application of the scourge, by fainting. That information comes too late: the horror has already been felt.

HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS: comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches, by Various Writers. In one volume: pp. 366. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

MR. PUTNAM has certainly out-done even himself in the production of this very beautiful volume. Its illustrations are admirable. There are nineteen fine engravings on steel, fifteen on wood, printed in tints, and fifteen fac-similes of manuscripts of the authors whose 'homes' are described by their biographers and the artists, from the princely residences of EVERETT and LONGFELLOW in the East, to the unpretending mansion of Mr. ROACH, the half-yearly residence of his son-in-law, Mr. SIMMS, the voluminous Southern novelist. Designing to make this volume the subject of a more elaborate article hereafter, we content ourselves for the present by copying from the preface the explanation of the publisher, why a good many names of prominent American authors have been omitted:

'On making up a list of the authors in whom the public were imagined to feel a sufficient degree of interest to entitle them to a place in the work, they were found to be too numerous to be all included in one volume. Moreover, as it required a considerable length of time to procure draw-

ings of their homes, it would have caused the publication to be delayed nearly a year, if an attempt had been made to put them all between the same pair of covers. It was determined, therefore, to divide our Valhalla into two compartments; and to avoid the appearance of partiality, and give equal value to both, some of the greater names have been reserved for our second volume, which it is intended to publish the succeeding year.

'Although there are no Abbottsfords which have been reared from the earnings of the pen, among our authors' homes, yet we feel a degree of pride in showing our countrymen how comfortably housed many of their favorite authors are, in spite of the imputed neglect with which native talent has been treated. Authorship in America, notwithstanding the want of an international copy-right, has at last become a profession which men may live by. With two exceptions, all the views are engraved from original drawings, made expressly for the work. The contributors of the descriptive portions are 'HOWADJI' CURTIS, TUCKERMAN, GEO. W. GREENE, CHARLES F. BRIGGS, GEORGE S. HILLIARD, BRYANT, G. W. PECK, R. W. GRISWOLD, PARKE GODWIN, MRS. KIRKLAND, and E. E. HALE.'

HOLY BIBLE, according to the Douay and Rheimsish Versions. Quarto. New-York: E. DUNNEAN AND BROTHERS, 151 Fulton-street.

AMONG the many editions of the Catholic Bible published in this city, this is the very handsomest. We do not know when we have seen a more beautiful specimen of typography. The paper is large and white, and the type beautifully clear. Each number is embellished with a fine steel engraving from the burins of GIMBREDE, DICK, PARKER, and others: the form is the most elegant for a family Bible; and the whole appearance of the work is beyond praise. What constitutes the great merit of this edition is the excellent collection of notes by Bishop CHALLONER, HAYDOCK, and others. In the list of authorities consulted are not only the names of the Catholic Fathers and divines, but the critical remarks of BEZA, BAYLE, CALVIN, GROTIUS, LUTHER, ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, and WHITFIELD, are freely consulted and given. The preface is full of valuable information, and with lists and indices will furnish an abundance of historical and critical information concerning the sacred volume. There are already seven numbers published, and we cordially recommend all our Catholic friends to provide themselves with this HAYDOCK'S Family Bible. The same publishers have just issued a little prayer-book, called 'Flowers of Piety,' which is really remarkable for the beauty of typography, binding, and illustrations.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE: collected by Himself. In two volumes. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It strikes us very forcibly, that for convenient size, clearness of type, excellence of paper, and exquisite beauty of illustration, this complete collection of MOORE'S poetical works, made by himself, is almost without a parallel, 'even in this our day.' Think of *seventy-five cents* each for ten volumes, every one with HEATH'S or FINDEN'S engravings, after the very first painters in England; the whole beautifully bound in extra cloth or finest calf! Think of such accompaniments and such accessibilities to the 'Odes of ANACREON,' 'Juvenile Poems,' 'Poems Relating to America,' 'Satirical and Humorous Poems,' 'Irish Melodies,' 'Twopenny Post-Bag;' 'National Airs,' 'Sacred Songs,' 'Evenings in Greece,' 'Ballads,' 'Lallah Rookh,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'Loves of the Angels,' 'The Epicurean,' etc., etc.; actually all these at *seventy-five cents* for each beautifully-illustrated volume! 'Enough said on *that* point!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER. — Our readers cannot but have seen, from past pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, that its EDITOR yields to no other American in fervent admiration of the Great Statesman, whose recent death has left a void which there is too much reason to fear can never again be filled. With these sentiments, we had taken up our humble pen to give such expression to them as we could command, when the subjoined communication reached us from the hand of one of our ablest contributors, the author of the well-known papers under the general title, '*Schediasms*.' We lose no time in substituting the article of our contributor for the reflections which they so opportunely and fortunately displace.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

"DANIEL WEBSTER IS DEAD!" — This is a solemn day for America. The mortal remains of the greatest of American statesmen are consigned to the tomb. The national flag swaying idly at half-mast in this gentle Indian-summer breeze every where meets the eye; the mournful clangor of the tolling bell loads the air with peal reverberating on peal, an anthem to the mighty dead; and the booming cannon at intervals resound near and afar off, sending the blood back curdling upon the heart with a thrill of sudden and overwhelming sadness. Millions of human hearts are beating in sad unison. The whole American people are mourners; and so, too, whosoever are our kindred in blood, or tongue, or sentiment, to the remotest confines of the earth, are mourners, and unite to swell the general strain of lamentation. On the shore of the far-resounding sea, in the quiet seclusion of Marshfield, pious hands have performed the last sad offices to the buried majesty of America; and they have left him there with the saddening roar of the ocean for his requiem, and the words 'DANIEL WEBSTER' for his epitaph.

'CALHOUN! CLAY! WEBSTER! In a little while how are the mighty fallen! Each was proudly great as an orator, lawyer, diplomatist, and statesman. The last of that glorious triumvirate, each in himself a host, is now shattered and trodden in the dust. But a few short years ago, they were all three in the full pomp of their splendid fame, the galaxy of the American Senate: now those lights have all gone out for ever! How the shadows lengthen as the sun goes down! 'Death loves a shining mark,' and these are his *spolia opima*, his chiefest spoils. CALHOUN is dead! CLAY is dead! WEBSTER is dead!

'INSATIATE Archer! could not one suffice?
'Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.'

The last of our second race of giants has passed away, and the destinies of America are now committed to the guardianship of second-rate men.

'Oh for the ponderous words of the departed orator to give utterance to the august sorrow that now weighs upon the hearts of the American people! He alone, that embalmed the names of JEFFERSON and ADAMS in words of English pure and undefiled, with matchless eloquence, could have wreaked upon expression such sorrowful thoughts as now throb in every American's heart, and could have raised up a monument to commemorate the occasion more lasting than marble or bronze. But who shall do it now? The theme calls for a mighty pen. No common hand is fit for this work. Myriad voices will gush forth in eloquence and song all over the civilized world,

and the name and deeds of the mighty statesman will be echoed from the lips of millions of men; but the story can never be too well or too often told. For the

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

'I firmly believe that WEBSTER possessed a greater amount of intellectual power than any other man who has lived during the present century. His clear, concise, and irresistible logic; his graceful, elegant, compact, and finished rhetoric; his deep, penetrating, high-soaring, and comprehensive stretch and reach of thought; and withal, the gigantic power and energy of his intellect, attain to every thing of which I have ever believed the human mind capable. Add to this a person finely moulded, of large proportions; each limb and feature in keeping and tone with his colossal mind; a manner and style of carriage dignified and majestic; and a voice of vast volume and compass:

"See what a grace was seated on his brow:
The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A posture like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination in a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man."

'I should wish to have seen, above all other men, PLATO and WEBSTER. I have lived a contemporary of WEBSTER, and am grateful. I saw him for the first time in old Faneuil Hall at Boston. He was then in his sixtieth year. He had just concluded the settlement of the North-eastern Boundary question, and he was still a member of President TYLER's ill-starred cabinet. It was on the memorable occasion when he pronounced a United States' Bank 'an obsolete idea.' It was a time of high excitement. He had held his peace for a long time, and the political world was all agog to hear 'what WEBSTER would say.' He stood upon a raised platform just above the heads of the audience. The hall was crowded full of anxious men. Before him heaved to and fro tumultuously a sea of upturned faces, of handsome, intellectual men, young and old. Much of what he said was personal. There was a strong feeling against him for holding his place in the cabinet after his associates had resigned. He spoke a few words, and appeared desirous to withdraw. He was an officer of the government, and he reluctantly put himself in the position of addressing a popular assembly upon the policy of the government. He stopped. His hearers would not permit him to retire. They felt he was in their power. His conduct had been wrapped in mystery, and they determined to have an explanation. In vain did he try to baffle them with a figure of speech or a classical allusion. He was fairly at bay. Then he rose in the might and majesty of his power. He spoke in words of fire, as if his lips had been touched with a coal from an altar. The vast multitude at his feet were swayed about by his iron will, as waves of the sea are fabled to have done of old, at the motion of hoary old NEPTUNE's trident. Such dignity and majesty! such eloquence and power! I was almost beside myself with admiration, and involuntarily repeated, 'In action, how like an angel! In comprehension, how like a god!' Then MILTON's sublime lines went ringing through my brain:

— "WITH GRACE
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: high on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and in his eyes
A princely counsel in his face now shone;
Majestic . . . as he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of many monitories; his look
Drew attention as a magnet draws the iron,
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake."

'The next time I saw WEBSTER was on the occasion of the completion of the Bunker-Hill Monument. The vast throng drawn up about him at the base of the hill presented a stupendous spectacle. WEBSTER did it full justice. An aged black-smith standing near me, whose memory seemed full of Revolutionary reminiscences, was much excited by many parts of the oration. Once he turned to me and said: 'What a speech! every word weighs a pound!' I can summon the scene before me now as if it were but the occurrence of yesterday. I see the commanding form of the orator; I gaze upon that noble countenance; I watch those terrible eyes as he opens them to their full width, and, gazing up to the very summit of the monument, he utters the pregnant monosyllables, 'It is a plain shaft.' I recall his own splendid description of true eloquence, and I realize what he means by 'noble, sublime, god-like action.' So long as reason holds her seat, or I retain any thing in my memory, these events can never lose one jot or tittle of their vividness. He did not so win my esteem as he extorted my admiration; it was impossible to repress it. I thought then, and I repeat now, our era will be known to posterity as *the time when Daniel Webster flourished*.

'It was the notion of a great philosopher that he himself differed from other men only in the

power of 'patient thought.' This capacity for protracted thought was doubtless the key to much of the marvellous mastery WEBSTER achieved over every subject he entered upon. There was always in his views a clearness of conception, a breadth and comprehensiveness, and an omnipotent sweep of thought, that nothing short of Herculean powers, applied by the thinking faculty, could have worked out. He seemed in his exposition of a theme to have explored every passage in the labyrinth, and to have found the clue that led with unerring certainty throughout all the twistings and windings of the subject, no matter how intricate. He put his finger upon the main artery of a subject, until the pulsation was perceptible from its extremity. And what was most wonderful, a child might follow him. If the difficulties encountered were mere intricacies, and the task was to unravel a tangled web, to balance probabilities, settle nice distinctions, set at rest distracting doubts, or reduce to order puzzling confusion, his path was a track of light, and the ghost of dubiety was laid for ever. If argument and sophistry were to be encountered, the way did not close up after him, as with common men, like water cut by the keel of a ship, but he tore up every thing opposing him, root and branch, like a tornado sweeping through the forest. His great constitutional arguments, his exposition of the doctrine of 'protection to manufactures,' of the 'right of search,' of the existence of slavery merely by 'local law,' are each grand exhibitions of his Titan power in this way. There was no mistaking him. He not only was in downright earnest and meant what he said, but he said exactly what he meant.

'The fame of WEBSTER rests upon the surest foundation. Wherever our language is read, and so long as it is a tongue known among the children of men, whether as a living or a dead language, whether the familiar speech of people or only the elegant diversion of the erudite scholar of future time, no one can pretend to a thorough knowledge of the copiousness, strength, and beauty of the English language, who has not read the speeches and writings of WEBSTER. His mere dedication of these volumes to his family was the bequest of a richer legacy than the costliest jewel that ever glittered in a crown.

'But the great claim of WEBSTER upon the attention of posterity rests upon his achievements in behalf of the American Union. If it should please God to preserve this Union until the whole American continent shall tremble beneath the feet of countless millions of people living under the laws of ALFRED, and speaking the language of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, and the stars and stripes shall float over every capitol from the north pole to the south; or if, on the other hand, the United States of America shall hereafter live only in history and song, yet the name of WEBSTER, as one of the chief defenders of the Union, in its hour of need, can never be forgotten. If that prosperity we now enjoy shall continue to smile upon us, the tears of myriads of his grateful countrymen will still moisten the clod where his mighty spirit sleeps. Art and letters will vie with each other to do him honor, and our children will be taught to hush his name with reverence. But if, in the mysterious dispensation of PROVIDENCE, in the lapse of time 'our associated and fraternal stripes shall be severed asunder, and that happy constellation under which we have risen to so much renown shall be broken up, and be seen sinking star after star into obscurity and night,' the fame of WEBSTER will still, like the pyramid of the eastern desert, defy the tooth of time.

'It was the darling aspiration of many patriotic hearts to have seen WEBSTER President of this Union. It was fit that he whose name was so associated with every important measure of the whole government for the last forty years should have at last stood before the world as the chosen representative of the whole American People. There are lessons of wisdom it is now feared that Young America will never learn, which might have been heeded if inculcated by this great teacher, speaking from such a place. He might have put our international policy upon so sure and fixed foundation in these trying times as would have given comfort and assurance to the civilized world. He might have consolidated and made palpable that SENTIMENT of love of the Union which it had been the office and aim of his life to inculcate, and which, in the war of passions and interests in which we are so often involved, is the real lode-stone that holds the discordant elements together. In fine, his name, like that of WASHINGTON, might have been another rallying cry in such hours of darkness and distress as may yet overshadow the Republic.

'There is one melancholy consolation in the general bereavement that now spreads its gloom over us. The sage counsels of this sublime mind now speak to us from his writings with the tone of authority. We set a higher price upon that which cannot be multiplied. We do not now read the language of a partisan, but of a patriot. Like the followers of EMPEDOCLES, we submit to the precepts of one who has gone to dwell with the Immortals.

'The simple details of the death-bed scene of this great man, from the first hour his life was despaired of until the prediction, 'On the twenty-fourth of October all that is mortal of DANIEL WEBSTER will be no more,' was verified, have been telegraphed to the remotest borders of the land. Such a death as this is a benefaction to mankind: so calm, so sweet, so majestic. Human nature is ennobled, and Christian hope is cheered. In the fulness of years and honors he descended to the tomb, calmly as 'flowers at set of sun.' More than twenty years before, at the close

of his most magnificent oratorical triumph, he had said, 'When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, let their last feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blessing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union now and for ever, one and inseparable!' The patriot realized his aspiration, and as his prophetic soul hung on the confines of either world, filled with the visions of both, there fluttered upon his marble lips the words, 'I STILL LIVE!'



UP-RIVER CORRESPONDENCE.

'HEREWITH please find' another pleasant epistle from our contributor on the Hudson: together with an illustration of a 'celestial' bird which his pen has assisted to make famous: of the species *Shanghai*, (of 'your own sex,' gentlemen,) which will probably never stop growing: having, as a former correspondent remarked, been born into the world with an inordinate pair of drum-sticks, which have been running to legs ever since. 'Our friend of the *KNICKERBOCKER*,' (says 'The *Agricultor*,' a new and carefully-conducted agricultural journal, to the kindness of whose Editor we are indebted for the present portrait,) 'may quiet his fears about the danger of waking up some morning to find that the Shanghais have eaten up half the family: they never will 'stoop so low' as that:'

'Up the River, October, 1852.

'Returned from the city the other evening, taking the five-o'clock train. It was dismal, cold, dripping weather: the windows of the cars were obscured with drops, and when it became pitch-dark, my heart was almost broke. As we passed under the stone bridges, the clatter was enough to drive a nervous man out of his wits. The annoyance of the wet conductors continually demanding your ticket, for which you are obliged to hunt in all your pockets, is excessive. Some people insert their tickets under the rim of their hats. The custom is good on the score of convenience, but it is not pleasant to be thus placarded. When we stopped opposite Newburgh, a 'city set on an hill,' the lights in the factories and mansions shone with a picturesque effect. There I got out, while the mist was chilling in the extreme, and it was as dark as pitch. A long row of soiled carriages stood stuck in the mud. Fumbled my way to the end of a long, narrow platform about a quarter of a mile, to search for my trunk, which was buried up amidst a multitude of trunks, and found it with difficulty. Rode five or six miles in company of five or six 'dampstrangers,' and alighted at last at my own door. The house was shut up, and like the 'halls of Balclutha, it was desolate.' After stumbling over chairs, I made out to find a Lucifer match, and drawing it

in a long lucid train, like that of a comet, over the kitchen-wall, it oozed out at last in a blue flower of sulphurous flame, and, feebly simmering, went out. Struck another on the stove-pipe with better success. The cheerlessness of the vacant mansion was made apparent. 'FEL-O-O-ERAH!' I cried with tender reminiscence. We had dismissed our little servant-maid before departing. The fiat had gone forth against her: she was not available in household affairs. 'FEL-O-O-ERAH,' I said, 'you must leave us. You are a good girl, but you are too young. Pack your chest, and when the coach arrives be ready to go with me. You have had a month's warning.' But FELORA continued sedulously employed in the washing of dishes, and neglected the packing of the trunk. 'FELO-ERAH, are you ready?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Well, there is not a half-hour to spare. Go up stairs immediately and be ready.' But the little maid became disobedient; she moped weeping in the chimney-corner among the pot-hooks, raking the ashes. 'What are you about, child?'

'She was the first servant we ever had, and the labor was not hard, and she had been gently entreated. For it is sometimes disgusting in a household to behold the severity of exaction from a poor little servant-of-all-work. When you have your butler and your baker, your pastry-cook, your house-keeper, your chamber-maid, your coachman, your footman, your fat and well-fed menials, who keep high life below stairs, and waste much substance, have a sharp eye on them in this republican country, and see to it that they do enough. Otherwise they will insult you in your own domicile, and shake a cow-hide over your head. They will have the arrogance to speak good English in your presence, and to vie with you in the choicest phrases of which the language admits. Crop this impudence in the bud.

Hold your tongue!' It will be a mere stepping-stone to other flourishes than those rhetorical. Turn any cook or any coachman who knows MURRAY'S Grammar out of doors. See to it that they confine themselves to their own departments, or their attention will be distracted. At the same time, if you have only one poor little maid-servant, do not imagine that she is butler, baker, house-keeper, cook, chamber-maid, coachman, footman; and that you can set up to live in style. Learn to wait a little on yourself, if you cannot *pay* for being waited upon. Shut up your own windows at night, and black your own boots in the morning. Go frequently upon your own errands. Open the door yourself when the bell rings, that those outside may not stand for ten minutes while they hear a voice within imperiously from the stair-landing summoning the poor little maid-servant from the garret or from the 'cellar-kitchen' to 'go and see who is there.' And, oh! do not snap her and snub her at table and before company, saying 'Put that here, put that there,' in the curtest and most irritating way, in the mean time glancing at the company, as if you would remark, 'What provoking stupidity! please make a little allowance!' Oh! certainly, a little allowance *ought* to be made. She only receives two or three dollars a month, perhaps nothing; and then she is ordered about from sun-rise till late at night to do this and to do that; to go here and to go there; to lift heavy weights and to draw heavy burdens; to run up stairs and to hurry into the cellar; to go over to the next neighbor's; to bring a pitcher of water, another, another, another, another, another! if it be hot weather; to wash, and to iron, and to cook; and to break her little heart in attempting to do all things, and to be remunerated with nothing but sour looks and a severe scolding. O Vulgarity! how contemptible thou art! 'FEL-O-E-RAH! are you ready! The coach is coming!' 'A-yes, Sir;' and she comes down the steep garret-stairs holding in her arms a little box containing her worldly goods; her tidy bonnet is fastened by a blue ribbon beneath her

chin, and her pretty English cheeks red with weeping. FLORA almost positively refused to go, but stopped on this side of actual disobedience, and submission when it did come came like a virtue, and caused me to feel like turning a suppliant out of doors. FLORENCHA (that was her name) went to take the last look of the chickens. She had fed my Shanghais with singular ability, but, alas! she was not endued by nature with mental qualifications, which was no fault of the poor child's; nor was her memory tenacious of instruction. I returned her in safety to the paternal roof.

'Let me tell you that when I returned to my own vacant house on the aforesaid rainy night, my heart smote me. There was a tender pathos in the silent kitchen: the disposition of all things gave indication of a hasty departure; it was a reminiscence of FLORENCHA. The night-lamp crusted with a sooty crown; the parti-colored beans arranged upon a board on a barrel; the expressive broom standing in a corner; the Indian meal in a saucer — last meal given to the Shanghai chickens! The stove-pipe looked very black, and the stove very cold and dismal. And there on the mantel-piece was the forgotten prayer-book, forgotten in the hurry of departure, with a leaf turned down at the Catechism. Every Sunday evening I used to say, (she was a mere child,) 'FEL-O-O-E-RAH! have you learned your lesson?' 'A-yes, Sir.' 'Let me hear you. What is your name?' 'N. or M.' 'Oh no, what is your Christian name?' 'FLORA FAIRCHILD.' 'Yes, FAIRCHILD is your parents' name: what name was given to you in baptism?' 'FLORENCHA.' 'That is right. FEL-O-O-O-ER-RE-E-EN-CHA! now tell me,' etc.

'To return to a dark, and dead, and desolate abode, is like going into the chambers of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It makes you sensible of the awful gap and chasm of time: for whether it be two weeks or two thousand years, you 'take no note of time' in passing. You only judge of distance by that which stands still. You are borne along by the hurry, and excitement, and snowy foam of the current, and know not where you are. If you can go back actually, or in imagination, to the spot whence you started, memory revives. What has been accomplished in the intervening time? Here are relics of the hoary Past. A week is a sublime space, if we imagine what may be done in a week. Such thoughts always come uppermost to me when I have been gone a little while from a place which I love, and then return.

'I went into my study — my library, if the room is worthy to be called by such a name — and after the rasping of innumerable matches against a piece of rough paper, and (that proving of no avail) on the sole of my boot, managed to ignite the study-lamp. It would not burn until I had trimmed the wick and poured water into it, which sank duly to the bottom, the oil-wave coming uppermost. Then the room became a little cheerful, and the gilded superscription of the books on the shelves visible. The names of RABELAIS, SWIFT, STERNE, SHAKESPEARE, CHARLES LAMB, and others, glared out. My pipe lay upon the table, containing still a smokable pinch of Scarfalatti. For comfort sake I put it into my mouth and smoked it. My pen lay where I had left it, rusted down on the mahogany board, and a little thick ink remained in the font. I took it up and wrote with it as if it had been a relic of by-gone ages. Over the table hung a fine, almost invisible silken thread, at the end of which, betwixt me and the lamp, was suspended a little spider, who with nautical endeavor began to climb. With my thumb and fore-finger I broke the thread asunder, and snapped the spider on the floor. I never like to crush a spider, nor to clear away with the besom of destruction the net-work which he has woven in the room-corners. It is a trap for the nauseous and disgusting fly, for the spiteful and vindictive hornet. When

you have innocently laid your hand on some book or cushion, and have been stung by one of these, how gratifying to see him presently entangled in a web, while the agile little insect comes down the ropes, and with his delicate fingers winds him round and round, and pinions his arms, struggle as he will!

'M——,' I said, 'I have brought you to a cold, dreary house!' I must tell you that I had been fool enough to bring a friend to my house, and he an invalid man. Sitting in the cars, I espied him, and with a devilish selfishness said, 'I will have that man to share with me the dreariness of this cold and misty night.' I walked up to him, and tapped him on the shoulder. 'Ah!' said he. 'Come,' said I, in a chirping tone of concealed hypocrisy, 'and make my house your home. There is nobody there, but we will have a good time of it. You are going to the Point. Never mind, come with me.' In a moment of delusion the infatuated man agreed. After we had conversed for a few minutes in the study, we began to feel cold. 'Now,' said I, 'we must have a rousing fire, and a cup of hot tea: that will make us feel better. Excuse me for a moment: amuse yourself till I return. I will step over and ask PALMER to come and kindle a good fire, and help me along. All will be right.' 'Well,' said he.

Palmer

is my right-hand man. There is an old farm-house about fifty yards off. It used to be a tavern in the Revolutionary War. It has *settled* a good deal within the last hundred years; that is to say, the walls, the floors, and the beams are sunken very much from the horizontal line observable in the floor of a bowling-alley; and the chimneys look weather-beaten. Still it is a stout and substantial old house, and there is no doubt that it would last, with a little more patching, another hundred years. There is a long piazza in front of it, which is much sunken, and in the yard an old-fashioned well, which has afforded drink to cattle and to men for a century and more. The waters are still transcendently gushing and lucid. When the summer-heats raged in the past August, I used to stop and imbibe, taking my turn out of the tin cup with the itinerating pedlar who had unburdened his back of the wearisome load, and placed it beside the trough. Your wine of a good vintage may make the eyes glisten a little at the tables of luxury, but depend upon it that a well of water, pure water, gushing up by the way-side, to the weary and heavy-laden is drink indeed. As I ascended the steps of the piazza, I observed that there was a single mould-candle burning within, and knocked confidently at the door of the house. It was opened. 'Is PALMER within?' 'No, JOHN is absent. He will be gone over Sunday.' Alas! alas! I turned on my heel, opened the garden-gate, and finding the path through the peach-trees with some difficulty on the misty night, went back to the forlorn study.

'My invalid friend looked dismal enough. 'Come,' said I, slapping him on the back very gently, (to have done it roughly on the present emergency would have been to insult him,) 'we have to take care of ourselves. What is more easy? We must flare up. We must have a little light, a little fire. My next-door neighbor is away. That makes not the least difference.' With that I lighted the astral lamp — no, the globe-lamp — a contemptible affair, which is a disgrace to the inventor. You raise the wick as high as possible, before it will shed any light at all. In a moment it glares out, and presently becomes dim, filling your apartment with suffocating smoke and soot. Confound the lamp, with its brazen shaft and marble pedestal! I could with a good will dash it on the floor.

'I remembered that there was an abundance of shavings under the shed. Going out, I collected an arm-full and rammed them into the kitchen-stove, put in a few chips, and a stick or two of wood, and applied a match. Then I took the tea-kettle, and tramping to the well, filled it with water, placed it upon the stove, and it presently bubbled. Took down a caddy of black tea. But what in the world had I to eat? After a while I found a loaf of stale bread, which makes excellent toast. In three quarters of an hour, during which I spent the time in purgatory, I returned to the study and said, touching my friend on the shoulder, 'Tea is ready.' We went into the kitchen and sat down. I said grace. The lamp smoked, the fire burned poorly, the tea was cold, my friend shivered, and I afterward heard that he said that I seemed to think that the globe-lamp was both light and warmth. The ungrateful wretch! After tea, the first natural impulse was to get warm, and still keep ourselves alive. My friend behaved extremely well, all things considered; and as the stove needed replenishing with shavings every five minutes, he acted once or twice as a volunteer on this mission. He tried to be cheerful, but his visage looked sad. 'How stern of lineament, how grim!' For my part, I could not but enjoy an inward chuckle, like one who has the best of a bargain in the purchase of a horse. People come to your house to be entertained. In the hands of your hospitality they are like dough to be moulded into any shape of comfort. They fairly lay themselves out to be fêted, and feasted, and flattered, and soothed, and comforted, and tucked in at night. They enjoy for the time being a luxurious irresponsibility. With what composure do they lounge in your arm-chair, and lazily troll their eyes over the pictures in your show-books! How swingingly they saunter on your porch or in your garden, with their minds buoyant as thistle-down, lightly inhaling the aromatic breeze, fostered by all whom they meet, and addressing all in lady-tones. Bless their dear hearts, how they do grind their teeth for dinner! Dinner! Sometimes it is no easy matter to get up a dinner. While they are in this opiate state, the man of the house is in cruel perplexity, and beef-steaks are rare. Oh! it is a rich treat and triumph now and then to have one of these fellows on the hip; to see them put to some little exertion to conceal their feelings, when they have expected all exertion to be made on the other part; to scan their physiognomy, and to read their thoughts as plainly as if printed in the clearest and most open type: 'This does not pay. You will not catch me in this scrape again. I will go where I can be entertained better.' I say that I enjoy their discomfiture, and consider it (if it happen rarely) a rich practical joke. It is entirely natural, and in accordance with correct principles, that they should feel exactly as they do. Does it not agree with what I have already said? Constituted as we are, there must be the outward and visible sign to stir up the devotion of the heart. Your grace of warm welcome will not do. Give your friend a good dinner; give him a glass of good wine; let the fire be warm and bright. Then he will come again. Otherwise not. It is human nature. At any rate, it is *my* nature. Here, however, we draw the fine hair-line of distinction. If your friend thinks *more* of the animal than of the spiritual; if he neglects any duty, undervalues any friendship, because the outward is poor, meagre, of necessity wanting, call him your friend no more!

'Let us go to bed,' said I. 'Done,' said he. 'No, not done. The beds are to be made. There is no chamber-maid in the house. What of that? Excuse me for a moment, while you ram a few more shavings into the stove.' I go up stairs into the spare chamber. I can find nothing. After a half-hour's work, I manage however to procure pillow-cases, sheets, blankets. I go down stairs and tap my

shivering friend on the shoulder, and say, chirpingly, 'Come, you must go to your snuggery — your nest. You will sleep like a top, and feel better in the morning.'

'I get him into bed, and after his night-cap is on, and his head upon the pillow, I say: 'Good night; pleasant dreams to you.'

'Good night,' he responded, with a feeble smile.

'Then I tumbled into my own bed, which was made up any-how, looking out first on the moon just rising above the fogs. Oh! thou cold, dry, brassy Moon! do not shine into my chamber when I want repose. PHOEBE, DIANA, LUNA, call thee by whatever name, let not thy pale smile be cast upon my eyes! If so, sweet sleep is gone, and pleasant dreams. Out, out, out with thy skeleton face, O volcanic, brassy Moon!

'When the morrow came, I went into my friend's chamber, and, as if he had been a king or a prince, asked him how he had rested during the night, and if the coverlets had kept him warm. He was compelled to say, as he was a man of strict veracity, that he had been a little cold. The indiscriminating varlet! I had given him all the blankets in the house.

'It was Sunday morning. A Sunday in the country is a theme on which my invalid friend, who is an author, had expatiated with wonderful effect in one of his books. When he came down stairs, as the shavings were not yet lighted, I took him by the arm, and proposed a walk on the grass. But the grass was wet-tened by copious dew. He returned chilled, and hovered over the cold stove. It was nearly time for breakfast, but I had not given him a word of encouragement on that point. Breakfast was a puzzler. All of a sudden, striking my hand on my forehead as if in the elicitation of a bright idea, I rushed out of the kitchen, crossed the little garden, and knocked at the door of the old farm-house.

'The face of the good landlady was forthwith visible. 'Madam,' I said, 'I am in a little quandary. I have a friend with me; there is no body and nothing in the house. Will you have the kindness to provide us breakfast, dinner, and tea to-day?'

'She most obligingly consented. In half an hour I conducted the author triumphantly to the old mansion. The clean white table-cloth was spread; the room was 'as warm as toast,' and my friend's spirits revived. We went to church. His responses were heart-felt and audible. On returning, the walk made his blood circulate a little, and as he sat in the rocking-chair in the old farm-house waiting for the broiled chicken, and looking up at the white-washed beams, he was the picture of contentment. I was almost provoked with myself for getting him into such a comfortable fix. We had seated ourselves at the table, and were pleasantly, I think I may say *luxuriously*, engaged in the empicking of chicken-bones, when a remarkable incident occurred. It was observed that there was not a drop of water in the pitcher. This was an oversight. When the appetite is ravenous, a sip of the crystal fluid at intervals is really requisite to commingle with the saliva and gastric juice. The landlady with the kindest alacrity hurried to the ancient well; and she had just opened the door on her return, when putting down the pitcher, and wringing her hands, she cried out:

'Oh! quick! quick! *do come! do come!* The fox! the fox! the fox!'

'We deserted the dinner-table in an instant, ran out on the piazza, and oh! what a sight! Within a few yards, within pistol-shot, a splendid, sanctimonious, sly Reynard glided with a mouse-foot pace, crouching as he went, out of the neighboring green patch, leaped softly over the stone-wall, crossed the road,

and took a zig-zag course through the opposite corn-field, waving his brown tail, which was of the most expensive description.

The provocation was intense. Mister PALMER, his hair standing on end, rushed to the house-corner and called his black dog. 'Here, Boos! Boos!



Boos! Boos!' But Boos was barking at an ill-looking customer who just at that predicament of time tried to open the gate. He seized him (Boos) by the collar; he dragged him up the road, but the latter was altogether behind the age. Although he did not succeed in striking the recent, his master assured me that if he had once got a sight of the animal he would have collared him. In about fifteen minutes after this, a couple of spotted hounds, hunting on their own hook and on the Sabbath-day, leaped over the wall, and went nosing about to the right and left, hither and thither, through the corn field, and we heard them yelping until sun-down. The fox escaped.

The next morning my friend went away. I cannot say that he felt very sad at parting with me; nay, I thought that his face brightened up into a genial smile as the coach drew near, and that there was something concentrated in his expression as he gave the house a parting glance, like that of one who bids farewell to the hard rocks and inhospitable coast on which he has been shipwrecked.

'My remaining Shanghai chicken is dead. Two only were hatched. One fell

off the perch on a nipping, frost; the other ran trembling about in the bleak weather, crying and chirping piteously. One morning I brought it into the house nearly dead, fed it with bread-crumbs, and put it in a basket by the fire, when it soon revived. It used to run about the kitchen familiarly, and sometimes came into the parlor. It was this presumption which proved fatal to the chick. One evening, when we had searched for it to put it in the basket for the night, it was nowhere to be found. It was not in the closets, in the corners, under the tables, under sofas, under the chairs. Holding the light at last under the stove, there lay the chicken, stone dead, his feathers much scorched. I was like the poor man robbed of his one little ewe-lamb. Oh, how mistaken are we in our deeds! Wipe off the frosty rime, rescue from the bleakness of the invisible wind, pull the poor freezing out of a snow-bank, and it runs into a hot-mouthed furnace of its own accord. I shall not let my Shanghai hen set on eggs again. She is not motherly, and my opinion is somewhat modified as to the peculiarities of the breed. They must be hardened and acclimated to the severity of our winters. They have few feathers, and those very light and downy, and their rear is ill-protected by the usual appendage of a tail. As I told you, they are pretty well bobbed. Their yellow legs are covered to the toes with a soft down, which shows them to be sensitive to cold, for which nature has provided them with stockings. I thought that their sentiments — their instincts, I ought to say — were generous; but Mrs. PALMER told me that the rooster would not let the chickens have any thing to eat, but snapped up all the meal. I could hardly believe that the rooster would act in such wise, for he is a very strutting, noble-looking fowl. Those who come to my house admire his action as they would that of a good horse. I intend to cultivate the stock, because I have more faith in it than some do: and Captain S. told me that in the spring I should have a young pullet.

R. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Very much did we regret, while at the Capitol in March last, not to have an opportunity of meeting the distinguished *savant* mentioned in the letter of our esteemed friend and correspondent which ensues. We came near having that pleasure, perforce, however, one evening. While we were sitting with a most agreeable party, at the residence of a hospitable friend, an alarm of fire, in the near neighborhood, soon found us in the street; our friend exclaiming, 'It is near Colonel FORCE's!' And every one, as we passed, asked 'with 'bated breath,' *'Is it near Colonel Force's?'* We verily believe that a majority of the citizens of Washington would aid in saving 'the COLONEL's' rare and curious library, at the risk of being swallowed up in the flames: and *that* they would stand some chance of doing, for all the aid that their Fire Department could afford, if we may judge from what we saw on the night alluded to. A tall two-story house, of wood, burned to the ground, without an engine reaching the scene of the fire. When it began to smoulder, a hose-cart, with an old dry hose, came lumbering down a narrow lane, running over four or five small niggers; but when it reached the spot, it was found that there was no water to be had; so it turned about, and went creaking along back again. Let us hope that Colonel FORCE has a Fire-Annihilator in his house, for there are none *outside* of it, in Washington; 'leastways' there was n't on this occasion. But we are keeping the reader from our friend's letter, on the next page:

Washington, October 13, 1852.

'MY DEAR C —: Ever since your visit here last winter, I have regretted that I did not avail myself of the opportunity of making you acquainted with Colonel PETER FORCE, the able compiler of the American Archives; a documentary history, as you are aware, of the United States, from the Declaration of Independence down to 1783, the year in which the definitive treaty with Great-Britain was concluded.

'Few of those who take an interest in matters relating to the history of this country but have heard of Colonel FORCE: it is only here, however, where he has for years pursued, with unostentatious assiduity, his toilsome task, and by those who know him personally, that his modest merit is appreciated as it should be. We take up a volume of the Archives, seldom thinking, as we turn over its interesting pages, of the vast amount of research, the patient examination of musty records, the days and nights of toil necessary in the preparation of a compilation so careful and so voluminous. Some idea can be formed of the labor bestowed on this invaluable work by a visit to the library of Colonel F., without doubt the largest and most interesting collection of books, pamphlets, and documents relating to American history, ever made. It contains twenty-five thousand volumes, or *titles*, nearly all of which have probably been read by Colonel F., or have undergone his close inspection during the preparation of his work. There are numerous rare and choice things in this library; among others, some exquisite specimens of illuminated books, of early date, and several volumes almost coeval with the invention of the art of printing. Of the latter, one bears the date 1467.

'It is an unfortunate truth, that such men as Colonel FORCE seldom, if ever, receive while living the reward they deserve; the services they render to their country rarely being justly estimated, save by the generations succeeding those among whom they lived and toiled. Time alone reveals to its full extent the importance of what they have done; and as the years roll away, and disclose slowly but certainly the value of the works they leave behind them, their names are remembered with veneration and gratitude, and they receive at last the meed of imperishable fame — posterity's indemnity for the scant appreciation and neglect of their contemporaries. I am sure, however, that with Colonel FORCE it is an unselfish desire to be of service to mankind, and a love of country so intense as to make him regard the least fragment connected with her history with veneration, that keeps alive that enthusiasm for his labors which no obstacles can diminish, rather than the hope of receiving the recompense of fame or profit during his life-time, or the reflection that he will one day be an inheritor of the gratitude and praises of posterity.

'I mentioned the name of Colonel FORCE at the beginning of this letter for the purpose — which the foregoing digression had almost made me forget — of calling your attention to a pamphlet recently written by him, entitled 'GRINNELL LAND;' a copy of which I send you by the mail of to-day. It is an able vindication of the American claim to certain recent discoveries in the Arctic regions. Do not fail to read it.

Yours ever,

'A. S. C.'

Whether owing to the alleged delay of our common Uncle, 'SAMUEL,' in his mail-department, or no, we cannot say; but the very interesting pamphlet alluded to did not reach us in season for notice in the present number. It will 'receive consideration' in our next. - - - 'SPEAKING of eggs,' interpolates a Kentucky correspondent, in a letter brim-full of 'nuts to crack,' 'I wish you would ask the author of the 'Up-River Letters' how much of that story of SHANG and ENG, and the supposititious egg, is intended to be believed. I will believe all he *says* is to be believed. Ask him how much smaller an amount of belief is required of his personal friends than of the *profanum vulgus*. The truth is, I don't know whether he intends this for a quiz or not. I imagine I see him writing the story with a LAMB-like expression in his countenance; and, strange as it may seem, this inclines me to doubt his innocence. I should like to have a chicken from a hen that has so much regard for purity of blood. She would be a hen-sample to any flock. By the way, those letters of his are *ambrosial*. I was going to say something about champagne, which wouldn't do; then I thought of nectar, which has no adjective that I know of, and so I have said *ambrosial*. 'You understand me,' as the dog said to the pig, after he had asked him to lend him his ear. But that egg-story 'sticks in my craw.' If 'F. W. S.' has any documents on the subject, I wish he would 'shell out.' 'Speaking of hens,' reminds me of a joke which I made anent my friend S —, and which I consider 'pretty

smart' for *me*. S — is very fond of poultry, and usually has a flock around him. One day he brought a dog home with him, which was immediately attacked with great violence by one of the hens. As he and his wife and I were observing the scene from the porch, I remarked, 'That dog is miserably hen-pecked! How readily he falls into the habits of the family!' Perhaps you don't consider this good! So much the worse for *you*. Since I am in the way of being 'reminded,' I will tell you another story. S — has a little girl who has a most extraordinary passion for toy-monkeys. She never wants a doll, for nothing will satisfy her but a monkey. Mr. and Mrs. S — and I were one day talking about this remarkable idiosyncrasy, when I remarked, pointing to S —, 'It is easy to see where she got this taste for monkeys: it is inherited from her mother.' Perhaps you don't like this! Well, 'farewell it,' as the sage POLONIUS says.' - - - THE other evening, silently 'sitting by a sea-coal fire' in the sanctum, 'comes us up' news of a box in the entry-hall below. It is accompanied by a letter from a hitherto-unknown friend in Iowa, who has 'read the KNICKERBOCKER for seventeen years,' and who has 'taken the liberty to send us a box containing a few of the productions of their young but growing State.' A hammer and chisel are brought; and, surrounded by the wondering little folk, the box is opened under the gas-light. First, protrude the antlers of a 'stag of ten tines,' a noble buck, killed by a neighbor of the donor's, with his pocket-knife, in the open prairie: next, ear after ear of the noble Indian corn, of the white and sweet kind, every ear, and every row on every ear, perfect to the last terminating kernel; huge amphibious-looking *somethings*, in paper, that turn out to be sweet-potatoes — *monsters*, sound as a nut to the core, two of which weighed six pounds and two ounces, by the kitchen steel-yards: then a score and more of apples, each of a different kind and color, but every one a 'specimen' in itself, fit to take the 'first prize' at a pomological exhibition. We had a 'husking' that night in the hall: braiding the longest husks in a 'three-strand' broad braid: and having wiped the apples smooth and dry, we selected several of the most superb of them; and now they gleam among the suspended ears of corn from the horns of a stag in the sanctum, to the ornaments of which they form a beautiful, graceful, and most *suggestive* addition; taking us back to country days and country scenes, 'when this old cap was new.' We can only say to our kind and thoughtful friend, 'Thanks, *thanks*, THANKS!' Verily, he lives in a fruitful land, and his 'lines are cast in pleasant places.' - - - THE following case, which will make some of our metropolitan lawyers 'rise in their boots,' was actually adjudicated in the year 1802, in the town of —, in the State of Rhode-Island:

SHARKS v. OGLE: CORAM BALL JUSTICE. COUNT: Trespass done by MICHAEL, the hired man, of OGLE, for fishing in the river illegally. Damage laid at fifty dollars.

UPJOHN FOR DEFENDANT, and PLAINTIFF *per se*.

UPJOHN: 'Your honor, at nine o'clock, the time of return, I shall be ready in case SHARKS v. OGLE.'

JUSTICE: 'You for OGLE?'

UPJOHN: 'Yes.'

JUSTICE: 'The deuce you are! The case is already disposed of, and I am now making up the judgment. I will admit no testimony, but if you have any thing to say I will hear you.'

UPJOHN: 'I will proceed as soon as your honor is at leisure.'

JUSTICE: 'I was only making up the judgment, Sir. I will hear you: go on.'

UPJOHN: 'I object to the decision of this case before the time assigned in the writ, and before I am heard.'

JUSTICE: 'Go on, Sir, I'll hear you. I can hear just as well while I am writing. It will make no difference.'

UPJOHN: 'This suit is brought by Plaintiff v. Defendant for damage done by MICHAEL. It should have been brought v. MICHAEL the trespasser.'

JUSTICE: 'Sue a beggar and' — Well, go on. I'll hear all you have to say.'

UPJOHN: 'The defendant cannot be connected with the transaction, nor is he sought to be. Beside, the statute (page 105) requires notice of six days to defendant in all actions, and here is only one day's notice.'

JUSTICE: 'Notice seems to have been sufficient to bring you here! But go on, I'll hear. You don't disturb me.'

UPJOHN: 'The statute also requires (page 185) the writ to be under seal. This writ has no seal.'

JUSTICE: 'Mr. SHARKS, just run your eye over that bill of costs, and see if costs are high enough. Go on, Sir: I hear every word you say.'

UPJOHN: 'This writ is directed to a sheriff, and is served by a town-sergeant. Your honor cannot proceed.'

JUSTICE: 'Then this is not a court? Ha! ha!! Go on. We *do* proceed, you see!'

UPJOHN: 'It is no trespass to fish in the river.'

JUSTICE: 'Ah ha! No trespass to trample down clover, eh?'

UPJOHN: 'But the action is not for trespassing in the clover.'

JUSTICE: 'Go on, Sir. That bill of costs right, Mr. SHARKS?'

UPJOHN: 'The damage is laid in the writ at fifty dollars. Now your honor has exceeded his jurisdiction. A Justice *cannot* give judgment for over twenty dollars, nor have jurisdiction where more is laid.'

JUSTICE: 'Why, Squire, 'you talk as one of the foolish women talk,' as SOLOMON said on a similar occasion. *Cannot* give judgment for more than twenty dollars — umph! I *have*, Squire UPJOHN: yes, I already *have* given judgment for more than double that amount, and costs to match. Do n't trouble the court any farther with such futile objections. The court is adjourned, and no appeal allowed!''

CHILDREN'S Grammar is a curious kind of 'article,' isn't it? A dear little girl of four years, (oh, how short!) just now prattling about the editorial chair, and looking wistfully up at the Iowa apples that scent the sanctum with their fragrance, asked: 'Fader, give me *a one* — give me *two ones*.' Then, alluding to an elder sister, who had been similarly favored, she added: '*Her* had two ones.' This seems, after all, to be 'about right' for a child's grammar, although not quite 'according to MURRAY.' Apropos of children: here is a little anecdote that reaches us from a correspondent at Nashua, New-Hampshire: 'We have a little girl living in our family, whom, for certain characteristics, we call 'Topsy.' She is a bit of a rogue in school. One day she was recounting some of her exploits upon that field, and was reprimanded gently for them. 'Why,' said she, 'the teacher didn't see.' 'No, but God saw you,' was the reply. 'Oh, paha!' said she, 'He did n't care anything about it!' - - - We have just heard, from a friend in Panama, of a natural wonder, called '*The Paradise Tree*.' Seven of these trees, and no more, grow in the space of about half a mile square, in Veraguas, Trinidad, one of the provinces of the Isthmus, on the land of one Sen. ROMERO. Each tree bears a single white flower, which opens at maturity, when a perfectly-formed flower-dove, with out-spread wings, and head lifted upward, is discovered within! The flowers emit an odor that may be inhaled for at least half a mile from the spot. What is almost equally strange, is the fact, that at a certain period every year, these trees wither to the very ground, leaving a small mound of dust, from which, like the fabled Phoenix from its ashes, each tree yearly rises to the completion of its perfect flower! It has no seeds, nor can it be propagated by slips, or grafts, or transplanted. A full description has been secured, which was taken down from the lips of a gentleman of veracity who had seen the trees, and learned their history for the past eighty years, and who is well known to our correspondent. Have any naturalists among our readers ever heard before of this 'Paradise Tree!' Wonderful as it may seem, it is

not more marvellous than a circumstance recently mentioned to us by a gentleman from Panama, who pledges his personal veracity to its truth. At Taboga, the great shipping dépôt of Panama, on Good Friday, of every year, and on no other day, land-crabs literally swarm throughout the place, having come in from the region around; preceded, the day before, by a few *avant-couriers*, to 'spy out the land!' - - - Among the many beautiful monuments to children in Greenwood Cemetery, few will be found more chaste, or with an inscription more appropriate and touching, than one soon to be placed in that hallowed ground by Mr. WILLIAM OKELL, over the remains of a lovely boy, of eight years, recently deceased. On a pure white marble tablet, surrounded by a wreath of exquisitely-carved roses and faded lilies, are the words, 'CHAUNCEY, our *only* Boy,' and on the reverse, these lines:

'OUR GOD, to call us homeward,
His only SON sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own!'

What a consolation to the bereaved mother who daily visits the grave where the remains of her beloved boy lie in their last repose! 'It is well with the child' early called to heaven. - - - THEY have a veritable YELLOWPLUSH down in Texas, if we may judge from a letter before us, from an agriculturist in that region. He says, 'Cattel thrive there;' and that he can raise 'as mutch stalk, blud-stalk,' as he wishes, 'without no feed.' He has got 'two thousin akers of good land,' and is 'going to raiseing stalk onto it' of most every kind, in good earnest. Well, 'Success to him!' say we, and 'some slight schooling after he gets rich. - - - Few things could give us more pleasure than to be able to announce the fact that Mrs. PHILO N. RUST, widow of the late Mr. RUST, of the 'Syracuse House' and 'RUST's Hotel' of Syracuse, had opened a spacious and elegant private boarding-house in this city. No traveller in this State but knew Mr. RUST — 'PHILE RUST,' 'for short' — and no one who ever 'stopped' with him once, went elsewhere in his neighborhood, while he was alive and 'at home' in that flourishing town. The 'presiding spirit' of his old and popular establishments is now here; and whoso shall visit the large four-story free-stone building, No. 31, West Twenty-second street — a spacious edifice, with parlors, suites of rooms, airy bed-rooms, and the best of fare, (and easily accessible by city rail-roads and omnibuses, almost to the very door,) — will find all that need be desired in a first-class boarding-house. Being between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, it is alike convenient for the Sixth-Avenue cars and the Broadway and Forty-ninth street stages. - - - We were greatly surprised the other day by a rare and most acceptable present from an esteemed southern contemporary, the editor of the '*Savannah Daily Morning News*,' W. T. THOMPSON, Esq., in the shape of a cluster of pomegranates, five in number, which grew on one branch, in the garden of a gentleman in Savannah. We never saw a specimen of this bright gold-and-red-tinted fruit before, nor heard of it more particularly than in that 'Song of Songs which is SOLOMON's,' who 'went down into the garden of nuts to see whether the vines flourished and the pomegranate budded,' and who caused his guests to 'drink of his spiced wines, and of the juice of his pomegranate.' We understand now the simile: 'As a piece of pomegranate are thy cheeks within thy locks.' The color is very beautiful, and the taste exceedingly delicate and delicious. Many thanks to the kind donor, as well as to the unknown friend who 'wouldn't charge freight on any thing going to 'Old KNOX.

Such incidents touch 'the very cockles of our heart.' Very pleasant is it to be thus genially remembered. - - - New-York is the 'City of Hotels,' in the excellence of which it is not surpassed by any metropolis on the globe. Look at our Astor-House, king of inns, with princes at the head thereof; at the 'Metropolitan,' half a city in itself, which is fast winning the highest reputation; at the chaste and beautiful marble St. Nicholas, which when completed will not be excelled, in any thing that constitutes a first-class hotel, by any similar establishment in the city. A new and admirably-kept house, called the '*Astor-Place Hotel*,' has recently been opened in the gray granite buildings in Broadway, opposite Astor-Place, by HENRY WATERMAN, Jr., an experienced and capable host. A more comfortable and elegant house 'you shall not find elsewhere.' The parlors, suites of rooms, and sleeping apartments, are spacious or 'snug,' at the option of the guest, and the tables are supplied with potables and edibles of the very best the market affords. We cordially commend the '*Astor-Place Hotel*' to a liberal public patronage. - - - WELL, our bundle of '*Knick-Knacks*' is now before the public; and whatever may be said of the contents of the book, we think it will be conceded that it is a very *handsome* volume in its externals. The paper is fine, smooth, and white, the type new and clear, and the printing excellent, reflecting the greatest credit upon Mr. Trow and his capable assistants. The illustrations, five in number, are from the pencil of Mr. F. BELLEW, an artist of as much modesty as true merit, of whom we shall have somewhat more to say in a subsequent number, as well as of the manner in which the engravings are printed. They were engraved by Mr. LEVY, with a single exception — 'Old Knick.' on a Jackass at Dobbs' Ferry, fancying himself NAPOLEON at St. Helena — which is by Mr. WHITNEY. The subjects chosen are from the 'Gossip About Children,' where the father drives his son from his presence; the closing scene; the interior of the sanctum, with some of its 'surroundings;' and a sketch of the 'Returned Wanderer,' the horse that swam Long-Island Sound, and appeared as a ghost to his repentant master. - - - MRS. NEPPINA, in a very severe critique upon the style of our correspondent, who first brought her son CONKLIN NEPPINA, the poet, into notice, writes us as follows: 'Now, ef you want a reel correspondence into your Magazine, you git my son, of the name of CONKLIN NEPPINA, which though brought up on shore-sass exclusive — that's 'isters, clama, and scollopses — I guess few can beat him in poetry or a-prosin', nary one. He's a goin' to issuo a Ladies' Magerzine, into parts which appears ony wunst a month, which I send you the perspectus herewith. But he can't begin afore he gits well. He *would* go a-bathin' into the harbor, which I call a-flyin' in the face of PROVIDINA, which made water for shore-sass to live into and not for us humans in cold whether. Says CONKLIN to me, ses he, 'Mar, I'm goin' to brest the bilerin' sudgea.' He talks that way cos he's a pote. Says I, 'CONKLIN,' ses I, 'do n't you do no sitch a thing, for,' says I, 'there's a nateral ile onto the human skin; that's wat keeps us wholesome, and if you go into the sudgea,' ses I, 'you'll wash the nateral ile off, and the water'll strike in onto yer stummik.' It did n't do no use't: CONKLIN went into his sudgea, and is now onto his 'chased cowch,' as he calls it, with an almighty collik in his intellex.' The '*Perspectus for The Quog Litery Gem*,' to be conducted by a 'Litery Corps,' will appear 'into' our next number. It 'promises' rarely. - - - BE on the *qui-vive*, reader, for the '*Romance of Student-Life Abroad*,' by the author of the 'St. Leger Papers.' There will be a book that will both attract and reward perusal. - - - We were amused by a remark made by our friend BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his

letters to '*The Tribune*' daily journal, from Damascus. He says the 'street called *Straight*' is not now to be found among the zig-zag thoroughfares of that ancient city. But St. PAUL does n't say that it *was* a straight street: he says only that it was '*called Straight*.' They *call* the little green at the head of Broadway '*Union Square*,' but it is n't square, notwithstanding. It's as 'round as a 'osses' 'ead.' The 'surroundings' and 'additaments' are very pretty, certainly, but the 'square' is an oval. - - - Our popular and sprightly contemporary, the '*Evening Mirror*,' entered recently upon the *ninth year* of its existence. Its prosperity has been constantly increasing, until it now counts its profits by thousands, with 'a daily-growing subscription-list that any editor might be proud to boast.' The '*Mirror*' is an exceedingly pleasant accompaniment to a late dinner-table, the tea-table, and the fire-side; for its selections are good, its editorials brief and spirited, and its condensation of general news and city intelligence every way excellent. - - - THE flowers are gone, even to the dahlias. We clipped the last, blooming in the faintly-falling snow, this very morning — a rich purple '*Caractacus*,' a variegated '*Roi de Pontille*,' and a superb '*Baron Tretan*' — the last that the frost had left us, save two opening roses, which must wither in the bud. 'Farewell to the sweet flowers! - - - J. S. REDFIELD, one of our most tasteful publishers, will issue early in December '*Songs of the Seasons, and Other Poems*,' by JAMES LINEN, from whom our readers have so often and so acceptably heard. - - - It is a gratifying thing to see the new portraits of WASHINGTON multiplying. It is an AMERICAN 'sign,' and a welcome one. MESSRS. R. A. BACHIA AND COMPANY, No. 23, Chambers-street, have just issued a large and very fine full-length portrait of the '*FATHER of his Country*,' after STUART, by ROTHERMEL, engraved on steel by A. H. RITCHIE. It is offered at the low price of three dollars per copy. - - - A TEXAS correspondent writes: 'Some gentlemen were engaged in conversation the other day, when the subject of fighting came up, which, by the way, is a pretty fruitful topic down here in Texas; and several persons were named as being 'some' in a 'rough-and-tumble' fight; and among others, a man belonging to one of the churches in town was considered to be 'about the toughest customer to handle.' 'Yes,' remarked the parson of the very church to which the man belonged, 'I believe that brother D —, *unrestrained by grace*, could whip any man of his inches in the State!' A cool clerical proviso that! - - - 'I SEND you,' writes a correspondent from Seneca county, 'the following true incident, thinking it may possibly do to go with the 'tooth-brush that belonged to the boat.' It is a positive fact: A 'Sucker,' apparently for the first time out from his native 'grove,' hearing me, just after dinner, at the '*HARDY House*,' at Lasalle, asking the clerk for a quill, turned to me and said: 'Stranger, did you want a quill for a tooth-pick?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it was for that purpose.' 'Well,' said he, taking from his pocket what looked to be a dried sprig of balm, 'here is a piece of a 'yarb' that grows on the prairie: after you dry it, it gets as hard as bone, and makes a right smart pick. I have used this two weeks: *you may have it*: I know where I can get more!' He evidently thought me 'stuck-up' when I thanked him, and declined his friendly offer.' - - - AN unknown lady-friend and correspondent, from a mid-land county of the Empire State, which we had recently visited, whom we hope some day to meet, and whose 'good words,' ours' and us-ward, have touched us very nearly, among other pleasant things, jots down the following:

'I should like to introduce to the juvenile who furnishes so many droll little *side-dishes*,' for the

'Table,' two brothers of mine, who would, I think, find him a congenial spirit. The oldest has been almost from infancy a suffering and crippled invalid: but 'his mind has far out-grown his years;' and no one could look upon that broad, white forehead, stamped with the seal of too-early-developed intellect, or gaze into those large, lustrous eyes, without reading there a record of precocious wisdom, bought at the bitter price of weeks and months of imprisonment on a couch of pain. The youngest, yclept 'Muggins,' by a loving household, is as veritable a spirit of fun and harmless mischief as ever ruled the hearts of parents, sister, and brothers. He was once pleading for those sweets in which heroes of six summers especially delight, and being denied the boon, promised with great energy to 'save it,' instead of appropriating it to the purpose originally designed. 'Yea,' said grave WILLIE, his senior by four years, 'I guess you 'll save it as the *whale* saved *Jonah*!' This was a staggerer to 'Muggins,' and furnished him food for thought during the space of one minute. He once commenced his evening prayer as follows 'O God! JOHNNY BROWN is a very naughty boy: now, God, I tell you he is!' Was not that emphatic? The young Pharisee had not a thought of levity or irreverence in thus confessing the sins of another than himself.

'I wish your visit hither had been delayed until now, when our hills are glowing in their autumnal garniture, like a vast bed of prairie-flowers. It were difficult to imagine any thing more gorgeous than their flaming hues contrasted with the dark ever-greens which the GREAT ARTIST has scattered in their midst. It is enough to rouse the dullest soul to something of poetic fervor, to look out on such a morning and see the shadows lying in 'bright uncertainty' upon those hills, all radiant in their blending colorings of scarlet, gold, and brown. Do you remember Mrs. WELBY's sweet and womanly theory respecting this beautiful phenomenon of our American October?

THE charm which lends to the woods their flush,
Is the Frost kiss, spreading a crimson blush
O'er the modest autumn leaves!

'Come and see us next year at this season. It is not 'melancholy' with us; and we will take care that you do not 'find your warmest welcome at an inn.'

A FRIEND, writing to the EDITOR from the good old Oneida region, and speaking of the 'Maine Law,' is reminded of a scene in a bar-room which accidentally came under his observation not a great many years ago: 'An old and inveterate toper stepped up to the bar, and asked for a glass of wine: the spruce and expert mixer of 'sherry-cobblers' handed down the decanter, with a flourish; whereupon the old soaker very deliberately filled the tumbler nearly two-thirds full, which he as deliberately, of course, swallowed, and then laid down a six-pence. I wish you could have seen the appearance of the indignant and astonished bar-tender! His eye *glowed*, his face kindled up, and, as our friend DEMPSTER sings, in one of his humorous Scottish songs, 'An angry man was he, O!' as he quickly, and with a jerk, threw the 'siller' into the 'till,' and slammed down three cents. The man-of-drink asked, with astonishment, and apparent simplicity, 'What, don't you charge six-pence a glass now for wine?' 'No!' said the enraged attendant; and his face wore a most ferocious look, as he quickly added: '*When we sell it wholesale, we always sell it cheaper!*' - - - 'WHAT a beautiful figure that was, once employed by good old 'Father TAYLOR,' the sailor preacher and true seaman's friend, of Boston: 'The small boat rides in beauty and in safety upon the calm surface of an unruffled ocean: it is when the winds whistle and the tempests roar, that the skill of the pilot is called into action. The lightest feather floats upon the air, and is carried along *with* the wind: it is the thunder-cloud alone, which, by the force of its own current, comes booming along *against* it!' - - - A FRIEND, formerly, as we infer, from the North, but now a resident in Florida, in a letter to the EDITOR, gives the following amusing description of some of the local terms in common use in that division of our united kingdom: 'A *cracker* just *lighted* at my office, and informed me that a neighbor who was in *cahoot* with him had *honey-fackled* him in the matter of a *heap* of logs, which they had been getting out on a *quarter* about a *look* from a

branch, near the *old-field* on the FATIO grant.' *Anglice*: 'cracker' is the real native; 'lighted,' means to stop; 'cahoot,' meaning in partnership; 'honey-sackled,' to cheat; 'heap,' a good many; 'quarter,' forty acres of land; a 'look' is a mile; 'branch,' a small creek; 'old-field,' an old abandoned plantation.' Almost an 'unknown tongue!' - - - It was a profound remark of the thoughtful editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' that there is 'a great deal of genius into this ked'ntry;' although even himself was forced to exclaim, 'How hard it is to write good!' A correspondent at the Michigan University has sent us additional evidence of the truth of Mr. WAGSTAFF's remark, in the '*Works of E. DARROW, Esq. Poet-Buckeye*,' printed at Akron, Ohio, and entitled '*Three Epistles to Cosmopolitans*.' The poetry has all the beauties of the pastoral, combined with the greenness and freshness of the pasture-land. The general themes of the 'Epistles' are as follows: 'The Pestilence defied; Cholera baffled; Disease examined, explained, condemned, opposed, overcome, or banished; Good Health discovered and insured, and Life long preserved. SECRETS for those who know them and those who don't: RECAPITULATION: also, the health and luxury of cooking and eating and loving.' We give a specimen of the blank verse and blanker rhymes. The first is from the 'Health' department:

'USE, feed your stomach moderately;
Eat not, drink not, continually, hourly,
Or oftener, like ill-bred, ill-fed swine,
Gathering, munching, constantly, all day.

'You will feel bad, unpleasant or be sick,
Or suffer some, I apprehend, and warn.
If you do eat or drink, *materially*,
For eating sake or for enjoyment, when
Hunger and thirst do n't sanctify the deed,
Be cautious; mete and very sparingly:
If so you can participate and *taste*
And see the 'ELEPHANT' and not be hurt,
At least not much.
Despise not what I say; laugh not thereat;
But heed and do it. Be particular.
Be firm thereto, if not you will repent;
Or be beneath a prostrate penitent:
Be more commiserable and less MAN.
Some persons eat and drink themselves to death;
Or till quite sick and nearly dead thereby,
Because they *can*.'

The '*Stanzas for the dear Sister and Brothers of a Young Woman who Died*,' are scarcely less harmonious than the blank-verse, in its most stately flow. For example:

'FRANCES SALOMA is dead!
My only sister and sister
Of those whose sister I am,
Who, with me mourning, have missed her.

'Where has our dear sister gone?
One day she ceased to breathe, utter,
Turned cold and pallid, and we
In the cold ground deeply shut her:

'And now we never see her,
And never more shall behold her:
Oh! we mean not *never more*!
Tho in the earth she does moulder.

'Oh! the sweet flower!—our good sister
Perished, was blighted too quickly:
She was just twenty years old
When she died—but she died meekly.'

Such are samples of the almost 'spontaneous growth' of poetry throughout 'works' of E. DARROW, Esq., of Akron, in the State of Ohio. They are 'works meet for repentance.' - - - HERE are '*Some Thoughts on Love, from a Summer Letter, written at a 'Watering-Place*,' which will doubtless hit the fancy of some tender-hearted reader: 'Seriously, J——, it is my duty to impress upon you the certain fact that one half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and he goes about sighing and groaning in a most pitiable manner. He

has no appetite, and sleeps up at the top of the house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm around its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day because it had red cheeks. To these extremities may a man be reduced in the flower of his years by yielding to a sickly sentimentality! I believe in love; yea, and true love, too; and in my way I claim to love as much as any man, and to have as warm a heart. True, I have never sat night after night in a darkened room with some half-sleeping girl, and imagined she was an angel. It's all humbug, J——; the fairest woman can consume her share of bread-and-butter, and her fairy fingers could 'repair the damage' if you should be so unfortunate as to tear your shirt. There—I feel better now! - - - A CORRESPONDENT from a pleasant village in the 'Southern Tier,' writes us: 'I hardly think your December number will be complete without the following: Parson F——, whilome of this place, and now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica, fully appreciating the power of *MAXIMON* as a prop of the ministry, but deploring ignorance, whether found in palace or hovel, was sadly disturbed at the illiterate condition of the wife of his most wealthy parishioner, and set himself about the laudable project of enlightning her upon sacred things by a loan of D'AUBIGNÉ's *History of the Reformation*. Upon being asked shortly after by her spiritual guide how she liked it, she answered: 'La! Mr. F——, to tell the truth, I read no farther in it than to where he gives an account of LUTHER's *diet on Worms*, and then threw the book down in disgust!' - - - THE KNICKERBOCKER—we say it gratefully and in no spirit of vain-boasting—is increasing in circulation in all parts of the country—North and South, East and West. Take two opposite extremes, for example, being just before us, by this morning's mail. An agent at Cleveland, Ohio, writes: 'The KNICKERBOCKER is very popular out this way. Previous to the reduction in the price I only disposed of six copies; now I find a ready sale for *one hundred*, and I fully expect to increase my order to *two hundred* by next spring.' A friend in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, sends us a large club of subscribers, and in his note inclosing the money, kindly adds: 'I hope all friends of genial KNICK. will take the same little trouble that I have, to show their appreciation of your continued efforts in meeting the wants of like genial hearts.' We take the liberty, in this connection, to call attention to the *Advertisement of the Forty-First Volume*, which precedes the 'Original Papers' in the present number. - - - 'I SEND you,' writes an obliging town-correspondent, 'a complete and correct copy of a little poem entitled '*The White Rose*,' taken from an old newspaper in my possession, the first verse of which was misquoted in a communication to the 'Editor's Table,' in your last number:

THE WHITE ROSE.

'WRITTEN in the fifteenth century, and sent by the Duke of CLARENCE (of the house of York) with a white rose to Lady E. BEAUCHAMP, a violent adherent to the house of Lancaster:

'If thys fayre rose offende thye sighte,
Plac'd inne thye bosomme bare,
'T wyll blush to finde itselfe less whyte,
And turne Lancastryune there.

'But if thye rubye lippe it spye,
As kyss it thou may'st deligne,
With envye pale 't wyll lose its dye,
And Yorkysh turne again.'

Is not that very beautiful! - - - A SERIES of half-a-dozen dissolving views have been added to SATTLE's charming and popular cosmoramas, corner of

